

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1924

'THINGS ARE IN THE SADDLE'

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SOMETHING new has come to confront American democracy. The Fathers of the Nation did not foresee it. History had opened to their foresight most of the obstacles which might be expected to get in the way of the Republic: political corruption, extreme wealth, foreign domination, faction, class rule; what history did not advise them of, their truly extraordinary understanding of human nature and of political science supplied. That which has stolen across the path of American democracy and is already altering Americanism was not in their calculations. History gave them no hint of it; what is happening to-day is without precedent, at least so far as historical research has discovered. And surely nothing approaching what has taken recognizable shape in the twentieth century ever entered the mind of any philosopher of the eighteenth century, of any economist, any forward-looking statesman. No reformer, no utopian, no physiocrat, no poet, no writer of fantastic romances saw in his dreams the particular development which is with us here and now.

I

This is our proudest boast: 'The American citizen has more comforts and conveniences than kings had two

hundred years ago.' It is a fact, and this fact is the outward evidence of the new force which has crossed the path of American democracy. This increasing stream of automobiles and radios, buildings and bathrooms, furs and furniture, liners, hotels, bridges, vacuum cleaners, cameras, bus lines, electric toasters, moving-pictures, railway cars, package foods, telephones, pianos, novels, comic supplements — these are the signs. And it is just these which we accept naturally. We think of them as particularly American, as the logical growth from that particular beginning which was ours; these we think of as America's second chapter. The first chapter was concerned with the Fathers and their struggle, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. The second chapter is the present — the chapter in which we use the opportunity secured for us, the chapter in which every American comes into his own, the chapter in which every American lives better than once a king lived. This America to-day, this vast magazine of things, is regarded as the successful development of the Fathers' work, the natural fruit of that democratic seed which they planted in the fertile American soil.

But, although to us this development may seem natural, be sure it would not

have seemed natural to the Fathers; be sure it would have seemed abnormal to them. Is this to say that the Founders of the Republic never looked forward to the time when every citizen would have his own conveyance, his own house with abundant furniture, when every wife and daughter would have silk garments and a piano to play upon like a princess? No; it might be said that this was precisely that to which they did look forward; this was an essential part of their expectation. Surely they saw a nation of free citizens in a land flowing with milk and honey, gradually lifting themselves to a new economic level; they saw that citizens would be educated to more and more comforts; that men's tastes would improve; that women would want better surroundings. But they could not foresee what has happened. They could not foresee at what a rate the machine would multiply things; they could not foresee how the prosperity — indeed, the very existence — of the nation would come to depend upon people being forced to use what the machine pours out.

What is the first condition of our civilization? In the final reason, is it not concerned with the production of *things*? It is not that we must turn out large quantities of things; it is that we must turn out ever larger quantities of things, more this year than last year, more next year than this; the flow from mill and mine must steadily increase. There are a thousand programmes cooking throughout the country, there are a thousand isms and causes and parties, each with its own notion of what *must* be done for the national good and the human good. Some of them are at war with each other, but at one point they are allies; some of them are worlds apart, speaking languages strange to each other — yet one word they have in common. The minister in the pulpit cries out upon materialism, commer-

cialization, science, politics, rum, divorce, the young folks. He offers this or that or the other as the cure. But no minister in any pulpit offers any cure which requires that what is called the nation's 'standard of living' sag back. The Capitalist and the Socialist are at each other's throats, but the issue between them is, Which can ensure the distribution of the most goods to the people? No statesman, no pacifist, no League-of-Nations enthusiast, would entertain his pet scheme for a moment longer if he believed it would mean that ten years later people would buy half of what they buy to-day. For the standard of living to sag back, for the people to buy but half of what they used to buy — everybody knows that that means ruin, and not the ruin of business alone. The national prosperity gone, the national safety is in danger. This is not a fear; it is a fact. If anything were to happen to industry, there would be first confusion and then decline in all our institutions; our great system of free education for the nation would wither, our organized charities would dry up, the thorn and the nettle would spring up in our parks, our slums would become fever spots, our roads would fall into decay; more than all, our ideals of political authority would be a heap of jackstraws; we should hold the kind of government the Fathers gave us to be a broken reed.

Production has played many parts in history; it has taken various forms. The form which it takes in this, the Machine Age, is strange and new. Consumptionism is a new necessity. Consumptionism is a new science. Through the centuries, the problem has been how to produce enough of the things men wanted; the problem now is how to make men want and use more than enough things — 'the science of plenty,' it has been called. Formerly the task was to supply the things men

wanted; the new necessity is to make men want the things which machinery must turn out if this civilization is not to perish. To-day we dare not wait until men in their own good time get around to wanting the things; do we permit this, the machine flies to pieces. The wind blew and so the windmill went around. Under the new order, the windmill goes around and so the wind must blow. It is becoming a matter of general remark that the economic emphasis is changing; it is shifting from how to make things to how to dispose of the things that are made so that the machine can be kept in constant operation. The problem before us to-day is not how to produce the goods, but how to produce the customers. Consumptionism is the science of compelling men to use more and more things. Consumptionism is bringing it about that the American citizen's first importance to his country is no longer that of citizen but that of consumer.

The purpose of this paper is to point out how the new factor in our national life has already wrought recognizable changes in American democracy. There are some who believe that representative government has served America's purposes, and that in the new stage of her progress another form will serve her better; a few even say that democracy is not a good form for any good purpose. This paper does not attempt to argue such questions; it seeks only to show that already Consumptionism is making important changes in the American use of law, in the American Press, in the political freedom of the American citizen.

II

No great changes are ever the result of temporary conditions; they must have been long on their way; as Lord Halifax remarked, they are half made before it is plainly visible that men go

about them. Prohibition is the expression of a change which has been a century in forming. It is reasonable to explain why Prohibition happened to come in the year it did come rather than in some later or earlier year; but it is unreasonable to believe that but for this or that particular circumstance there would have been no Prohibition. It is unreasonable to believe that Prohibition is here because the church people and the fanatics caught the nation off its feet in war time, or because the young men were in France, or because the women had come to have an influence in public affairs.

The movement which now reveals itself in the form of Prohibition has been stretching its massive might through more than a hundred years. Men first saw the Temperance movement as something sentimental, as springing from religious and ethical convictions, as being a loving, spiritual force which moved against disease and poverty, against drunken husbands who beat their wives in hovels, against liquor dealers who prospered when their customers lay drunk in the gutter. Looking back upon it now from our vantage point, it is not difficult to see how this was but the superficial aspect of the Temperance movement; the deeper meaning can be seen showing through even in this initial stage. The demand, for example, that no child be robbed of its chance in life by parents who drank — did not this already suggest the movement's real character?

But it is in the shape which the Temperance movement next took that retrospection obtains a plainer view of its essential nature. For in the second half of the century the denunciation of drink for the cruelty and suffering it causes has dropped down to second place in the Temperance platform; now the first plank is the plank which describes the liquor traffic 'to be a nuisance and a

crime' because it is bad for the factory. Now the crime of drink is that it retards the worker's reactions, wastes his energies, endangers the costly machines he operates; drink, in short, keeps down the national output, and so deprives the nation of its full measure of prosperity. The voice of Temperance still sounds in church and in tabernacle, but it sounds louder now in the mill and on the railroad; it is still moral in guise, yet morality has now ceased to predominate. Temperance now presents itself as the agent of efficiency, as the friend of machinery.

This movement has been from the beginning a purposefully broadening stream. Narrow at first, only wide enough to take in the drunkards and wasters, the stream next broadened to include the workers, particularly those who worked with machinery. Finally with a great rush it swept out and reached everyone; no longer a stream, it became a sea. The twentieth century has seen it spread to include more than the nation's workers; the twentieth century has seen it reach out and take in the entire people.

What was it brought this latest extension of the Temperance movement? Was it still the needs of efficiency, and was Temperance but following the development of machinery, following the machine from the factory out upon the city streets and country roads? None but workmen used to run machines; today everybody runs machines: workmen, clerks, merchants, doctors, school-teachers, men, women — everybody.

The automobile can be made to account for Prohibition plausibly enough. The argument runs easily along the line of the facts. So long as machinery was in the mill and on the railroads only, so long as the question of drink lay between employers and workmen, there was authority enough in the pay envelope to command abstinence where

abstinence was needed. But machinery on the streets and on the roads, machinery tended not by workers but by citizens, creates altogether another problem. The authority of the pay envelope does not reach to the citizens on the streets; only the authority of Government can reach to them. The factories turn out four million motor cars in a year. With this amazing development a saloon on each corner and a drinking-place at every crossroads do not quite fit. A man refuses to contemplate the prospect of his wife and child in daily danger of being run into by the driver whose eyes are blurred and whose hands are unsteadied by drink. Machinery becomes more and more necessary to existence; if existence is to be safe, the use of machinery must be attended with safety. Was, then, the attainment of safety the ultimate purpose of the Temperance movement? Had it no further goal than this? Is the Eighteenth Amendment thus to be accounted for? The argument does not go far enough.

The deep purpose of the Temperance movement was no more to provide safety for citizens than it was to provide efficiency for workers or morals for drunkards. These were incidentals. Had the only need been to do away with drunkenness and immorality and the brewers' white horses, private philanthropy and public opinion had amply sufficed without going so far as an Eighteenth Amendment. The factories and the railroads took care of their drink problem; they needed none of Government's thunderbolts. And as for the safety of citizens upon streets and roads swarming with automobiles, would not the police and the people between them have managed without invading the Constitution? Between Government's power to punish drunken drivers and the people's fear of being hurt by drunken drivers, would not the streets and roads eventually have be-

come reasonably safe? To be sure, this corrective fear of the people would have meant a less great consumption of automobiles; accidents would have considerably restrained the passion of the people for this new convenience; the increase in the number of cars on the streets would have been not stupendous but gradual. True, this would have meant that four million cars could not have been sold in 1923. But Prohibition was not merely the response to the need for disposing of four million automobiles in 1923.

The Eighteenth Amendment was the response to closer pressing Consumptionism. Prohibition is not here for the sake of the automobile industry; the automobile is but one member among many. When Mr. Henry Ford, who is a man born into his time, says we must give up either drink or industrialism, he is not moved to say so merely because drink would make people buy fewer automobiles. Instinctively he understands that drink makes people buy less of everything, and so less of automobiles. When Mr. Gary says that drink and prosperity are incompatible, he is not moved to his conclusion by mere questions of efficiency in the steel mills.

Consumptionism is the science of intensifying consumption. It is not enough that the desire for this or that particular thing be made to increase; desire must not run into any blind alleys; every thing of any kind in the great variety of our output must be able to stimulate the appetite for more things of every kind; consumption is all interrelated, feeding upon itself and stupendously growing by that it feeds upon. Under the old order, the products of brewery and distillery added up in the prosperity columns just as steel did, and ploughs, and corn; beer and liquor were equal with all the others. Under the new order, drink subtracts

from the total. Drink cuts down general consumptive power. Drink takes from the nation's ability to use up goods; drink takes from a man's efficiency to consume; drink lessens the desire for things. Drink, to be sure, limits its own consumption; when it has its man under the table, that is the end; there is a limit to the amount a man can drink. But what is intolerable is that drink makes inroads into the consumption of all else. Consumptionism cannot suffer drink because in drink men find a substitute for that satisfaction which is in the acquiring of luxuries; the pleasure in drink takes the place of the pleasure in things. The more things men have, the more they need — this is the working philosophy of Consumptionism. The more drink men have, the less things they need. Consequently we have the Eighteenth Amendment.

There is a righteous resentment of Prohibition. Lawyers, for example, cry out that 'something must be done about Prohibition'; politicians, men in office, publicists, political philosophers, are genuinely alarmed by what they call the Prohibition mess. Prohibition is seen by this sort of men to be a failure; the country has tried Prohibition and found it cannot be enforced; to keep it longer in the basic law of the land is to incur gravest risk; something must be done, they reiterate — what they mean is that something must be done to preserve the integrity of Government.

In other quarters, however, there are a great many people, not inevitably Prohibitionists, who are for Prohibition to-day, a large class who never had any moral convictions or any sentimental notions about drinking. These do not see Prohibition as a failure or a menace. Perhaps they once believed that wines and beers must be restored, but they are doubtful now if they would lend their votes to even

a wine-and-beer modification. These citizens see how the liquor laws go widely disregarded; some of them do themselves disregard the laws; they know all about the bootleggers and the stills; they see the struggles of Government. And they are satisfied; they are complacent. According to the rules, Prohibition has proved not enforceable. But they find it well enough enforced for all that; they may not be able to put their finding into words but instinctively they feel it.

'Enforced' — what do they mean by 'enforced'? The Eighteenth Amendment makes liquor dear; a man's circumstances do the rest; his circumstances enforce Prohibition so far as it needs to be enforced for the purposes of Consumptionism. Those who break the law — what do they amount to in the view of Consumptionism? For mostly those who can afford bootleggers and road-houses are already provided to the point of saturation with furs and motor cars and entertainments; it is the millions with the hankering for these things still hot within them who matter just now to Consumptionism. From this point of view, Prohibition has proved a success, not a failure at all. If it were not for Prohibition, less money would today be going to the department stores, the garages, the movies, the book-shops. There are more lawbreakers in the nation because of Prohibition. But because of Prohibition there are both more consumers and better consumers. A great number of America's citizens, and the number does not decrease, feel that it is the consumers who count first to America.

Those who go through the land crying out that 'something must be done about Prohibition' imply that Prohibition was a mistake, a slip, a misadventure. They imply that the difficulty of getting rid of Prohibition is not very much more than a legal difficulty.

Prohibition was not made by a mistake; it was made by a movement. It was not American democracy that needed Prohibition. The purpose of Prohibition was not to make more valuable citizens. The purpose was to make more valuable consumers. If more valuable consumers could be made only at an expense to citizenship, at an expense to democracy, at an expense to Americanism, it could not be helped; Consumptionism had to be considered first; all else has come to depend upon Consumptionism.

Prohibition is the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. But it is not of the same stuff as the other amendments. Prohibition is the first Consumptionist amendment.

III

Turn now to the Press. 'The Press is the chief democratic instrument of freedom,' wrote De Tocqueville. Americans have truly believed it.

Something has happened to the Press. All have remarked it. What is it? Radicals have no difficulty in putting their finger on it; they can tell you that the advertisers and the 'Interests' control the newspapers, that is what the trouble is. The Radicals are a generation behind their time. The conservative citizens have their own way of saying it; they say the whole trouble is that the Press has become commercialized, and by 'commercialized' they mean that greedy men have used the newspapers to make great fortunes for themselves. And this explanation is, on the whole, no more accurate than the explanations from the soap-boxes. It is obvious to anybody who turns over the forty pages of his morning newspaper, nearly every page half advertising, that the newspapers do make a great deal of money. In scores of communities the newspaper is now as profitable as the

department store, while in former days one could count on the fingers of the hands the number which made more than a decent livelihood for the publisher. But this change has not come about because men with itching palms saw the newspapers as their opportunity. It has come about because the movement of the time, the movement of the industrial forces, has had need to make use of the Press, and is adapting the Press to its own necessities.

Advertising is part of the circulatory system of twentieth-century industry; without it the system chokes up. Industry's need to make use of advertising is forcing certain changes in the newspapers, certain developments, additions, improvements, a certain new kind of progress by which the newspaper is rapidly tending to become another sort of institution. It is because this has not yet begun to be generally recognized, because they would describe to-day's newspapers in terms of yesterday's newspapers, that those who criticize the Press make irrelevant criticisms. They see that something is not as it should be, but they give only the old, old reasons.

'The palladium of our liberties' was the way of describing interchangeably the Constitution and the newspapers. And the people meant just that. So long as Americans might publish without first having obtained the permission of somebody in authority, and so long as there were no unlighted corners in the nation, Government was safe. It would seem, then, as if the newspapers should be doing the work of freedom better now than ever before. Certainly few corners of the nation are left unlighted, and never have so many readers read so many newspapers. To say nothing of the news of events which was never before gathered with such completeness, the views and prejudices of the community have never been

given such generous publicity. Whatever is spoken at meetings that has any news value at all, whatever is said in pulpits, put forward in statements, embellished in interviews, is printed for millions to read. By all the rules, the newspapers should be more than ever capable to lead the citizens; compared to those pitiful, biased, limited, amateurish sheets of 1850, of 1830, how magnificent seems the newspaper of the twentieth century, how fit to inform and incline, to direct and guide!

Yet what is the fact? Many and many have observed how little of late the people are influenced in their political decisions by what they read in newspapers, how often a candidate or a policy succeeds in face of opposition from substantially all the largest and most important newspapers; or just the other way about — how often a measure or a nominee supported by all the newspapers fails utterly. The most striking instance was the League-of-Nations affair; here the voice of the people on the editorial page and the voice of the people at the polls were two flatly different matters; the preponderating newspaper influence of the country was thrown for the League and the preponderating will of the country was registered dead against it.

The newspapers are losing the ability to lead citizens. They are exchanging it, more of it each year, for the ability to lead buyers. To business, a newspaper strike has come to be of grave consequence. A week's interruption of a city's newspapers, and business is damaged. Without the facilities for daily advertising, the custom of stores, of places of amusement, falls off dangerously. The power of the Press is not growing less; the power is being shifted; the Press is powerful still, but not so much to direct men how to think, how to feel, how to vote, as to direct them how to buy.

America's newspapers used to be, before all else, the expression of the tempers and beliefs which set small groups of citizens apart from one another. Newspapers are coming to be, before all else, instruments for those needs and desires men have most in common. Large communities which formerly had a dozen newspapers are being reduced to two or three newspapers; what logical reason eventually to have even so many as two or three?

Industry did not set out to deprive the nation's thousand opinions and prejudices of their means of expression. *Industry set out to reduce overhead.* Industry set out to substitute for the many financially uncertain newspapers a few financially certain newspapers. Small groups of readers, those who happened to feel alike in regard to the tariff or immigration or vivisection, did not efficiently serve the advertiser. The advertiser needed readers to be centralized; he needed the largest possible number of readers divided into the smallest possible number of groups — divided, that is to say, not according to what readers believe, but according to what readers are likely to buy. The advertiser has small interest to know whether the circulation of a newspaper is composed of Republicans or Democrats; but to pursue his advertising efficiently he must know whether the newspaper's readers buy on the main floor or in the basement.

A half-dozen newspapers, one for each stripe of belief in the community, was good democracy. It was bad business. Why a separate building and machinery for each newspaper? Why not a single plant for the half-dozen? Why not one newspaper to include all opinions, instead of several newspapers, each excluding all beliefs save its own?

The newspaper to-day is a mammoth institution. It requires prodigious capital. No newspaper publisher with little means can possibly get his head above

water now. Where formerly it needed thousands of dollars to run a newspaper, it takes hundreds of thousands, even millions now. Rich men? Of course the publishers are rich men. They have to be.

And the public is not in the least disturbed that this is so. Recently a publisher in New York City, announcing another merger, stated that now at last all the metropolitan newspapers are owned by very rich men — which, he said, is a most desirable consummation. And the public acquiesces. Once such a condition would have seemed impossible in America, or, if it had secretly developed, any publisher would have been thought demented who openly boasted of it. The public would have been in a panic of fear and indignation. To-day no one is even perturbed; the people see what the publisher means, and they are willing it should be so. They see it *must* be so. Formerly men would have demanded to know what was to become of the freedom of the Press, the safety of democracy, in such a circumstance; they would have cried out against having all measured to them by a millionaire's bushel. But now they make no demur. They see it must be; if it were not, how could there be the comics, the rotogravure supplements, the folded-in pictures for framing, the songs and puzzles, the magazine sections, the cut-outs, the 'features,' the extravagant rations of news, all the great variety which gives every sort of reader something to his particular taste, all the great quantity which 'carries' the ever mounting volume of the advertising that must lead buyers to buy. The readers understand very well that it takes wealth to provide such a wealth.

Consumptionism is steadily substituting rich newspapers for poor newspapers, inclusive newspapers for clanish newspapers, forty-page newspapers for eight-page sheets. And what of it?

Is not this all advantage? Is not all that was of value still here? Fourteen editors in one place instead of fourteen editors in fourteen places: what has gone save waste, and inefficiency, and instability, and poverty? Has nothing gone then? Is the freedom of the Press nothing? For it is no less than the freedom of the Press that is going.

Why the freedom of the Press? In order to have a free Press, must we have a financially unstable, inefficient Press? How should it take from the freedom of the Press to have one strong newspaper with room for all prejudices and all preferences, rather than to have many weak ones with room for only one pet abomination and one passionate predilection? Should this make the difference between a newspaper Press with political influence and a newspaper Press with a rapidly diminishing political influence? Perhaps it should not: perhaps there is no logical reason why it should. But that is what it does just the same.

Liberals talk of consolidating the churches. Well, suppose the churches were to be really consolidated, not only all the Baptist churches merged with the Methodist, but the synagogues, the Friends’ meetings, the Roman Catholic churches, the Greek Catholic churches, and all the variety of Protestant churches reduced to one or two very large, strong, centrally located churches fitted with plenty of amplifiers. The Sunday-morning service would not be the meagre, narrow, intense service of the old churches; there would be something to every taste; there would be a sermon by the rabbi and one by the Quaker, a reading by the Christian Science leader together with an exhortation by the priest, a discourse by the Naturalist and one by the Supernaturalist. The churchgoer, sitting there among his twenty or thirty thousand fellows, would not exactly ‘hear both sides’; he would hear only what could give offense

to none; real differences would change automatically to merely formal differences. These consolidated churches would be financially better based, more efficient. And religion would be free, very free indeed, broad, so broad it would eventually be pretty nearly flat.

IV

One more consideration; it relates to the manner in which leaders elicit opinion, obtain the public will. A change is taking place here. So far in our actual experience there is but little more than a hint of what may come. It is difficult to think that it will ever come, that free Americans will go through with this. But meanwhile there can be no doubt of what it is and whither it tends.

The new terminology in this field of our activity is itself significant of what is taking place. When heretofore it was a matter of shaping public opinion, when it came to eliciting the public will, America’s leaders said they sought the approval of the people, they talked of ‘going out to the people’ with their plan for a tariff, of ‘educating the people’ to the gold standard, or ‘winning the people’s consent’ to a centralized banking-system. These are the phrases which have been usual. Now the proposal is to ‘sell’ the people a plan for a merchant marine, now the job is to ‘sell’ them a taxing programme. Yesterday the candidate, the Senator, the Cabinet member, put his scheme before the American people; to-morrow he will put it over. These are not merely new words for old ways; they are new words for different ways.

They are honest words too. They say what they mean and they mean exactly what they say. To seek the approval of the citizens meant to persuade them, it meant to use the human arts of eloquence, argument, rhetoric, advice, personal influence, and often a good

deal of expedient deception. To sell citizens a scheme, to put a programme over, means something else than this; it means to use the power of suggestion, of association, to use 'stereotypes,' mechanical repetition, 'dramatization,' 'interrupted ideas,' to use the new and complicated science of Publicity — Publicity, which is not meant to deceive the people as did the old-fashioned propaganda, but which is meant only to overpower them.

Where does the idea of Publicity come from? Publicity comes from business; it is an adaptation of a method which business developed for its own purposes and which has become indispensable in the business world.

The office of business is to supply men's material wants. Men have several kinds of needs; for their educational needs, for their religious needs, for their need of freedom, they look to other institutions; for their physical needs, the need of shelter and clothing and transportation and food, they look to the industrial institution. How does it come about that the particular instrument of industry is adopted by those agencies which supply us, not with our physical needs, but with these other needs; is adopted by the university and the church; by the charity organization and the reform association; by Causes and Movements — above all, how does it come about that it is adopted by Government?

The manufacturer who has something to sell to a man appeals to what he should appeal to — he appeals to the man's love of comfort, to his interest in health and personal safety, to his appetites, to his love of novelty, to his acquisitive instincts; he does not appeal to his reason, his prejudices, his judgment, his moral sense. So-and-so's milk — cleanest; So-and-so's powder — finest; this make wall paper — different; that brand flour — satisfaction. With these

devices it is sought to fix in the reader's consciousness the association of the article to be sold with the quality of desirability. This is done through the eye, not through the mind. This result is brought about by reiteration. The suggestion of the perfume, of the package food, and desirability must confront the consumer over and over again. The consumer will not stop to read the poster on the billboard, the card in the car; he will scarcely glance at them; almost it could be said they do not gain his attention. But the posters and cards are doing their work just the same; the association which is to be established is silently deepening in that part of the consumer's psyche which the psychologists call the subconscious; slowly, steadily it is bringing about the desired result.

But now when it is a matter of organizing for a tax programme? Or, let us say, organizing for a peace programme. The publicity expert suggests some brief device be chosen — 'Let there be Peace,' for instance. These four words are to do the work, these four words are to elicit the public 'will.' These four words are printed in black capitals across the white fronts of pamphlets, on wrapping papers, on stickers; they are displayed in colors on the billboards, on the fences; shown at the movies, placarded on the motor buses. The programme itself is printed at length in millions of folders with which the entire nation is flooded; it is discussed by this leader and that society; an interview here, a statement there; the newspapers are full of it. The people do not read all that is printed; they are contented to know that the details are public, are available, and have been examined by 'authorities.' The four-thousand word arguments and expositions and analyses come to the same result in the public consciousness as do the four words; they result in the association of

this peace programme with the notion of desirability.

The specific merits of the peace programme? What are its defects? Does it fit in with American policies? Is it practicable? 'Why, the programme must be all right or there would not be so much said in favor of it by so many people; it must be a good plan or you would not hear of it everywhere you go.' The impression, you see, has been made, the reiteration, not of facts, not of reasons, the reiteration of sheer words has done its work; the people have been overwhelmed; 'public opinion' on this particular programme is formed. If on Election Day the man at the polls should be asked to vote yes or no on this peace programme, he would vote as a man in a trance; up from the subconscious, up from the region where reason, where patriotism, where morals never operate, comes the command to vote yes on the peace programme.

Is it because many of the men who are leading the nation in the matter of its tax programmes, its peace programmes, its agricultural programmes and all the rest, are men ignorant of the science of government, are men who can use only the methods to which they are accustomed, the methods of business? No, nor do political leaders use Publicity in the feeling that this new complicated science can better elicit the will of the people than could the old natural method. The leaders have no choice. They must act less and less through men's reason and men's enthusiasms and men's faith, and more and more through men's subconscious abilities, through their irrational powers.

Is it that the American to-day has not the time to compare and weigh and estimate for himself? Partly this, to be sure. How can the citizen have time to form a judgment who must crowd forty pages of newspaper into the twenty

minutes before work in the morning, or thirty pages into the fifteen minutes after work in the evening; or who, as often as not, tries to do both? How much reflection can a man indulge in who must turn on the radio when dinner is done, and who falls asleep reading the latest best-seller? How can the man have time to feel who runs to catch the seven-thirty to the office and runs to catch the five-eighteen back again, so as to be in time for a motor ride before dinner? Feeling takes time, patriotism involves leisure, indignation does not thrive in the five minutes between the evening meal and the hour the movies begin.

But it is not really a question of the time which men have at their disposal; it is not really a question of their being 'too busy.' It is not that they are too busy to read through a considered argument on taxes or a foreign policy; no other people at any time have ever read so much as do to-day's Americans. It is a question of a new habit of mind. In a world which is dominated by things, men are gradually becoming accustomed to act in all the relations of life as they act in relation to things. The processes by which they obtain good things are coming to them to seem the processes by which they obtain good government. That an obsession with things makes a difference in the fibre of citizenship, in the stuff of character, must be true. But this leads down into subtle moral considerations; it is enough for the purpose here to consider just the difference in the purely psychological processes, the difference in the point of attack, the difference in the 'reaction,' as the psychologists seem to call almost any kind of action.

The consumer can take on trust the suggestion that the new yellow soap is a good soap; he need ask no questions; there is that in the nature of industry now which justifies his trust. He knows

that the soap-manufacturers would not spend the handsome sums needed to bring him to buy unless they had a good article to sell. The day is long past when industry will misrepresent its wares to the public. Industry's interest lies all the other way now; the first thing the expert will tell the manufacturer is that no amount of promotion can make a success of a bad article.

That is the check and balance in industry. But what sort of government would this be? What kind of government is it in which the people ask no questions, ponder nothing, use no judgment? What kind of government is it in which the people take on trust the assurances of those with political projects to sell? What kind of government is it in which the citizens accept without demur what their leaders prepare, acknowledging that the leaders could not afford to offer a poor article, confident that it is to the interest of the leaders to bring about what is best for the people, secure that the leaders always know just what is best for the people? It is not a new form of government, by any means, neither is it the government Americans set out to live under.

No one will pretend that the history of public opinion in America has been all a pleasant democratic revelation, that all which glittered in it was gold. But even if it might be shown that the public will has been more of an involuntary than a voluntary result, more a will extracted from the people than a conviction of the people, this at least must be conceded: it was the whole presupposition of democracy that the people have judgments, judgments from

which they can be swayed undoubtedly, but judgments which can help correct the mistakes they endorsed when so swayed. It was the whole presupposition of democracy that the reason of the people, the judgment, the spiritual sensibilities of the people, would improve with exercise. This growth through exercise was what was meant by democratic progress.

V

Men subscribe to-day to what they call 'the economic interpretation of history.' They mean by this that history is the record of Nature's forces, of extra-human forces; they mean that this human will which we brag about, this power of choice with which we fancy ourselves invested, is nonexistent; men do not move, but are moved only; they are only cogs in the great machine. This may be the truth as it lies under the aspect of eternity. But the fact as it shows itself in the workaday world seems to be that a man can choose most of his courses but none of the results of them. A century and a half since, men came to want more things. Men became enthusiastic over things. Men preached a new creed — the faith in things. Men set to work to make and to get things; men devoted the best of human energies to things, men pinned their progress, their civilization to things. To-day the force of things which they developed, the industrial force, may indeed be regarded as having the dominion over men. To-day men may be regarded as cogs in the great machine. But this machine they themselves chose to build.

'DRY HOLE' JIM AND THE MALADY

BY JOHN H. THACHER

THE real trouble with our town is that we lack an Infirmity. We are painfully conscious of our failing in this respect. Not to suffer from a Great American Ailment — preferably a Psychic Ailment — puts us beyond the pale of diagnosis in the current American literary clinics. To find no semblance of 'Main Street' in our Main Street; to find ourselves unable to detect in our magic glass 'the mournful baffled face of a soul which does not know how to live'; to find in our hours of rest no 'arid leisure' of the contemporary essayist; to discover in ourselves no palsy and withering of the soul; — these be grave matters for the confessional. Fortunate indeed are we if we avoid social quarantine; at best we are a total loss as a literary theme; and all, as you will see, because of our friend 'Dry Hole' Jim.

If the truth must be told, we do not seem to fit into any of the divers moulds fashioned by the contemporary analyst of American life. For ours, you must know, is an 'oil town.' We are all interested, directly or indirectly, in the production of petroleum.

In fiction and film, on the stage and in story, this crude oil has held the imagination as the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Yet we, who produce it, find here no 'electric' atmosphere of rapt romanticism. It is no more to us than a raw organic product of the earth, like corn or cotton. We do not call it 'liquid gold.' More prone are we to call it 'grease.' It is a business; as matter of fact as making soap or pickles. Stockjobbing, fake oil promotions, and

glowing prospectuses have little part in our workaday cosmos. Yet we find each day, presented in newspaper or magazine, a certain terrifying apparition, big-jowled and dollar-marked, a briber of legislators, a corrupter of courts, an incarnation of greed and avarice. As there leers from the pages this impressive ogre, it is borne in upon our intelligence that we, who had serenely thought our consciences void of offense against our fellows, are, as it were, the very flesh and blood of this Gargantuan monster! We, who are oil folk, meet the public concept of the Oil Man. We strive with some perplexity to fit this unlovely image into our daily environment. Whether because of our moral astigmatism, or because we are so deeply steeped in what the editorial writer would term our 'miasma of corruption,' we find that our only reaction to this Ogreish Semblance is that it greatly tickles our sense of humor.

We look about us, and find a town of some 20,000 people, a Carnegie Library, a palatial high school, a University Women's Club. We have the same thirty miles of paved streets, fronted by comfortable homes, well-kept lawns, and blooming flower-gardens, that are to be found in other prosperous Mid-Western cities of our class. On the hills east of our town the usual country-club spreads its broad verandahs under the oak trees, and looks out over an eighteen-hole course that is different from other links only in that it is hemmed in on two sides by gaunt oil-derricks. In our schools 'education moves ahead'

under the progressive methods approved by Eugene Randolph Smith and President Eliot. From year to year, in June, our public park lends its green slopes as a background to an alfresco Shakespearian pageant. A women's musical club brings us symphony concerts and our share of the great artists of their profession. We are a law-abiding community. There is nothing here of Bret Harte or California Gulch, and but the faintest echo of the old Dodge City days.

Moreover, we are a churchgoing folk in our town — fundamentalists, we confess, yet from our pulpits we carry into our lives a kindly philosophy that enables us to rejoice sincerely in our neighbor's news, from the field, in black headlines, '200 barrels after the shot,' or sympathize with him when, in fine print, we learn that his well is 'dry and abandoned at 3000 feet.'

But these things are out of drawing in a picture of a dehumanized community; a community of 'damaged souls.' Surely, somehow, with deep introspection, we shall find sign or symbol of our own peculiar dæmon. We do not care to be set apart and isolated from our fellow countrymen, writhing under their malady. An inspiration comes to us. Our 'Nomadic Habit'!

To this failing we cheerfully confess. But on second thought, our confession avails us little. For if we find ourselves touched with a trace of the nomadic impulse, we know that it is but the wanderlust of the pioneer and the explorers, whose lives are at least supposed to be free from the 'moral effluvium of vulgarization.' So also, if there be an unkindly Trollope or a Dickens to make us out as crass and raw in our artless leisure, we only smile as we turn our faces to the purple-clad hills and the broad, rolling, flower-carpeted prairies of our spring and summer, or tune our ears to the call of the bobwhite or the swish of the mallard's wings in the

crisp days of our autumn, and reflect that these things also are in a measure crude and raw to unseeing eyes and ears falsely attuned. If we do, perhaps, share the dyspepsia which is a concomitant of the national malady, we accept the burden, or so much of it as shall survive the jolting over atrocious roads to the distant wildcat well — provided, always, that the sacrifice be made on the Altar of Southern Cooking.

In our town, we do not tremble at the fulminations of Teapot Dome, although transgressions of men in high places are not condoned by us, and we know, of course, that certain inner circles of Dante's *Inferno* were originally located down there near the mouth of the Potomac; yet these be matters for casual rumination about the derrick floor, or as one smokes a pipe behind the boiler on the midnight 'tower.' Even then, such comment holds in it a languid irrelevance, as one would speak of earthquakes in Chile.

We remember, perhaps, the educational film made by the Bureau of Mines, showing the processes of oil production. In this is portrayed through the eye of a powerful microscope the surface of the axle and its bearings. Those surfaces, so smooth and polished to our unaided vision, are shown, in actual fact, to be rough and jagged like the contour of a mountain range. Such surfaces pressing against one another in rapid revolution would generate a destructive heat, were it not for the smooth film of lubricant that separates them. How small a matter on which to rest the fate of empires! England, and all the nations of the world, came to a point of frantic hysteria in the World War, when they realized how closely related were the issues of the conflict to that tenuous film of oil, and the significance of the Foch epigram: 'The Allies floated to victory on a sea of oil.' In our town, we take pride in the knowl-

edge that we control one of the rivulets that fed this mighty sea. I think it is this pride that gives a certain hopeful urge in our lives. It gives impulse to our daily work and enables us to enjoy a sound leisure that is neither one long Rondo-Allegro nor yet a melancholy Lento movement in minor mode.

Wherefore waste our elocation
On impossible solution.
Life 's a pleasant institution —
Let us take it as it comes.

Closely related to the soundness of a man's leisure are his reactions to success. These reactions in our town are three: to secure a good home; to travel; and to drill just one more wildcat well. Education of the best for our children is a resultant also and — this, whispered to the incredulous ear — ask your art dealer what percentage of fine American paintings are sold in Oklahoma!

For music and poetry and the affairs of the ‘higher psychic plane,’ we have none of the harsh contempt so deplored by the contemporary Intellectual Brahmins of to-day. We know that these frigid altitudes exist, and if we do not seek to scale them, we are full of admiration and tolerance for those who do. With true Gilbertian forbearance we accept the fact that their

... capacity for innocent enjoyment
Is just as great as any honest man's!

To make deep holes in the earth's rebellious crust; to find the oil-bearing sand; to rend it and tap its fluid content; to guide that fluid into tanks; to ship it in long pipe-lines across the continent; to refine it and blend it; and above all, to hurry, to hurry, to speed our efforts lest all the wheels in Christendom should stop and mankind should revert to the state of the blanket Indian — that is the ‘good life’ of our town!

You need waste no time in searching the spirit and soul of our town for a ‘complex.’ The first person you meet

on the street corner will let it slip in ten minutes' conversation: —

‘... It has first-class geology, and they had a good show of oil, with a million feet of gas, in the dry hole to the east, but they did n't drill deep enough. Dry Hole Jim has a bunch of leases right on top of the structure and he 'll sell a sixty-fourth interest in the well for ...’

And if you feel no subtle quickening of the pulse, no quivering flame of imagination, no impulse to ‘pass flyingly over all the stumblingblocks of prudence’ and take a whirl on Jim's venture, then are you fashioned of material too dull and cloddish to understand our complex — the Lure of the Wildcat Gamble. On it rests the whole Freemasonry of our brotherhood; and since you cannot hope to feel the spirit of our fraternity unless you know the product of that complex, why should you not meet our friend Dry Hole Jim and hear his story, knowing that in it we shall find revealed at last the true secret of our escape from the Malady.

Dry Hole Jim is a wildcatter. He drills for oil at remote and inaccessible spots where it is exceedingly unlikely that he will find it. He is first cousin to the old grubstake prospector. His mission is to play against the odds of an almost unbeatable game. Cold statistics of 78,500 wells drilled east of the Rocky Mountains in three years show that 83.78 per cent are of problematic value; that the capital prizes — the ‘great gushers,’ the market-breakers, the 2000-barrel wells one reads of in fiction or roseate prospectus — are less than one per cent. It takes a deep faith in what Jules Payot, the French philosopher, terms ‘the inexhaustible generosity of primordial laws’ to enable a man to face such hazards. A kindly old Scotchman, of forty years' experience, had Jim's case in mind when he said: ‘In other lines of trade, bankruptcy carries

a tinge of odium and disgrace. In the oil business we regard it as only an intermission between gushers.'

Let us take Dry Hole Jim as we find him now, out on his lease on Deep Fork Creek, standing, no doubt, on top of the flow tank, watching the oil bubbling in from the 'lead' lines. He waves a friendly greeting, then turns his rapt gaze back to the mouths of those crooked-neck pipes, and watches the spurt of golden fluid foaming into the tank. The pipes lead off in different directions to where the iron jacks are nodding rhythmically over the wells. From the little power-house near by comes the steady chug of the gas engine. Thin snaky rod-lines crawl stealthily back and forth through the prairie grass as they carry the impulse from the power-house to the jacks. A sharp wind from the tail of a norther is blowing across the Oklahoma prairies; we shiver and draw our coats closer about us; but Jim, in shirt sleeves, with gaze fixed on those spurting mouths, is oblivious to wind or weather. He is telling us, absently, that Number Three is n't making her oil as she ought to — 'cup' trouble — and needs 'pulling'; that Number One is n't real well and strong, either — with a leak at the 'stuffing-box' — and Number Six! Well, anyone can see from Jim's smile and shrug that Number Six, the youngest of the family, is wayward, fickle, and lovable — always the prerogatives of the youngest; came in at a hundred barrels flush, quit flowing, jolted her with a hundred quarts of glycerine, shot off two joints of casing, and had a four months' fishing job. 'She's no-ways steady, and never was. Seems to pick odd days in the month for her workdays, like those Greasers down to Tampico. Takes holidays and feasts to lay off work, five times a week.'

A burst of foaming oil drops from the mouth of Number Six, and is followed

by a steady flow that lasts some minutes, and stops suddenly with a final roar of gas and foam.

'That's her! Chews it over like a bonehead stuttering out a smart comeback! Maybe she'll take a day to make up her mind again and then flow for an hour straight!'

Oil wells, we learn, have personalities; complexities of character; dispositions; moods — like folks, or horses, or dogs. 'Take Number Two there — as steady as an elder in the Presbyterian Church — just two barrels a day, whether it's Fourth of July, Christmas, or Thanksgiving. But that there Number Five!' Jim shakes his head sadly. 'New rods, new tubing, new cups, newfangled working-barrels — squibbing — steaming — tried 'em all. A fine well, when she came in, but past helpin' now.' And from Jim's tone, we draw the inference that Number Five is irretrievably launched upon a life of sin.

A guarded question or two, a little casual prodding, and we have from Jim the story of the lease. In our town it is an old story — so old, in fact, that it has almost passed into formula.

Of course, it was in the beginning a 'rank wildcat'; there had been a bit of eastern dip in the strata exposed down along the creek bed, with a few outcroppings on a neighboring hill; an old dry hole a mile away had a 'show' of oil. He persuaded a farmer to give him a lease on three hundred and twenty acres for a well.

Jim peddles his leases from office to office in Tulsa, until he finds a company that will buy an 'offset' eighty acres, advancing a part of the purchase price when the well is commenced. He borrows a derrick for an interest in his well; rents his casing for another forty acres; his slim credit is stretched to the utmost for teaming and supplies; he chops wood for fuel; his tools are rusty; his boiler leaks, and his water pump disap-

pears in a cloud of its own steam; his rickety derrick is a spider web of guy ropes and bailing wire. With the first stroke of his bit begins a fight against all the manifold perversities of inanimate things: a caving hole, unexpected water and gas strata, mechanical breakdowns; and finally, of course, his wire-line snaps at the rope socket and leaves the tools in the hole just a few feet from the oil sand. Sixty feet of shale caves in on the drilling tools, and in time other tools used to fish for them are also lost in the hole. In the phrase of the oil fields, he has 'everything in the hole but the boiler.' The strain of 'fishing' is too much for the aged derrick and it pulls in; his men are unpaid, his credit exhausted. Without a thought of quitting, Jim trudges to town and trades another forty-acre lease for a second-hand automobile, sells the car for enough to pay the repairs on the derrick and a part payment to his drillers, and the hole is finally cleaned. Then, one day there comes a puff of gas at the casing-head, a 'rainbow' on the bit and stem; the hole fills up rapidly with oil; 1000 feet, then 1500 feet, then a rich golden-green fountain — flashing in the sunlight, flowing over the derrick!

A great day, you say — a rich reward for all his trouble. He has made a well of it! A two-hundred or three-hundred barrel well — a little miracle, one chance in five! Wealth, flowing from the stored-up treasure of the Devonian age. 'Clean money,' as Jim says; that adds something to the world's store and helps man in his painful upward struggle from chaos to order. Drilling an oil well is your true creative gesture. It enriches the world and robs no man. Jim's brief hour of prosperity sees no one the poorer for it. Who, more than Dry Hole Jim, shall serve to deliver mankind from a world that is 'heartless, furtive, narrow, bleak, mournful, mean, and inhuman?'

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I do not know what Heaven is reserved beyond the Great Divide for the wildcatter. It must, at best, be a tame affair, a matter of mere Celestial Harmonies, with no musical splash and roar of the oil in the flow tank.

But Jim's Paradise is still far off. The very next day, one of the buzzards of the law, ever hovering near the new wildcat well, swoops down with a fake Indian heir, brings suit, and paralyzes Jim's oil sales by garnishment of the pipe-line company. Choosing reluctantly between blackmail and a charge of manslaughter, Jim borrows enough to settle the claim out of court. Then follows the supreme disaster. Some field in Mexico or California comes in with a new flood of oil, and the crude market breaks. With tanks full and overflowing, he cannot sell a drop of his oil. His wells would suffer if he closed down, and yet he has no market for his product. By selling another interest in the well, by staving off lawsuits and liens, by selling a little oil for fuel, by twist and turn, Jim survives the long depression, and now after five years he has battled through to ten barrels of 'settled production,' a sacred symbol; Jim has attained to the dignity of an 'Oil Producer,' with us an elevation to the ranks of the Elect — a commercial Croix de Guerre. And remember, you of the Brotherhood of the Internal Combustion Engine, that were it not for the Dry Hole Jims, who have discovered over fifty per cent of the mid-continent pools, you would find a posted price of gasoline at your filling stations that would afford you all the vivid sensations of a paralytic shock. All the 'World Struggle for Petroleum,' all the ponderous interlocking mechanism of great corporate agencies could not accomplish the commercial miracle of selling 5300 British Thermal Units of power for one cent were it not for the individual initiative and enterprise of Dry Hole Jim and his fraternity.

It is not for his importance to the community and economic laws that we hold Dry Hole Jim in such high esteem in our town. Economic laws we never think of, except when the big companies use them as an excuse for cutting the price they pay us for our oil. Let us say it is rather because we dimly sense the kinship between Jim and certain hardy forbears of his who broke the trails into western forests; felled their trees; built their cabins; defended them at the loop-hole; fared then even farther out across the mountains with pick and gold-rock-er and transit. It is not because of Jim's relation to the mechanism of modern civilized life that we value him in our town, but rather because we reverence the fast vanishing spirit of the pioneer, the adventurer, and the explorer.

If by some miracle we are, as we claim, preserved from the American Malady, if there be found in our town no symptoms of spiritual malaria, we know that we shall be assaulted with demands for an explanation — a formula. We are prepared to furnish it. It is because our glass, ours and Jim's, is constantly filmed over by the magic of that last thrice-blessed sprite of Pandora's box. We live in an atmosphere of eternal, unquenchable hope! If there be a trace of ingrained pessimism here, it is only that which Mr. James describes as born of long compulsory association with the optimist. No one can be an 'Oil Producer' who is not possessed of such fundamental, fixed, and inborn optimism as will be unshaken and undimmed by the longest succession of dry holes, or the lowest, most desperate of markets for 'crude.' This is not the thin Pollyanna vacuity of spirit that 'glows with the happiness of mere being,' but a certain contentment with a simple philosophy of everyday life which is based on creative effort in our hours of labor and a cheerful sane preoccupation in our moments of leisure.

We have our faults. We know them. We do not have the rich cultural atmosphere of the Acropolis. But then, we banish no Solons. On the contrary we make geologists of them and drill dry holes on their judgment. We lack the ideals, the noble behavior, the intellectual enjoyments of the Italian Renaissance, yet we do not burn our Savonarolas. Our Chamber of Commerce organizes 'drives' for them or includes their activities in the budget of our 'Charity Chest.' And, if you think to shame and abash us, to humiliate us, to puncture our conceit by asking where is our 'thrice-hammered hardihood of Rome,' then with a clear, ringing chorus we respond, 'We have Dry Hole Jim, God bless him!'

It would appear, therefore, that we are hopelessly resigned to our lot as one that has fallen to us in the Industrial Era, or, if you will humor us, in the Oil Age. We are even reconciled to the fact that we have moved out 'into the void' beyond the rich popular culture of violin and clavichord, a culture tempered perhaps by rack and thumbscrew. We have even torn ourselves away from 'the gayeties of the heart,' dance, ballad, glee, and all those other rare diversions, including bear-baiting, the stocks, and the public gibbet, created of our forefathers as a means of happiness and for the 'wonder and wealth of their souls.' With all deference to what has been deftly termed the 'aesthetic appeal of conservatism,' our town finds in the hoydenish radicalism of our age an abundant life in which we thus wickedly flourish in health of body, mind, and spirit. And if such life be not in consonance with the voice of the Almighty it is at least in harmony with the Psalmist's wholesome spirit of youth: —

Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.

THE WORLD AND THE BLIND MAN

BY CHARLES MAGEE ADAMS

I

THIS whole attitude of mind we call civilization or culture depends peculiarly on a delicate balance between the contrasting mental activities, thought and emotion; and it proves exceedingly difficult to approach any subject touching blindness without disturbing this balance, for the reason that emotion has always been the preponderant reaction to blindness.

People can laugh at what happens to a deaf man, discuss the loss of an arm or paralysis with complete calm, yet the moment blindness is mentioned there is an instant and involuntary flux of emotions, such as pity and sympathy, that distorts the entire perspective. These emotions, although brought about by reasons somewhat obscure, are, nevertheless, universal, and color every concept of the blind held by the seeing. During this discussion it may therefore prove necessary to swing to the other extreme in order to restore the balance.

There has always been a particularly keen interest in the psychology of blindness, even before the general interest in psychology now so marked. The seeing are constantly asking questions covering every phase of it — and quite normally. Sight is such a universally used and useful sense that the loss of it would seem to bring about a psychological condition difficult to conceive. But two facts pertinent to an analysis of the subject are revealed by these questions: first, that in general the seeing believe (anyone who has read Dr. James H.

Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* will grasp the significance I am giving this word) that the psychology of the blind is something fundamentally different from that of the seeing; and second, they believe that the lack of sight is all but compensated for by an added keenness of remaining senses, new senses, and an increased richness of experience. These beliefs are not confined to people easily deluded on usual matters, moreover. They can be found in the most amazing quarters. In spite of this, the facts (having been blind nineteen years I feel fairly familiar with the facts) show that the psychology of the blind differs from that of the seeing only in that the blind do not see.

This is not intended as a paradox or an attempt to turn an epigram. It is a proposition of basic importance, and the only starting-point from which the subject can be properly approached. The psychology of the blind is neither irrevocably removed from that of the seeing nor all but identical with it through some compensating means. It is simply the full psychology of normality with such changes and deficiencies as are brought about by the lack of sight. The blind have no power or sense not possessed by the seeing, not even an increased keenness of the remaining senses; merely a subtraction of sight with a somewhat better utilization and development of the four other senses to meet conditions.

A peculiar fact in connection with

this last has been responsible for much of the confusion, apparently. The chief reason the blind display a marked superiority over the seeing in the other senses, particularly hearing and touch, is that the seeing persist in concentrating on sight regardless of conditions. If a man is awakened in the night he tries to see what has awakened him, no matter if the room be inky dark. Sight is always the most important sense and the one called on first. So, even when he is blindfolded for comparative tests, the seeing man finds it extremely difficult to shift the focus of attention from sight to these other senses. Paradoxically enough, therefore, the reason a blind man utilizes these senses to a greater extent is because he has given up this natural attempt to see, which in many cases requires a long time, particularly if sight fails gradually, since it is for the most part an unconscious process linked up with how completely blindness is accepted as a fact.

It must not be forgotten too that there are only four remaining senses, for this has some widely ramified consequences. First, it means that the blind are confronted with a constant twenty per cent deficiency in received impressions, the significance of which I hope to make clear; and secondly, it precipitates an entire new sense-coördination. Normally we do not realize our senses are coördinated until possibly a cold reminds us how heavily taste depends on smell. Taking a sense as important as sight out of circuit necessarily forces some vastly more far-reaching readjustments. But perhaps the best way to make this as well as these other basic considerations clear is to begin with hearing.

II

Hearing is the first sense the blind turn to in the course of reorientation; the one that responds most easily to de-

velopment; the one which proves, ultimately, the most useful. The seeing call on it for a wide range of uses in normal intercourse and therefore not so many additional mechanics need be provided as in the case of touch. But the blind merely develop the possibilities of hearing to their logical limits instead of being endowed with any increased sensitiveness.

I can best demonstrate this by two seeing friends of mine. One, an electrical engineer, can pick out and interpret in the hum of a turbogenerator a whole series of sounds of which I am not even aware; the other, an automotive engineer, can do the same with the engine of a passing car. They have merely developed their hearing to be of particular service to them in their professions, in the same way in which the blind develop their hearing to be of particular service to them in meeting the conditions imposed by lack of sight.

Sound reflection is a typical example. Whenever a sound impinges on a flat vertical surface of any appreciable area it is reflected much the same as light — not echoed. An echo is also a reflection, but of a pronounced type; but the sort of reflection to which I refer takes place at distances shorter than necessary for an echo, and results in merely the addition to the original sound of a characteristic quality that could probably be classified as an overtone. Poles, trees, walls, buildings, cars, any fairly flat, fairly vertical, good-sized surface, will produce this effect. The seeing rarely, if ever, are aware of it, of course. They do not need to be. But the blind not only are aware of it but make thoroughly practical use of it for such everyday purposes as locating objects, or finding, for example, the gaps in a long line of parked cars. When a blind man taps his walking-stick on the pavement or shuffles his feet he is more often causing sounds which can be reflected

than trying to determine his location by touch.

This utilization of one of hearing's possibilities generally wasted is alone responsible for the sixth-sense myth, and only one of the several ways in which this sense when developed serves the blind. But hearing also has two decided limitations particularly significant. In the first place it is a far less selective sense than sight.

Sight impressions are received from only one general direction and any object in this direction can be brought into focus so sharply that practically nothing else can be seen, merely by the expenditure of what is for the most part a muscular effort. But the case of hearing is quite different. Sound impressions from every point within audible range are received without any considerable variation due to direction, and each is heard. The slam of a door, voices in the street, a train whistle, a motor horn, register as vividly and definitely as piano music, and the only reason the music is heard and these other sounds apparently are not is that a more or less unconscious effort of attention has 'tuned' them out and let through the music.

I doubt if the seeing grasp what this means to the blind, because they depend on sight as an aid to hearing far more heavily than they realize. Lip-reading, for example, bears much of the burden of conversational reception, as the simple experiment of holding the lips motionless will prove. But to the blind hearing is like a radio set which permits all stations to be heard simultaneously and leaves it to the listener to concentrate on the one he wants, which means a tremendous demand on attention. In the city streets with their roar and rattle of traffic, or even at small social gatherings, the 'tuning in' of a particular voice and the 'tuning out' of all other sounds require a constant ef-

fort that is by no means small and which makes for a high rate of fatigue.

This is further aggravated by hearing's second limitation. The auditory nerves are considerably smaller than the optical — the fact behind the frequently encountered statement that things seen are more vivid than things heard. To the blind this of course has a special significance. It means that the sense which must handle the great bulk of received impressions can transmit less of them to the brain than the sense which handles the bulk for the seeing, or, in engineering terms, that the input-output efficiency of hearing is less than that of sight. So the result is that if an event can be translated equally well into terms of sight and sound the blind will not receive as vivid an impression of it as the seeing, and also that the rate of fatigue is increased.

This has not been generally recognized. A seeing person who has been reading or drawing or doing other work requiring high visual concentration for a long time finds not so much his eyes themselves as his whole optical mechanism is tired; and when a blind man has been listening intently for a long time he experiences much the same sort of fatigue. Not that his ears are tired, but his entire auditory mechanism is, even more so than the other's optical mechanism, because of the lower efficiency and the added work thrown on it. Any familiar sound like the purr of a car's motor, music, or a voice reading, will produce this result if continued too long and, if carried further, it will bring on a nervous exhaustion that can be corrected only by quiet or sleep. The fact that the seeing have another major sense they can turn to also goes far toward relieving them of this experience. After a concert, for example, when fatigue might normally appear, they can shift the bulk of attention to seeing, giving the auditory mechanism an op-

portunity to recuperate, while the blind obviously cannot.

The whole situation is further aggravated by the auditory mechanism's lack of protection. The pupils protect the eyes, contracting when the intensity becomes too great for comfort, and the lids close when extreme intensities are reached. But no matter how terrific a sound is, the ears must receive it with the same delicate end organs that receive the faintest murmur; often this brings a result like that of glare.

It must not be concluded from all this, however, that the sound conditions most agreeable to the blind are quietness or absolute silence. On the contrary, I find that any unusual quietness produces a depression strikingly like that which gloom produces on the seeing. The dead of night or isolated spots make me strangely dull and uneasy. There is apparently a minimum of received stimuli necessary for mental alertness, which hearing must supply in the case of the blind.

The determination of distance and direction — a major service hearing performs for the blind — is not a matter of increased sensitiveness but for the most part the elimination of more or less inherent errors. At a certain point on a certain street in my home town, for example, the music of a piano appears to come from a building a door or two ahead and on the far side, while a few steps' progress shows that in reality it is coming from a building a little farther along on the near side, the illusion being caused by a peculiar reflection of the sound. This is only one of the errors that must be guarded against constantly. A line of shrubbery or a drapery may damp a sound so that an entirely mistaken estimate results. At two points, one directly in front and the other directly behind, I find it next to impossible to be certain whether a sound comes from one or the

other. In proportion to its importance, however, it seems to me we know less about hearing psychologically than any other sense.

III

Touch, the second sense the blind turn to, has been perhaps most in the spotlight but at the same time easily the most overrated of all the senses they utilize. First of all it has a fatigue factor second only to smell, as tactile reading, its most conspicuous application, demonstrates. Apparently, it should be as easy to read lines of embossed characters with the fingertip as it is lines of printed characters with the eye, once the alphabet is mastered. But it is not. Touch simply tires out. In my own case (and I have been reading by touch eighteen years) two hours is the extreme limit for continuous reading and long before that the end organs are so irritated and there is such a general restlessness that it is most difficult to proceed.

The general usefulness of touch is also limited by the fact that it is a motor sense; by which I mean that the fingers must be moved over the surface of an object, instead of merely brought in contact with it, if an impression is to result. Many of the seeing show they are not aware of this when they simply place the hand of a blind person on an object. Reach, too, sets sharply defined bounds to touch's perspective, often resulting in a warped or fragmentary concept of an object, as Kipling's story of the six blind men and the elephant aptly illustrates. It is quite impracticable to touch many objects such as moving machinery, hot metal, or live wires, at all — which restricts the usefulness of the sense still further.

But even more important are the factors that affect the sensitiveness of touch. It is generally believed that the thickness of the skin decides that, pri-

marily — a thick skin resulting in a dull touch and a thin skin in a delicate touch; but it has been my experience that this is of much less consequence than cold, for example, which makes touch all but useless, or excessive heat, which results in an irritation and speeding of fatigue just as disastrous. Long fingernails too, and not long in the accepted sense at all, reduce sensitiveness many per cent, as does also a film of foreign matter like dust or oil on the finger ends, so thin that it can scarcely be noticed otherwise.

But as in the case of hearing, the blind are more proficient in touch than the seeing, not by reason of any peculiar endowment but simply because they have developed its normal possibilities. I know seeing mechanics and surgeons who can perform feats of touch no blind man can surpass, merely by taking advantage of the same sort of development to make it of use to them.

Memory is similarly developed. The blind have long been reputed to have memories superior to the seeing, but this is simply a development and utilization of wholly normal possibilities as a result of necessity. Remembering telephone numbers, for example, or the order of phonograph records in an album would be quite worth while, if it were difficult, because it is such an effective lubricant to the otherwise squeaky mechanics of living — but it is not difficult. Memory is an unconscious function, doing its work without the slightest conscious effort if only it is given an opportunity, and again, as with hearing and touch, the seeing, taking advantage of this, often develop it to an even more remarkable extent than the blind. I know a man who can recite the entire Brown-and-Sharp wire table, a mass of unappealing and dissociated figures. But the greatest service memory performs for the blind,

particularly on the human side, is the recognition of voices.

This ability obviously is the only practicable means at the disposal of the blind for indentifying people, and, being involuntary, it proves, as is not usually appreciated, most effective when the conscious mind stands aside and gives it the right of way. I find myself repeatedly calling people by name in response to their greetings without being consciously aware who they are till I hear my own voice. But an even more significant fact the seeing overlook is that a characteristic speech is most easily recognizable.

My friends, I know, think themselves slighted when I sometimes call them by name and at other times do not, but the difficulty is that they sometimes use a conventional greeting in a conventional way, leaving only the voice distinctive, while a characteristic greeting or manner affords infinitely more material for associations.

The similarity of voices is not confusing as a rule. Many are similar, to be sure, but I have never encountered absolute doubles, and in general voices are as sharply differentiated as faces — in fact, often far more. The only difficulty I have experienced, strangely enough, is caused by one person's having several voices. All of us have; we change tone and quality more or less unconsciously according to our mood and condition. But in some the change is dismayingly marked. One woman, for example, has as many as five voices, each quite distinct.

The physical condition is also revealed by the voice in a striking degree, both as to change and normal characteristics. Fat people, for example, have a voice quality which is all but invariably detectable. Character, too, is easily read. In fact it seems that character is revealed in the voice even more fully and accurately than in the face,

no doubt because the seeing, failing to recognize this, make less of an attempt to mask the voice.

Perhaps the one thing the blind do, however, which has afforded more opportunity for the sixth-sense and special-endowment myths than any other, is to get about unassisted. When it has been comparatively easy for the seeing to understand other things there has always been some peculiar difficulty about this, and after what has been said about hearing and touch the difficulty may be aggravated by the assumption that this ability is merely a combination of these two senses, which it is not. Hearing and touch are material aids in getting about, to be sure, hearing being of particular value through its utilization of sound reflection. But they are only aids; the faculty which is the essence of this ability is equilibrium.

Blindfolding a seeing person and letting him walk the length of a room, as in the pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey games of childhood, will demonstrate this. Even though traversing a familiar floor his course will prove uncertain and he will in all probability bring up wide of the mark, while a blind person under similar conditions will steer a straight course. The explanation is that in walking what appears to be a straight line is in reality a series of curves, corrected by sight in the case of the seeing to give an approximate straight result, and in the case of the blind by hearing and touch, to some extent, but even more by direct dependence on equilibrium, the sense serving much the same purpose as a gyroscope.

With hearing and touch functioning properly, for example, I find myself deviating from a straight course whenever I carry a heavy parcel in one hand or in any way impede the natural swing of either arm, the deviation being to the left or to the right according to which side is affected. Equilibrium is also ef-

fective in horizontal as well as vertical planes, making a trifling dip or rise in floors or streets instantly detectable. To the blind getting about is, therefore, merely a matter of letting equilibrium do its work, plus knowing the ground as well as a seeing person knows his own house, which is not as difficult as it seems.

Traversing a spot only a few times makes it as familiar as it does visually to the seeing, and even if it were difficult it would be vastly preferable to step-counting. This has no practical value whatever, in spite of popular assumptions to the contrary. It throws an undue burden on memory and attention and in addition has enormous possibilities for error because the length of a given person's steps varies so widely under different conditions that a difference of as much as ten or twenty yards can develop in as few as a hundred steps.

One interesting detail I have come upon in connection with getting about is that time and not distance is the factor that determines knowledge of location. Apparently the opposite should be true. In traversing familiar ground an unconscious measuring of distance should give the clue to location; but when walking more rapidly than usual I find I reach given points before I think I should, and when walking more slowly than usual think I should reach them before I actually do. This shows that time and not distance is unconsciously measured.

Snow and ice form peculiar handicaps to the blind in getting about, not because of added risks but because they radically alter familiar conditions. Even an inch or two of snow muffles normal sound reflections so effectually that the entire audible aspect of a place is changed, and a very thin coating of snow or ice is enough to blot out landmarks under foot as important to the

blind as houses and hills are to the seeing, thus necessitating the learning of new directions and reactions.

IV

However, of all the varied phases of the psychology of blindness the one that has in my experience been the subject of more questions than any other is that of imaging. People ask what sort of impression the blind have of such things as a city or a sunset, if they cannot see them mentally, and if they cannot see in their dreams. All this is natural. The impressions we carry away from an event or form of something not directly experienced exert a powerful influence on our whole manner of thinking, and the seeing have been so accustomed to confining these impressions largely to sight that they find it difficult to conceive of the blind's doing otherwise. The result is that there is a surprisingly widespread belief (Dr. Robinson's connotation again) that the blind retain mental pictures of things seen before blindness and construct similar pictures of things experienced through other senses or described to them. But this is not true.

Visualization, like all imaging, is nothing more than a memory process. Even a mental picture of something not actually seen is an assembly of parts of things which have been seen. Things remembered and hence imaged therefore tend to be things most vividly or recently experienced, and also tend to be remembered and imaged in terms of the sense through which they were experienced. So, to the blind this means that things seen are crowded farther and farther into the background by things heard and felt, until for all practical purposes the power of visualization is lost not long after sight.

In my own case the power to visualize faded out in less than two years.

Not that it has been entirely lost. I can still reconstruct scenes and events I saw, clearly and accurately, and piece them together into tolerable pictures of other things experienced since. But these early impressions are obviously inadequate for this. A modern automobile cannot be built up on one of the first single-cylinder models, or a bombing plane on a Wright glider; and I can hold these pictures for only a moment at the expenditure of an effort wholly out of proportion with the result. So, in spite of a psychologist's suggestion to the contrary, I have let my imaging slip naturally into terms of everything but sight.

My impression of a particular National League game, for example (not of the plays themselves, because they reach me secondhand and are therefore merely known), is one of crowds squirming and shuffling down runways, sticky humidity, confused wisps of perfume and cigar smoke, the rattle of applause and boom of cheering, insistent gum-venders, and a loud nasal-voiced man who persisted even during the tensest moments in telling over and over how he had been hurt in an automobile accident — all simply heard or felt but thoroughly definite, and things that make up much of the seeing's impression total also.

In the same way I have a clear impression of a quiet spot just outside of town, a store that is attractive and one that is not, a house I like and another I do not, and my dreams also are always in terms of sensations other than sight. In all cases to a greater or less extent, however, I find my impressions are made up more of what may be termed sensation overtones than sensations themselves.

By this I mean that what we remember is not facts as much as our reaction to and interpretation of facts, just as what we refer to as a singer's tone is not

only the note actually struck but the color and quality given it by the added overtones. I have a satisfying impression of a certain living-room, for example. I always think of it as something warm, comfortable, and hospitable. But this impression is based simply on the fact that there was a snapping open fire in it and that I chanced to be given an easy-chair after a long cold ride. However, practically all our sensations are unconsciously summarized and translated in this way.

In the case of impressions coming through others, reactions play an all but exclusive part. Indirect lighting is something I have never experienced, but I have a clear impression of it based on my memory of and reaction to descriptions. Of other things like the phenomenon of electron emission my impression fades out into a concept, something merely known, while the seeing no doubt visualize it in the terms of a diagram.

In the case of people, I find that what I have termed these sensation overtones predominate to such an extent and are so infinitely higher and more numerous that they practically displace sensations themselves. When I think of, for instance, a particular friend I think of his strengths, his weaknesses, what he has done and might have done, his reactions to various situations and my reactions to him; not singly or in groups picked out for analysis but as a sharply defined composite that colors my entire feeling toward him, all without being more than aware of any physical points of contact. Indeed, and this often confuses the seeing, I find a description of a person's appearance does not help me to image him at all and, on the contrary, requires a conscious effort for me to associate it with him. At this moment, for example, I cannot tell the color of eyes or hair of more than half a dozen of my friends,

not because I have not been told but because I have a clear impression of them without such facts. They are lugged in and therefore soon forgotten.

Of the remaining details of the general psychology of blindness, one that seems worth mentioning is the peculiar effect of temperature. An extreme in either direction generally affects the seeing, bringing about mental depression and bodily debility, and in the case of the blind I find this result is considerably more marked. Even a comparatively slight variation from normal claims attention so insistently that it disturbs concentration, the explanation apparently lying in the fact that, with sight subtracted, temperature occupies proportionally more of the sense total and its reactions are therefore more preponderant.

Another fact is that a pain or purely physical disturbance of the eyes dims the mental vision (not to be confused with visualization) and mental grasp in general. But this is probably due to a simple nervous reaction.

Concluding, I cannot refrain from repeating that in spite of what may be inferred from all that has been said, the psychology of the blind differs from that of the seeing only in that the blind do not see; and, further, I want to point out that the psychology of the blind, like all psychology, is simply the means, the stimulus and reaction mechanism, through which certain ends are attained. For the blind these ends are the same in every essential particular as for the seeing; the same needs, the same desires, the same aspirations, the same pleasures; and when the seeing, by exercising the faculty of thought referred to at the outset, grasp this and all its significance there will not be, as there is now, a distinct psychology of the blind among the seeing. But that, as has often been remarked, is another story.

THE CYPRIAN

BY LYMAN BRYSON

I

AN English woman, Mrs. Clomb, and her tall soldierly husband got on at Smyrna. I noticed them as our boat slipped out in the sparkling afternoon light; they were standing at the rail, eyes fixed on the flat-edged promenade of the water front. There was something politely acquiescent in his attitude as if he thought that, being an officer and a gentleman, he might be expected to enjoy the view. She was of less willing temper, and there was in her gaze a challenge to the tawdry buff and white plastered houses that made a pleasant mass of lightness on the tan slope of Mount Pagus. She could not easily be pleased. As we drew away, the greater mountains came up behind to frame Pagus and the shimmering town. The shadows were the dead-black clusters of cypress in the graveyards. One dark watching tree beside the crumbling wall of the citadel showed where the tomb of Polycarp hung in Christian martyr's blessing over the pagan crowds. As she surveyed this beauty, Mrs. Clomb's fine aquiline profile was tilted up, the coiled weight of her incongruously rich brown hair hung back, and her lips were parted in a half-disdainful smile.

She was seated opposite me in the dining-saloon, but she conversed only with her husband. I had a chance to study her handsome, clean-lined face, bitten with the acidity of Indian garrison personalities. Her husband served her and listened to her, giving me the impression that he did not un-

derstand all she said but would be gallantly dangerous to anyone who did not appreciate her. He made a gesture or two of friendliness toward me, but she would not follow.

It was difficult to find people worth talking to in that limping old boat, unless a man dared go down upon the after deck where the real Asian travelers were gathered in a flaunting mob. The Moslem families had partitioned off little spaces with their vivid curtains; within these improvised homes women sat with black-lace veils thrown up from their faces and smoked lazily, indifferent to me, an unbeliever, staring down at them from above. Syrians of every sort quarreled volubly, Jews, with stringy earlocks, argued and prayed; a little group of Arab pilgrims bound for Mecca sang in endless nasal whines. That would have been a place for making acquaintances, but I had not the equipment for descending into such a cockpit of tongues.

When I mentioned to a neighbor at lunch one day that I had been on Cyprus, Mrs. Clomb became suddenly aware of my existence. In the afternoon her husband came, slightly apologetic, and led me forward to her deck chair to be interrogated. Had I been on Cyprus recently? Was I informed as to the condition of the island since the war? This was in the year 1920; she seemed not quite sure that I, being an American, knew there had been a war. Unfortunately my visit had been brief

and unobservant; I could not answer many of her questions.

'My brother is there,' she explained, 'my younger brother, Captain Mortimer Ladd — in charge of the constabulary at Larnagusta. He was shipped home from the Somme and begged this post out here. Wanted to carry on, you know' — she thought it necessary to announce even the most obvious British virtues to me — 'although he could scarcely walk and they told him he'd have to try to straighten the town out with no help from anybody. There was n't likely to be another British person in the place.'

I could imagine him, shattered but eager, a slender small chap probably, and, like her, thin-faced and handsome.

She continued her confidences. 'We are going there to persuade him to come home.' Her gray eyes were turned on me searchingly. 'Do you know any reason why a young man should want to stay in that place after his work was finished?'

I was amazed at this confession of anxiety; it showed how serious the problem was, how long the heroic prodigal must have stood out against the demand that he give up his task, no longer essential, and come back to his own people. Mrs. Clomb had spent her own two decades in India, but that, of course, was different. Having once admitted her difficulties to me she wanted to discuss them. I suggested that Captain Ladd might have got interested in the antiquities of the place, a wonderfully rich field for research.

'No, he's not a student,' was her terse dismissal of that. 'My oldest brother, the one we lost at Loos, was a tutor at Cambridge, but Mortimer never went in for anything but English poetry — and very modern at that. Is the city itself so fascinating?'

I could not remember that it was. I remarked that Aphrodite emerged from

the sea foam on the north side of the island; there was no vestige of her presence in the arid south. Colonel Clomb replied blandly that the goddess of love had frequented these waters a long time ago. I inquired if Captain Ladd might have made friends in the town.

'Natives?' There was more cool, amused surprise in her answer than contempt, but it silenced me. I looked out over the dazzling blue sparkle of the Mediterranean, studied a distant brown promontory across the rail, felt the hot silence of the air along the deck, and kept my peace.

Many such conversations were shared with them as we slid down the coast in painful sunshine, past Chios, Samos, and Rhodes, and finally around the low south end of Cyprus itself. The slopes in the distance, spotted with little groups of pines, without visible habitation, desert-like and bare, offered no answer to their question.

II

Next morning we woke early and found ourselves in the little harbor of Larnagusta. The bay was as smooth and oily as water in a tub, and without a sail except for one high, old-fashioned Greek hulk with a windmill on her after deck. I had never seen a boat with a windmill on her deck before and that trivial curiosity kept me from being introduced to Captain Ladd when, as port authority, he came up our ladder. All I got was the impression of a little fellow, as I had expected, with a small face under his great pith helmet, and one surprising characteristic — the strange, tottering swagger of his walk.

I gave my attention to the view of the forgotten town. Although they were blinding white as seen from the boat rail and lined along the quay in neat precision, I knew, although I could not remember them, that the houses of

Larnagusta were wretched and filthy, that the narrow streets were foul, that life was as hot as it looked from the harbor, but not in any way as clean. It was always so in such towns; I have never needed but one disillusionment to destroy my faith in the glittering white fronts which stand along the quays.

When I went ashore that afternoon I was amazed. There was neatness and cleanliness and order in the narrow lanes under the hanging balconies of the tinted houses. There was the same sprawling Eastern crowd, but it was being governed. That, of course, was Captain Ladd's work. It was inspiring, the force of one man's character, to bully his own shaky little body into effort and then to swing a whole town into the ways of decency and health.

I came upon a dispute in the bazaar, just as I was thinking of this, and he strode into it, with his cocky, thin-legged strut, like an invalid showing off his powers of locomotion, to give me proof of his control. A bearded Jew, in a striped bathrobe of a garment, was holding a squawky chicken in one crooked arm and with the other was pounding at his head in a symbolic gesture of tearing his hair, screaming meanwhile with the fury of the mortally attacked. A thick-chested Greek towered over him, about to strike and take the booty by right of strength. Between the two came the British captain, appearing suddenly around a corner in answer to somebody's summons, pushing his big pith helmet far back on his head, slapping nervously at his knee with his bamboo stick. He turned to the Jew, his back squarely in the face of the threatening Cypriote, and took the clawing chicken in his own hands. The old man surrendered it in a dazed way, without question, but immediately afterward broke out in shriller screams, directed now to the fount of justice. Ladd handed the chicken to a uniformed

Greek who had come up behind him, a black-browed handsome fellow, whose elaborate gravity seemed to conceal a smile, and then spoke very sharply and briefly to the disputants. I expected a Solomon decision on the spot, but it was not his method to do justice without the proprieties. He told them to appear at the police station next morning; the chicken would remain, in the meantime, in his custody. The old man ceased his lamentations so suddenly that he seemed to have come to the end of a recitation and the other claimant shrugged his herculean shoulders and turned away. The crowd vanished.

Captain Ladd, seeing me then, an obvious stranger in his domain, smiled a shy, gratified little smile, and asked me if I was not a passenger on the boat lying in the harbor. 'Come and have tea with me,' he urged. 'My home is a sort of government building and jail and barracks, all rolled into one, but it's all there is to visit.' He walked beside me. 'Too bad that boat of yours has to lie around here for several days. There is n't a thing to do in this place. Not a thing.'

I found that he had another characteristic even more surprising than the swagger; it was the warm, deep, passionate color of his eyes. His sister's were gray and pale and cold; his were blue and burning.

In the afternoon I went round to the police station. Inside the white-plaster gate was a blinding white courtyard where the sun seemed to have been storing up bright heat in unnatural concentration. Across the court, seated disconsolately on the dirt in the full glare, was a prisoner, a Greek boy with a bandage on his head. I climbed the dark stairway to Ladd's rooms and office, and was admitted by the grave sergeant whom I had last seen holding the disputed chicken in the bazaar. Ladd gave me his one comfortable chair and

seated himself jauntily on the corner of his desk, swinging his putteed leg briskly as he talked. I asked him about his prisoner.

'He's been in a fight. Cut his brother with a knife and got his own head laid open. The brother got away. But he'll come back. They always come back; their relatives make them. Great system, isn't it, to have the relatives working for the police instead of against them?'

There was not much time to get acquainted with this man and I was interested in him. I asked a rude question. 'Are relatives going to make you go back, too?'

He laughed without the least sign of offense. 'I suppose it is the same sort of affair.' A slow change came over his face. 'I can't say — really.' The self-assurance faded and his blue eyes and thin lips took on a look of uncertainty.

'Do you like it here so much?' I asked.

'Like it?' He seemed surprised at the question, but his ease was established again. 'Oh, yes, very much.'

'Not many of the Mediterranean islands are as interesting as Cyprus,' said I, struggling to get the conversation going. 'Since the day of Aphrodite herself —'

'Yes, yes, quite.' He picked up a piece of paper from the desk. 'It really inspires me to verse, you know. It's a silly thing to sit here in the evening and look out at the stars and write feeble verses, but I do it — often. How's this?'

He read from the paper: —

'And Venus never shines so bright
As over Cyprus in the night,
She gazes on her foamy source
And blazes Heaven in her course —'

'Pretty bad, eh?'

'Not at all,' I protested. 'Why don't you go on with it?'

He seemed pleased. 'Perhaps I will — if I don't go home. I'm king here, you know. Absolute monarch. I work hard, and I like it, and they like me. My sergeant, the big fellow who opened the door for you, would die for me any day if necessary. But it would never be necessary. They all do what I tell them — now — absolutely.'

'It would be difficult to surrender an absolute monarchy,' I said.

'Yes — quite.' He laughed again.

When I left him, refusing to stay until his sister and her husband came, he urged me to come back as often as I could while the boat lay in the harbor. The big grave sergeant escorted me to the street gate. As he opened it for me and I stepped out into the street, a girl came toward us and spoke to the Greek. She waited there for me to pass and I could not help glancing at her face. I saw that she was blonde, unusual in an east-Mediterranean woman, and not the blonde of artificial coloring. Her gold hair rippled out from under her head scarf in shining small waves. It was living and glowing and yet it had a strange metallic look. It held my attention and I gave her a prolonged stare, a scrutiny from which she shrank.

And I saw that her forehead was low and broad and gently curved over her eyes — eyes so dark that I wondered if they could be really blue. Her nose sprang gently from under the just perceptible ridge of her married brows; and her mouth, even as her lips were drawn down and sad, had a faintly mocking curve.

As I walked on toward the harbor front the vivid image of her stayed in my mind's eye. In spite of her withdrawal from my barbarous staring the memory of her face gave me an impression of a being superior and aloof; she had an impersonal triumphantness — as if she could suffer only by her own consent.

III

After dinner that night, when the crowd on the after deck was chattering over tiny cups of coffee and cigarettes, I chose a boatman among those who clustered and fought at the foot of the ship's ladder, and went ashore again. The line of buildings along the edge of the oily black water was bright with lights and movement, but I turned, without considering the café tables and the talk, into the sullen interior of the town. For an hour I explored among its uneven, narrow streets, under the stucco balconies, and past the forbidding doors. There was scarcely anyone abroad except those down there on the water front, drinking, smoking, eating bad ice cream, and enjoying life. It occurred to me that those streets had probably been rather dangerous before the British came. The British? — one sick boy and the habit of empire.

Naturally I drifted toward the police station. There was some chance that I might intrude on a family argument, but I was sure Mrs. Clomb and the colonel had been on deck when I left; if by chance they were with Ladd I could excuse myself and withdraw. I knocked at the street gate. It swung slowly open; the Cypriote sergeant looked at me with some surprise. The wide courtyard was still white but with the moonlight now, instead of blazing sunshine. The one prisoner, his bandaged head glimmering in the moonlight, sat on the ground in the same place, in the same position.

In the black passage of the stairway I almost fell over someone sitting there on the steps, and as she turned to let me pass I was sure it was the blonde Greek girl. It did not match the impression I had of her from my other glimpse — to find her crouching in the dark outside a door; but even in this gesture of misery there was a suggestion that she was

playing a part. She must have been, I felt, outside the quarrel that was being carried on over the little Englishman's fate — superior to it by reason of qualities which no outward circumstance could touch or change. There was some extraordinary force in her. One would have felt that, mysteriously, even if he had not chanced to see her only on this day when the existence of people around her was focused down to a very simple tragedy.

When I entered the room above, the Clombs were there. Ladd and his sister looked up with unconcealed impatience; the colonel was hovering, distressed and impotent, in the background. Mrs. Clomb's clear, strong face, with embittered mouth and pale eyes, was slightly flushed; and she sat forward in her chair, interrupted in the midst of a plea.

It was easy to imagine what she had been saying. There may have been strong personal reasons for the boy's going back home, of course, a failing mother, perhaps, or something like that, but — the Indian exile can tell why an Englishman should stay at home. She must have talked of an old house and country lanes in spring. I think she knew her brother's temperament well enough to recall to him the misty green of April so that he might compare it, in his homesick mind, with the glittering, hard brilliance of this alien East. It is possible she spoke of friends and ease and peace, but she must have talked of a loved garden and the nightingales.

In spite of my trying to retreat at once, I was caught, an intruding spectator in the midst of their crisis. There was a sharp exchange of words behind me on the stairs, an angry protest in Greek, and Ladd's handsome sergeant came into the room. His cap was in his hand, but his manner was not deferential; he was disturbed and angry.

'What do *you* want, Aghniades?' asked Ladd.

'I wish to speak to you, sir.'

'I'm sorry, but I'm very busy just now. You can put it off until to-morrow, or to-night a little later, perhaps.'

'It must be now.'

Ladd raised his eyebrows. 'Wait outside for a minute; then I'll talk with you.' In spite of his annoyance Ladd's voice was affectionate.

The Greek's eyes flickered and a look of devotion passed over his dark face, interrupting his angry insistence, but he did not move. 'You are going to leave us,' he blurted out, caring for nothing but to get this greatest matter into the open.

'Not to-night, at least,' Ladd answered. 'Will you go, please?'

'But my sister is waiting to know. She did not ask me to come here — she forbid — no! no!' His stiff English was evidently difficult for him. 'She tell me I dare not speak to you about this very important question, but she is waiting. It is not dignified for her to wait.'

The effect of this bungling betrayal of the fact which these other people in the room, Captain Ladd and the Clombs, had uppermost in their minds was for a moment nothing at all. They had been ignoring it, of course, although Mrs. Clomb must have guessed the truth long before. Then the colonel swore under his breath as if somebody had made a bad slip in playing a game, and his wife looked dangerously at the miserable Aghniades. The Greek gave up trying to talk English and launched into his own cataracting tongue, pouring out entreaties on Ladd, who tried in vain to quiet him. Finally Ladd said something which made the Greek stop, wide-eyed and stricken. There was a dead silence and Aghniades's hand went slowly toward the holster at his belt. My glance followed and I felt my heart jump. Mrs. Clomb gave one sharp little scream. Ladd's face was absolutely

stony. The Greek had the automatic in his hand and was talking again in a low hurried murmur.

Ladd held out a steady hand. 'I'll take your gun, Aghniades,' he said.

The Greek backed away a step, still holding the weapon down. I had no exact idea of his threat. It was all rather tense bewilderment; I knew only that he was a mortally threatening man and that his desperation might take any form.

'Give me that pistol,' Ladd commanded, more sharply, 'and consider yourself under arrest.'

Aghniades reached up with his left hand and tore, with two fierce tugs, the insignia from his khaki collar and backed away another step. I have no idea what Colonel Clomb was doing. Ladd and his sergeant were facing each other in the middle of the room in a silent contest to see which could intimidate the other. The pistol came slowly upward; the poor Greek was still uncertain but impelled by a desperate force. The silence had a stealthy quality — ready to conceal events. Aghniades's big hand shook, but the pistol moved. I waited, helpless, fascinated, to see the muzzle come into line with Ladd's face. But it was not pointed at him. His faithful sergeant, who 'would die for him if necessary,' had another idea of unanswerable protest. He pointed the black barrel at his own temple. He would stop this desertion of his sister, this treason, by sacrificing himself. A bizarre, Oriental gesture; but we were all held in a silent agony as his slow arm moved.

Then the door opened quietly and the girl came in.

She spoke to her brother in Greek, acknowledging the presence of the rest of us only by the slightest inclination of her head. He did not answer her. She said something to Ladd, also in Greek; he only spread out his hands in an un-English sign of helplessness.

Since then I have wondered about the scene she played before us, wondered how conscious she was and how much she intended of the effect she created. At the time my heart was in my throat; no one could have questioned her tragic sincerity. It was very simple; there she was, the evident reason for Mortimer Ladd's love of Cyprus. Her presence in the room, crowded before she came, put all the rest of us into a dim background to give her beauty full play in the light. And it was breath-taking.

First she lifted from her head a thin, white-silk scarf, folded it carefully in her hands, and held it toward Ladd. He stood there, like a man upright in Hell, and did not move. She put it down on the desk beside him. She was returning his gifts. As the light shone on the gold waves of her hair and the incredible grace of her head, poised on her round white neck, she bared her arm and took off a little silver bracelet and put that down beside the scarf. I am sure her English lover, as long as he lived, never forgot the bending of her head over her arm as she took off the trinket slowly—the curve of her throat, and the gentle pulling of her fingers at the silver band. Her face was as calm as if she had been alone. She reached up to her hair, took out a shell comb that held it, and shook it free. It fell round her like a heavy cloud of spun metal, filled with light. She showed her beauty as simply and as confidently as a goddess. But she was not a goddess; her gesture as she stooped to put the comb on the desk beside the other gifts was too wistful and too sweet.

Her brother spoke to her, harshly, but she turned on her heel and, without looking at him or any of us, walked from the room. He followed her, his forgotten pistol still in his hand, and stumbled blindly at the threshold.

In the silence of the little room, which

was suddenly emptied as if Mrs. Clomb and her husband and Ladd and I had never occupied it, I got to my feet and made a clumsy excuse to get free.

For an hour or two afterward I walked the black tortuous streets, not thinking, seeing only the Greek girl with her hair unbound and the little Englishman's stony, anguished face.

IV

Next day, just at sunset, we pulled anchor and slipped smoothly out toward the southeast. The ruined freighter, with the windmill on its deck and its rotting wooden sides, was still there. Out toward the red west was the brown sail of a coasting fisherman, riding the wine-dark seas.

The Syrians and Turks and Jews swarmed and buzzed and hung over the rail as we moved. Some of the Moslem women peered from behind their little partitions of gay blankets or pulled their veils down over their faces so that they too might come among the crowd at the ship's side and see the darkening town and the bare slopes dropping away behind us.

Mrs. Clomb and her husband stood in much the same attitude as when we had left Smyrna a week before, calmly surveying land and sea. She turned toward me. 'You will be interested, I'm sure,' she said, her pale eyes challenging mine, 'to know that Captain Ladd has decided to stay in Cyprus—for a while longer.'

I murmured something about his work, his duty.

'The governing instinct was always very strong in Mortimer,' she said.

I looked away as the ship swung farther to the south. In the west blazed a star. It seemed to be shining of its own lambent life, casting over Cyprus and the foam of the sea behind us an eternal and unquenchable radiance.

NORTHUMBRIAN DUETS

BY WILFRID GIBSON

I. NED NIXON AND HIS MAGGIE

'WILL you come with me, Maggie, to Stagshaw Bank Fair?'

'Come with you where? Come with you where?'

Do you fancy a lass has naught better to do

Than to go gallivanting, Ned Nixon, with you?'

'If you come with me, Maggie, I 'll buy you a ring.'

'You 'll do no such thing — you 'll do no such thing.

Do you fancy I 'd let my lad squander his pence

On tokens and trinkets and suchlike nonsense?'

'Come, Maggie, come, Maggie, we 're only once young!'

'Now hold your fool's tongue — now hold your fool's tongue!

If we 're only young once it behoves us to be

A common-sense couple and act cannily.'

'Time enough, Maggie, for sense when we 're old.'

'Does copper turn gold? Does copper turn gold?

Or a guff turn wiseacre at threescore-and-ten?

Anyhow I 'm for taking no chances with men.'

'Then must I go lonesome to Stagshaw Bank Fair?'

'What do I care? What do I care?'

But if you go lonesome I 'd have you to know

It 's lonesome the rest of your life you will go.'

II. WATTY LEE AND YOUNG DICK

'Now where may you be gadding to with such a dandy buttonhole —

If my eyes do not deceive me, it 's a lovely picotee —

And in your Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and bowler hat and all?'

'I 'm going to Saint Andrew's church as surely you might see,

Watty Lee.'

'Ay, maybe!

'Though it 's well enough on Sundays for folk who 've got naught else to do,

The church on week-day mornings is no place for you or me

Who 've got our bread and cheese to earn — so what can you be after, Dick?'

'I 'm going to be married there as surely you might see,

Watty Lee.'

'Ay, maybe!

'Then you don't know where you 're going, Dick, for all your dandy buttonhole,

Any more than any other lad who sports a picotee

And dons his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes and bowler hat and all.'

'You 're surely hard of hearing or your wits are all at sea,

Watty Lee.'

'Ay, maybe!'

III. MOTHER AND MAID

'AND where be you straving to at such an hour of night?'

'To look on Allen Water in the full moonlight.'

'Go your wilful ways then, but you will learn too soon

That no good comes to any lass from looking on the moon.'

WHAT IS PRISON FOR?

'And where be you straving to at this unearthly hour?
'To hearken to the hoolet that hoots by Staward Tower.'
 'Round the Pele at midnight the brags and horneys prow,
 And no good comes to any lass from listening to the owl.
 'So don't say I've not warned you, whatever may betide.'
'And what should I be fearing with Robert at my side?'
 'What should you be fearing? Since the world began
 No good has come to any lass from walking with a man.'

WHAT IS PRISON FOR?

BY E. S. HITCHCOCK

I

IT must be apparent to the most casual observer that the public is beginning to have grave misgivings as to the efficacy and real service performed by its penal institutions.

It is trying, more than ever before, to devise ways and means for keeping the misdemeanant outside the bars rather than behind them and, with this end in view, has greatly added to the number of persons on probation and parole.

That part of the public interested in civic reforms realizes that locking up a man or woman for thirty, sixty, or ninety days and then letting him loose on society again is an unscientific and futile performance, which tends to make more criminals rather than to reduce their number.

Although we admit that our hope lies in keeping our people within the law and even forgiving them as much

as possible for overstepping the legal boundary (a line often as invisible as that which separates the colors in the spectrum), our legislators still spend a large part of their time in complicating our already complex civilization with more and more laws, many of them impossible to enforce.

Both men and women are still laboring under the superstition that making an abuse of liberty illegal solves the question and that henceforth we shall be secure from that particular abuse.

The Federated Women's Clubs of Detroit drew up an elaborate anti-vice bill, designed to do away with prostitution and its consequent evils. They were zealous in their efforts, lobbying in the State Capitol through many weeks. Asked for an opinion, there was only one answer which could be truth-

fully given — it was that, before this law could go into effect, there would have to be a jail and prison capacity in the city of Detroit three or four times greater than that which it possesses.

The Prohibition law has created a criminal class from formerly law-abiding citizens. Bootleggers abound and, in the majority of cases, go scot-free with their ill-gotten gains. The law is powerless to cope with the number of its infringers, while more and more of the taxpayers' money is spent to increase the strength of the police.

When one has been associated with a prison he cannot but realize that we are beginning at the wrong end in trying to diminish crime. We have never taken the trouble to determine the causes, our one thought being to catch the offender and lock him up where he can no longer harm society.

In the majority of cases he is set free again and if the same circumstances prevail which deprived him of his liberty, with the added handicap of a prison sentence to his discredit, there is little doubt but that he will offend again and frequently more seriously.

There is rarely a reform in a prison. Locking up a man and taking away everything in life that he desires is not conducive to a frame of mind which will bring about a reformation.

This being the case, is it not stupid on the part of society to deal with this subject so superficially?

We spend huge sums of money for the isolation of disease germs and for hygiene to ensure physical health, but we accept crime as an incomprehensible thing coming from no ascertainable cause, and show our helpless bewilderment by our inability to cope with it. Locking a man or a woman behind bars is merely an acknowledgment of our weakness and lack of intelligence.

I was invited recently to sit down at a long table in the Detroit prison in the

women's department. One woman explained to me that this was the bootleggers' table and they would like to ask me a few questions. Looking around, one could see that here was a new type of criminal, manufactured by us with our Prohibition law. The huge gains to be made by selling liquor, and the strong probability of not being caught, were two elements beyond the power of certain kinds of people to withstand. The question was, 'Why are we here, when the judges on the bench, the police, the rich in their homes, the frequenters of high-priced restaurants and hotels, are at large while having and enjoying as much liquor as they see fit to buy?'

This is a time-old question, merely fitted to a new issue. There was only one answer, 'Because you are poor, without influence or power of any kind.' We may have gained in prohibition but we have lost in temperance. A very respectable class of persons who once regarded liquor as something to be avoided now consider a social gathering incomplete without its exhilarating accompaniment. Add to this the undermining of the public service and the demoralizing devices resorted to by the police to entrap makers of homebrew in their homes, and we have a miserable spectacle in which mothers are torn from their children and families completely disorganized.

A law, to be successful, should be in accordance with the instinctive sympathy of the mass of the people.

In our prison we have a population of entirely new criminals, bootleggers and other liquor violators, while our disorderly drunken charges are not diminished.

Add to this the tremendous expense incurred by the government in its efforts to enforce an unpopular law and the crimes of homicide and murder which have followed in the wake of the

bootlegger, and one is inclined to believe that the 'cure' is worse in its effects than the disease.

Often the criminal is insane or feeble-minded and should be put in an institution for such unfortunates, or he is the product of a social or economic condition existing in the country where he has been reared. Legislating against crime will never do away with it. Repressive measures only increase the trouble. A doctor who treated a deep-seated malady with outward applications alone would not stand well in his profession. But that is exactly what the legislators are doing when they pile up repressive laws for the cure of criminals.

We have made a beginning toward better things with the psychopathic clinic which examines the 'patient' as to his mentality. But this science is hardly a science as yet. It is too stereotyped and inflexible. The human brain is not a mere machine, and the so-called 'tests' are absurdly inadequate. Besides, if a criminal is reported as seven years of age, mentally, the law takes no note of that. He must still pay the penalty imposed upon a full-grown man. There will have to be radical changes in the law before the psychopathic examinations will be followed by scientific treatment of the patient.

II

It would seem that our only hope, until we have become more intelligent, is to keep from further entanglements through ever-increasing laws in an effort to solve our problem on the outside.

In other words, there is little hope of improving society by locking men in prison.

We should endeavor to arrest as few as possible; to parole and put on probation — a serious warning — as

many as is at all compatible with public safety. We should then get about the business of why we have criminals and try to remove the causes. The criminologist, Ferri, in his book, *The Positive School of Crime*, declares that crime has its root in 'anthropological, telluric, and social causes.' We may not be able to change the first two, but the last is one which should engross the attention of all criminologists.

As a matter of fact, the Detroit prison might easily be called the poor-house. The man or woman with more than a few dollars to his credit is so scarce that he is a curiosity. There seems little doubt that poverty breeds crime. Housed in squalor, crowded in tenements, ignorant and often diseased, these victims of economic maladjustment live by their wits and in the majority of cases end in the clutches of the law.

The improvement of economic conditions, by which a man can be fairly certain of a livelihood and not be the football of fluctuating markets which throw him out of a job at a moment's notice, would be a big factor in stabilizing the character of men and keeping them from crimes against property.

In spite of ignorance and lack of advantages generally, the average person in prison realizes the terrible gulf of inequality which separates the rich and the poor. He knows that justice is not blindfolded, as the courts would have him believe, but fully awake to the individual with whom it is dealing. He knows that a great number of laws are made to protect the rich and that to him that hath shall be given. He knows that if he had been able to employ an expensive lawyer he would probably have been free, or that if he had had influential political friends many strings might have been pulled in his behalf. Knowing all this, he believes himself a victim, rather than a

culprit. He justifies his lawless act, whatever it may have been. If he is strong he determines to 'get even' when he is freed, if he is weak he descends to self-pity and becomes more and more demoralized. Any effort at reformation on the part of prison officials he secretly regards with contempt. Any form of punishment is merely adding fuel to his flaming grudge against society. There is no doubt but that the world has advanced in this last respect, though punishments and some forms of torture still exist.

At present we are reaping the aftermath of war in the crime wave of banditry which has swept the country. Training hundreds of thousands of young men to kill and applauding them as heroes in war would naturally lead to the lawlessness and disregard of human life which we are now obliged to endure. Having sown the wind we should not be aghast at the whirlwind which follows. Add to this the lawlessness resulting from the Prohibition amendment and we understand certain phases of our condition to-day.

What, then, can be done by way of betterment?

Why could not the government scientifically study this matter of crime

with a view to ascertaining the causes underlying the particular varieties from which we are suffering?

Why could not a committee of psychologists, economists, and sociologists be appointed who would diagnose intelligently the reason for the increasing number of bandits, bootleggers, narcotic violators, and so forth?

Let an epidemic of any sort appear among the hogs of our nation, let an insect pest attack our grain — there is quick action on the part of Washington to safeguard our food supply and, incidentally, the profits of the packers and the grain dealers.

Why, then, should we be indifferent to the disease of crime and remain content with the antiquated methods of the classic school in its treatment?

Why should we continue to follow the line of least resistance — manufacturing laws galore, adding to police forces, employing more and more judges, building more and more jails and prisons, creating more and more criminals, spending the taxpayers' money for repressive rather than constructive measures, when we know that we are in a vicious and ever-widening circle which ends nowhere and, therefore, accomplishes nothing?

WILD HORSES

BY WILL C. BARNES

I

On the top of a small prairie mountain dotted with half a dozen wide-spreading cedar trees, a man armed with a pair of field glasses eagerly scanned the country below him. A short distance away his horse stood close to a tree as if to screen him from sight. For all the interest the animal took in his surroundings he might have been a graven image. His closed eyes, the pendulous lower lip lying loosely back from his teeth, the flopping ears, indicated very clearly that he was sound asleep.

Suddenly he raised his head in a startled way, looked off into the hazy distance, cocked first one ear, then the other, in the direction his eyes were taking, as horses always do when they discover some moving object coming suddenly into view. The change from complete indifference to an attitude of keen interest was remarkable. The rattling of the long chains on the heavy Spanish bit in the animal's mouth caught the man's ear. He glanced toward him.

'What you see, old fellow?' he queried. 'I have n't been able to get my eyes on a single movin' thing since we came up here exceptin' that skulkin' coyote down there on the flat watchin' for a dinner of fat prairie-dog. What you wigglin' them ears for?'

Taking a position before the horse, the man trained the field glasses in line with the pointing ears. 'H-m-m, shucks!' he said, beneath his breath.

'There's what ole Blue Jay's lookin' at. Beats all how quick a hoss will catch sight of anything a-movin'. That's either a "dust-devil" or the smoke from a bunch of runnin' hosses.' A minute's close study of the distant bit of yellowish dust; then — 'No, 't ain't a dust-devil, for it strings along the tops of them trees 'stead of risin' straight up. Hosses all right, an' I reckon it's Bill, hazin' old Baldy along after a bunch of broom-tails.'

He turned to the horse. 'Come alive, old skate, for if I'm not mistaken you got a regular job cut out for you. If that there dust comes from a bunch of wild ones headed by that renegade gray hoss what got away from the schoolmarm last fall, it'll take some ridin' to head 'em into a corral.'

Rapidly he loosened the cinches, re-set his saddle, threw the long reins over the horse's neck, and swung on to his back. Still keeping close to the trees as if to hide his presence, he scanned the point in the distance where he expected the bunch of wild horses to emerge from the shelter of the trees into the open prairie. Soon the leaders broke into sight, swinging along on a smooth, sweeping run, dropping at intervals into a fast trot, with necks outstretched, manes and tails flying in the wind. Twenty-seven grown animals he counted, all dark colors except the leader, a gray which he knew to be the notorious escaped saddle-horse 'Steeldust,' the animal every cowboy

on that range would gladly give a month's wages to capture.

The man smiled as he recalled the dramatic incident of Steeldust's escape from civilization. Caught three years before from a band of wild horses, broken, and fairly domesticated, the gray had been a gift from his captor to a young woman who came to the little hamlet in the valley to teach the dozen or more sons and daughters of the local stockmen their three *R's*, plus a little respect for discipline. She was an adventurous girl and one day riding alone, far out on the range, she saw a band of wild horses coming down the trail to water at a little prairie lake, and gave chase for the pure love of a wild, reckless ride.

From that first jump, her horse strained every nerve to overtake his former companions of the open ranges. For a mile or so she tore after them like mad. Steeldust, named after a noted Texas race stallion, needed no touch of spur or quirt. Twice the girl kept the band from reaching the shelter of a deep 'cedar brake' in which they would have buried themselves safe from pursuit. Her mount was too fast for them, and as she swung out to one side and waved her hat, the leader changed his course and raced away in the opposite direction, only to dash again for the cedars when she fell back a little.

Suddenly one of the band stumbled, lost its footing, and went headlong to the ground, rolled clear over, lay still for a moment, then was up on its feet, and with wild neighings raced after the rest. Almost on the instant, the girl realized the cause of its fall, for she found herself in the midst of a prairie-dog village, the open holes dangerous pitfalls for a horse.

Her cowboy friends had always told her never to try to guide her mount through such a place — to 'give him his head and trust to luck.' But instinct

prevailed. A huge hole, where some hungry badger had dug out a good dinner of prairie-dogs, yawned under the horse's feet. She gave a sharp pull on the reins. The next moment she went flying over his head to the bare ground of the dog town. When she recovered consciousness it was past midday, and there was absolutely nothing in sight but a saucy prairie-dog that sat atop of his family mound, scolding angrily at her for daring to intrude on his privacy.

Except for a cut on her forehead from a sharp rock, she was unhurt. Late that evening she was discovered by a cowboy who took her up in front of him on his saddle and carried her back to town, little the worse for her experience.

From that time on, every cow-puncher in the region wasted more than his share of perfectly good horseflesh in efforts to find her lost horse. Fortunately she was able to point out almost the exact spot where she had fallen. She recalled that as she went over the horse's head she had felt her saddle turn on his side and swing underneath his round belly. Not being used to carrying a saddle on that part of his anatomy, the horse had probably stampeded, incidentally kicking the saddle to bits. Half a mile from where she fell they began to pick up pieces of the wreck: here a broken stirrup-leather; there a pair of saddle pockets; her saddle rope; the quirt Sandy Bowers plaited for her that was hanging on the horn; her slicker that was tied on the cantle; and finally the saddletree itself, a mere wreck of its former beauty, the broken *latigo* showing how the horse had finally rid himself of it. Minus this embarrassment, Steeldust, to quote one of the boys, 'surely quit the flats and went yonderly, headed for his old wild bunch.'

One of the girl's last gifts from an

admiring puncher had been a handsome plaited bridle, made of the finest of leather strings, decorated with fancy horsehair knots and tassels, with long, slender, plaited-horsehair reins, far better suited for use on some Wild West day in town than for common range-riding. Not far from the saddle they found the reins, broken at the bit-chains when the horse had stepped upon them as they dragged under his forefeet. To rid himself of the fancy bridle, which had no throat-latch, would be comparatively easy.

'Once a wild one, always a wild one' is a well-known saying on the Western ranges, and a horse captured from a band of wild horses can never be trusted to stay on a strange range. Foot-loose, no matter how weary, he at once orients himself and with almost unerring directness makes his way straight back to the range where he knows he will find his former companions. Once with them, he seems inspired with a far keener sense of danger, and with far greater ability to escape from those hated riders who would again enslave him, than he had before he knew the feeling of a hackamore about his nose or the pressure of cinches on his ribs.

II

There were at that time on the range probably ten thousand practically worthless range-horses — 'broom-tails' they were called. Many were branded, many not, mavericks for anyone who could capture and brand them.

The range was a 'cedar-brake' country with numerous large areas of close-growing cedars, interspersed with open grassy spots. Whenever a band of wild horses grazed on these openings one of them kept watch and ward for mounted men. At the first glimpse of a man on horseback the alarm was

given in some mysterious way, and at once the whole band was on the keen run, headed for the shelter of the cedars. Into these they dived deep, breaking up into single units like hunted deer, but with far more skill and cunning than any other wild animal known to man. The only possible way to find them was by trailing — a slow and generally unsuccessful process; for long before their pursuers came in sight the keen ears of the horses heard them and the band was off, slipping silently through the thickets, dodging like coyotes chased by hounds. When water was to be found in the cedars their capture was almost out of the question, for then they never left the sheltering trees. When watering places became scarce and the horses were obliged to go to the tanks, reservoirs, springs, and streams where the range cattle drank, their capture became more possible. Here again the wild horses showed their almost uncanny ability to remain free, for when forced to come out into the open to drink they for the most part watered at night.

It was not unusual for the cowboys to watch such watering-places on bright moonlight nights. And when the horses had drunk their fill it was great sport to follow up the band and try to rope one or two selected animals as they made their way up the trail, fairly water-logged. With this handicap a good lively horse had rather the best of the chase and occasionally the pursuer was able to lie alongside of a horse after a five- or six-mile chase and rope him.

Then the rider's troubles began, for handling a wild horse at night is no easy matter. The saddle horse is nearly always tired and winded from the long chase, and with the rope tied to the saddle horn he is quite as likely to be thrown, if caught with his feet

off the ground, as the wild horse is; for of all lively things at the end of a forty-foot rope an unbroken range-horse is about the liveliest. If the rider is in luck, he finally wears the captive out and chokes him down. But the instant the wild horse hits the ground the rider, trusting his mount to hold the advantage by a rope tied hard and fast to the horn, must leap like a flash from the saddle. The hogging-string in his mouth, he pulls the long tail of the horse through between the animal's hind legs, and digs his knees deep in the backbone just in front of the hips, the long tail clenched taut in his hands. Man and horse fight it out in the moonlight. If the man's strength holds out, and the tail-hold does n't break, the horse cannot get on his feet, but he can do some very scientific struggling and fighting in his endeavors to get up. His forefeet fan the air like flails, and if the saddle horse lets up in the least on the rope, the captive's head swings back and forth, at times striking the man on the legs, hard enough, in one recorded instance, to break a bone. If the saddle horse does his bit and holds the rope taut as an iron rod, the matter is settled much sooner, for that choking slip-noose, biting deep into the captive's neck just behind the jawbones, cuts off his wind and he gives up and stretches out as if dead.

Then some lightning work must be done in 'hog-tying' the prostrate horse. On one end of the six-foot hogging-rope is a running noose. This is slipped over the two forefeet, the bight of the rope is thrown over the upper hind foot above the hoof, and the three feet are thus pulled together in a close bunch and fastened securely with the rest of the hogging-rope. Thus tied the animal is helpless. Some equally quick movements must follow to get slack from the saddle rope and

keep the animal from choking to death. Not infrequently, when the rope is loosened he *is* dead, and the cowboy rides back to camp disgusted at his luck and at the 'waste of good horse-flesh' — meaning his own saddle horse.

Naturally all that can be done at night is to leave the wild horse where he lies; but the cowboy comes back at the first crack of day driving a burro, or sometimes several of these patient phlegmatic animals. Around the burro's neck there is a strong leather strap four inches wide, and attached to it a chain about two feet long with a swivel in the middle. At the other end is another strap. Leading the burro, trained for such work, alongside the prostrate horse, the cowboy pulls the head of the burro down until the strap can be worked around the neck of the captive and buckled closely behind his head. Then the hogging-rope is loosened and the captive is allowed to get on his feet.

Then follow some very exciting performances by the 'necked-up' couple. Naturally the horse tries his best to break loose and, failing that, to carry off with him his unwelcome friend. Here the stubborn nature of the donkey helps mightily, for he will sit back on that strap and dig his forefeet into the ground, and sooner or later the captive will give it up as a bad job and settle down to a 'watchful-waiting' game. If the burro moves an inch the horse is ready to accompany him, but always toward the open range where his band has long since been swallowed up in the cedars. Sometimes the two start off at a smart run. As long as they go toward the ranch where the burro is kept, and which he recognizes as home, things go nicely; but let the direction change, the burro spreads his forelegs wide, digs those small round feet deep into the soil, and though dragged fifty feet or more, leaving

great scars on the prairie as if from a breaking-plough, he stubbornly persists, and eventually the horse gives up and awaits further developments.

With a well-trained burro necked to his captive the cowboy may ride back to the ranch and leave the two to fight it out, feeling sure that the odd couple will make their way down the range to the watering-place some time or other, generally by sunset that day. By the time the burro has delivered his charge at the home ranch the horse is fairly tamed. His neck has been stretched and rasped and is sore with the pulling and hauling, and he is perfectly willing to follow meekly at the side of his partner, who steers him into the corral, where with a little manoeuvring the boys slip a hackamore over his head and make it fast, unbuckle the strap from his neck, and leave him to think matters over during the long night.

Hungry and sore as he is from nose to tail, handling him the next morning is not a difficult job. An hour's work with a keen whip and some sharp jerks on the hackamore rope, and he is trained to lead like a dog, a trick he never forgets so long as he lives. The rest of his education comes slowly, but eventually he is turned over to the *remuda* sufficiently broken to stand for mounting with reasonable quiet, to be saddled, and bridled, and 'hobbled out' at night. His complete education as a cow pony comes gradually, taking generally two full seasons of hard round-up work.

The worst of this capturing process is that about three out of four horses so tied down and left overnight are dead the next morning, having worn themselves out thrashing the ground with their heads and fighting to get their feet loose. With horses worth only a dollar or two each, this plan is practical only in the case of animals of

unusual size and beauty. The ordinary ones are not worth the horseflesh spent upon them.

III

It took Steeldust a comparatively short time to find his way back to his old band. Shy and untrammelled as they are, wild horses invariably run on some particular part of the range and, knowing this, an animal separated from them soon finds them again.

The first time Steeldust was sighted on the range after his escape, four men, mounted on their best horses, took turns in running the band. Each rider, in turn, endeavored to work the bunch in a great circle, eventually swinging them back close to where another man sitting on a hill followed their progress by the dust arising from their hurrying feet, and fell in after the band, relieving his predecessor's tired horse. In the dusk of the evening, after twelve consecutive hours' hard running, the band, leg-weary and only able to strike a slow trot, were worked by two of the men up to the entrance to a large corral of cedar posts, the men's horses even more tired than the wild ones. Suspicious to the last degree, the leaders would not enter, although they could see that the corral was empty. Realizing that it was their last chance, the men crowded the animals, hoping to force one or two to enter and draw the others after them.

Suddenly a single mare at one side of the band, crowded too closely by one of the riders, broke back and started for the open range. Instantly she was followed by another and still another until inside of two minutes the whole band — about forty grown horses — was streaming past, outward bound. In three minutes the entire band was lost in the gloom and the men, tired, cross, and disgusted, reset their saddles on their worn-out horses and

slowly rode the ten miles to their camp.

For the next two years Steeldust led a lively and probably enjoyable life, for in spite of every trap set for his capture he was still free. Not a saddle horse on the range was able to 'lay alongside of him' in a fair chase.

All summer long the schoolmarm hoped for the return of her horse, and the one great ambition of every puncher on that range was to capture him and deliver him safely to his mistress.

'That there gray hoss has cost the cow men of this range more 'n a thousand dollars in hossflesh and punchers' time,' was the wrathful comment of one owner, whose 'top waddy' left his brag 'circle-horse' out on the range completely exhausted and unable to step one foot after the other. The rider walked ten miles or so into camp in a pair of new cowboy boots with three-inch heels, that skinned his feet so that he could n't walk for a week afterward.

That fall most of the range water dried up and many of the wild horses were watering at a rain-water tank in the midst of a cedar thicket where roping was an impossibility. Around this tank two of the men decided to build a corral and in it to capture the whole band. To carry out this programme it was necessary to build the corral fence in sections so that the horses, always scenting danger, would not stop coming to the water hole. At odd times the men cut posts and planted them stockade fashion in the ground, until the tank was completely enclosed. Whenever they could utilize trees they did so. Then they left the gate open for several days with some large lumps of rock salt inside as a bait. Finally the fateful day arrived when they decided to try to capture the whole bunch.

The heavy pole gate, swung 'up-grade' on rude wooden hinges, was held wide open by a small stick to

which they fastened a long rope. This led to a secure hiding-place formed of cedar boughs, a rustic bower in which one of the men hid and waited patiently for the band to come to water.

Just at dusk the horses came trailing in, but Steeldust was not with them. The rest went into the corral with little hesitation; licked the salt eagerly; drank their fill; then slowly trailed off on the range into the darkness. The man rode back to the camp he had made, a mile or two away, hobbled his pony out to graze, cooked and ate his lone supper, and turned in, hoping for better luck next day. About noon he went back to his post in the cedar bower. Again the horses came to water, this time with the lost horse in the lead. With all the suspicion of the broken horse he scented danger from the first.

Most of the band went into the corral, but he with a few choice spirits remained outside, sniffing at the corral posts and the open gate, advancing, retreating, snorting, touching with that sensitive nose of his everything which to him seemed at all suspicious or which carried with it the scent of man. Head high in air, he noted the cedar bower under which the man lay with beating heart and trembling hands. He walked slowly toward it, smelling the ground at every step, punctuating his progress with snorts of fear. Eventually he reached the bower and stretched his nose cautiously toward it. Horselike, he pawed viciously at the dry ground with one forefoot. A little cloud of dust arose which found its way through the boughs to the man's nose. The man was seized with an awful urge to sneeze. He grabbed his nose to choke it back, but when a sneeze gets ready to operate no power on earth seems able to stop it. The very effort to suppress it simply increased its deadliness. And the result

almost blew the man's hiding-place to pieces. When he had crawled from beneath it, what he said about that gray horse, his ancestry, his breeding, his general characteristics, would fill a book that could n't be published and get through the United States mails.

A month later another fellow caught sight of the bunch with Steeldust at its head, drifting slowly through the cedars toward a watering-place. Just at sunset he saw them file slowly down the trail into a deep cañon. At the top of the cañon stood two good-sized pines. The man conceived the idea of hanging his rope across the trail between the two pines in such a way that with a slight jerk it would drop down over the horse's head and make him captive. Half an hour's careful work and he had the loop so hung. He climbed up into the depths of the branches with the loose end in his hand, tied it firmly to a limb, and with the slack in his hands waited patiently for the horses to make their appearance along the trail.

It was almost dark when the lead mare in the bunch walked calmly through beneath him. One after another the horses followed her slowly, for, full of water as they were, the climb up the trail winded them all. Finally Steeldust came demurely along. While he was under the overhanging loop a slight whistle to attract his attention caused the horse to throw up his head in alarm. At this instant the man jerked the rope; the loop dropped fairly over the animal's head, but unfortunately he jumped through it until it ran back against his shoulders.

The man had planned on the spring in the bough to save the rope from breaking, but he had not anticipated a catch so far back on the animal's neck; hence, when the startled horse reached the end of that three-eighths-inch rope and threw his whole weight

against it, something was bound to happen. And it did. The rope broke at the loop, or hondoo, and Steeldust, neighing shrilly for his companions, raced away into the dusk of the evening, victor once more.

As for the man in the tree: in his excitement he entirely overlooked the effect of the jerk on the rope. Leaning eagerly over to watch the horse, he was flung from the springing tree like a stone from a catapult, landing twenty feet away in a pile of rocks, from which he crawled with cuts on his face and arms, and bruises all over his body.

IV

Ten days later a Mormon boy, hunting horses from a freighter's camp and riding a lively young pony bareback with but a rope around his nose to guide him, saw a band of wild horses cross the trail about a mile ahead of him. In the lead was a dappled gray with a short tail. Steeldust's reputation was known to everyone. The boy knew of the offer of fifty dollars to anyone who would bring the horse to the X Camp. The nearest cedars were three or four miles away. His pony had Steeldust blood in his veins and was unhindered by saddle or bridle, with only an eighty-five-pound rider on his back. The boy felt there was a fine chance to 'grab off' that fifty dollars and win everlasting glory. Cleverly he forced the band away from the sheltering cedars toward which they tore from the first jump. A five-mile heat across the sandy prairie and he had ranged fairly close to the tail-enders of the band. Half a mile ahead of him was a long narrow crack in the prairie. In most places its sides were almost perpendicular; it was seldom less than twenty feet wide and in some places it was a hundred deep. The boy knew the country well and forced the

horses toward this crack. The horses, quite as well acquainted with the range and the crack, swerved away from it, while the boy, riding well out at one side, forced them over toward it, for horses will invariably swing in the opposite direction from a rider on their flank; it seems to be an inborn trait.

Eventually the band reached the edge of the crack, hesitated a moment, then swung to the left with the boy on the outside. There was a great curve in the crack at this point and the boy realized that his one chance was to cut across this curve, crowd the horse he wanted as closely as he could, and take a chance of getting within roping distance. As he rode, he had slipped the rope from his horse's nose, leaving the end tied in a hard knot about the neck close to the horse's head. His pony, crazy with excitement, needed no guiding rein; he knew what was expected of him. Then, when he had crowded his quarry to the last inch his pony could gain, the boy launched his rope in the air. The loop dropped straight over Steeldust's outstretched head and with a quick jerk he pulled it tight before it slipped back to the animal's shoulders.

The boy knew that the instant the gray felt the pull of the rope about his neck, if he had not forgotten his early training, he would in all probability swing round, face his pursuer, and become once more a broken horse.

But he was taking no chances, and as the rope pulled up he leaned forward, slapped his horse on the side of his head with his hat, thus forcing him to swing sharply to the left and away from the gray, and tightened the rope with a sudden jerk which rasped some hair from the pony's neck and jaws but brought the captured one up sharply.

Recalling that fateful day in the corral, with the keen-cutting whip making long welts on his satin sides, Steeldust swung quickly round and came straight up to the other horse with a look of inquiry on his face, as if to ask what on earth all this fuss was about. As the boy slipped from the back of his horse the gray went strong to the end of the rope again, but the other horse stood stock-still, receiving a fearful wrench on his neck. Carefully the boy worked his way along the rope to the now fairly docile animal, stroked him gently on the soft white nose, slipped his hand up along the side of his head and along his neck; meantime, in a voice that could be poured over a waffle, calling him all the flattering names in his boyish vocabulary.

Two hours later he rode into the freighter's camp, the proudest boy in northern Arizona, with Steeldust, the noted outlaw, at one end of his rope, his own saddle pony at the other, and fifty dollars in hard cash in plain sight.

THE EXPERIMENT OF A CHRISTIAN DAILY

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON

I

AT the close of the year 1899, the Twentieth Kansas Regiment, after its famous record in the Philippines during the Spanish War, was being reviewed on the Topeka State House grounds, and the whole city was out to see it. With a number of friends I happened to be watching the event from the home of the owner of the *Topeka Daily Capital*.

After the review was over and people had begun to go away, the conversation turned, I do not remember how or why, to that part of the story, *In His Steps*, in which there is a description of the attempt of a newspaper man to do everything as he believed Jesus would do it in the management of a daily paper.

It was the general opinion expressed by the friends who were discussing the subject that any such attempt was so visionary that it could not be carried out in actual practice. One or two thought it might be possible up to a certain point, but all believed that people were not ready for it, and that whoever tried it would not be able to make it pay financially.

As the discussion went on, everyone present grew more and more interested, until the proprietor of the *Capital* said to me, in jest, as I supposed, 'How would you like to try the experiment, for one week?'

I answered him in the same vein, saying that it would be interesting. And in reply he said that he was in

earnest, and went on to state the terms under which the *Topeka Daily Capital* might be turned over to me for one week in order that I might carry out my idea of what a Christian daily ought to be.

These terms as finally discussed included the following general agreements, which were carried out almost without change: —

The entire paper for one week to be under my direction with the understanding that nothing would be done to jeopardize the property or the future of the paper.

The entire working force of the paper to remain intact, including the mechanical, editorial, reportorial, and office force.

Advertising rates to be on the basis of circulation, but weekly subscription-rates to be twenty-five cents instead of ten cents, which was the regular city and local rate, in order to cover outside expenses and foreign postage.

The editor's rulings to be accepted in every department, including advertising matter, all editorial and submitted articles; and also in matters of personal conduct which involved such practices as the use of tobacco, drink, and profanity.

'News' was defined as any event worth knowing or telling, always published in the right proportion to its real importance.

All prize fights, scandals, crime, vice,

or human depravity, if published at all, to be defined as evil, and an attempt made in each case to discover the cause, and, if possible, the remedy.

All editorials to be signed by the writers, and all reporters' items to be signed by the reporters in order to ensure reliability, to reward good reporting, and to fix responsibility.

The editor to receive no financial compensation.

The rule to govern all the management of the paper, including the political, social, and financial interests, was to be determined as nearly as possible by the standard of what Jesus would probably do if He were publishing the paper as the owner of it.

II

The time set for the beginning of the experiment was the second week in March, 1900. Before that time, and following the published announcement of the plan, clubs were formed all over the country by churches, young people's societies, and various religious and social organizations, and subscriptions were sent in by the thousand. One church in Ohio sent in a list of nine hundred and twenty names. Subscriptions came from all over Great Britain, from almost every South American republic, from Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. A personal subscription came from Paul Kruger, President of the Boer Republic. The Boer War was going on at the time, but Oom Paul seemed interested in the plan, at least enough to send on twenty-five cents in stamps for the paper. In one day's mail I received subscriptions sent to me personally in over twelve hundred letters and I soon discovered that I needed secretarial help.

Before the month of January, 1900, was over, the force in the *Capital*

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office had been increased by more than forty persons, and the clerks at the general post office had been increased by the addition of six new carriers and office men. On Monday morning, one week before the experiment on the paper began, the *Capital* received, in the first mail delivered, 100,000 subscriptions which came from all over the United States and Canada. The total number of subscriptions was 367,000, and that number of copies of the paper was published every day for six days, in addition to a Saturday afternoon edition which took the place of the regular Sunday morning paper.

The size of the paper had to be determined by the mechanical conditions in the *Capital* office and also by the fact that one man could not possibly pass on every item, including advertising and articles, in a paper exceeding eight pages.

The normal circulation of the *Capital* up to that week had been 15,000 copies daily. The reserve capacity of the plant made it possible to handle 25,000 copies a day. As the subscriptions came pouring in, newspaper men all over the country were curious to know how the mechanical difficulties could be met in printing 367,000 copies on a press that had never turned out more than 25,000 a day. Innumerable inquiries came in asking about the plan.

The *Staats-Zeitung* of New York printed 120,000 copies from sets of matrices sent on each day from Topeka. A like number was printed by the *Chicago Journal*. The remainder of the issue was actually printed on the straight-line Goss press in the Topeka pressroom by running the machine day and night. It was kept swimming in oil and the press foreman, who was and still is one of the finest pressmen in America, overcame apparently insurmountable difficulties, including one

unexpected overflow of a sewer which backed up into the pressroom one night and submerged the press above the rollers.

The paper was sold on Broadway and Wall Street two days after it had appeared in Topeka, and in Chicago one day after. A fourth set of matrices was sent to London to the *Westminster Review* and there reproduced and issued as soon as received.

The presswork of the *Capital* that week was a problem, but it was child's play compared with the mailing out. Twenty-four years ago the mailing system of a daily newspaper was perhaps one of the least efficient of its activities. The only apparatus the *Capital* had for its 15,000 list of subscribers was the modest hand-machine known as a 'Dick' mailer. It was, of course, out of the question to use this machine for mailing over 360,000 personal subscriptions.

The only way out was the method that we used. A large force of typists, over thirty, made lists of the names in column form, six copies of each, one for each day's paper. These lists were all arranged by states and sections and were expressed to Chicago and New York for the use of the *Journal* and the *Staats-Zeitung* in mailing the papers which they printed in their respective plants. All the copies of the paper for subscribers east of Pittsburgh in a line running north and south, and in foreign lands, were dispatched from New York. All copies for subscribers between the Alleghenies and the Missouri River were sent out from Chicago. Topeka took care of all local subscriptions west of the Missouri as far as the Pacific Coast. To facilitate the mailing out, the Santa Fe loaned a mailing car from which, as headquarters, the papers were dispatched with comparatively little delay or confusion.

III

In relating my experiences during this week of experiment I am going to mention some things which have never been reported, not even by the crowd of uninvited newspaper correspondents, about forty in all, who came on that week to get a story for their papers. So far as they themselves were concerned, they came largely out of curiosity, but of course they all felt obliged to get something startling and new for their papers. I may as well confess that I did not welcome them, and that I shall always consider that their presence was undesirable and unfair. I was constantly hampered in my attempts to carry out my original plans, since each correspondent wanted special interviews, and each one was sending on to his paper every day some story that contained more imagination and less fact than the most brilliant writer of fiction ever dreamed. For a period of six days, during which I averaged less than three hours' sleep in each twenty-four, there was not an hour of the day that the newspaper correspondents did not try to interfere with my engagements; I was not even allowed to eat and write uninterrupted.

Therefore I may as well say frankly that the Press, as represented by the men and women who were sent on to get a story, did not give me a fair chance to illustrate in my own way the thing I was trying to do; and in looking over the press reports which were made during that week I might be indignant, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century, if they were not so tremendously untrue as to be humorous. One of the commonest reports published by nearly every paper was to the effect that the whole affair was a piece of the most astounding hypocrisy, because I was receiving between \$10,000 and \$25,000 as my

share of the week's profits! This story and hundreds of others as preposterous were published, and I suppose thousands of readers believed them. 'It was in the paper,' they said. 'It must be true.'

It is true that toward the end of the week the proprietor of the *Capital* sent to my house by messenger a roll of bills amounting to \$1000; but that same messenger took them back to the office at once.

Having spoken my mind concerning the embarrassment and handicap arising from the presence of the newspaper men, I now want to testify to the wonderful helpfulness and loyalty of every person connected with the *Capital*, from the business manager to the Negro janitors and the youngest cub in the pressroom. They were the most enthusiastic and responsive group of human beings I have ever seen. They were not individuals whom I had trained and taught to carry out my ideas, but they could not have been more eager to make them a success if they had been in training for years. They obeyed every rule posted up, to their own discomfort and even against their own judgment. Every smoker went without his pipe or cigarette while on duty. There were countless occasions for profanity as the men faced unusual and unknown problems, but I do not remember hearing a single swear-word during the entire week, even from the men in the composing and mailing rooms where the tasks were stupendous and involved. In the pressroom, where a press that had never turned off more than 25,000 copies a day was being driven day and night to print 127,000, the foreman and his assistants lived a life of continual anxiety and were under a strain that was nerve-stretching every moment, but if they swore, it was silently; and to some of them it must have been an

experience in suppression that cost them much sweat and anguish of spirit.

The reporters and telegraph men, the city editor who sat up with me all night to see the thing through, the business manager who turned down thousands of dollars' worth of questionable advertisements without an audible murmur, all entered into the week's trial with a whole-hearted and unquestioning faith which was in marked contrast to the attitude of the press representatives, most of whom ridiculed and criticized and sent garbled reports of the week to their papers down East.

I do not wish to seem unfair to the Press as it was at that time, but I have not mentioned any of these things for more than twenty-four years, and I mention them now, not in any spirit of malice, but to state some facts which have never been published about that week. I could have carried out my plans with far greater freedom and happiness if the Press had let me alone. The reports sent out were so misleading that the public never had an opportunity to know what had really been done or what results were finally obtained.

IV

According to the definition of the word 'news' which we had made, the most important news item that came in on the night of March 12, 1900, was a brief notice of the India famine. No paper in the United States had given this great calamity any prominence. It seemed to me to be the most important world-news; therefore, supplementing the meagre Associated Press item with letters which I had received from missionaries, I featured the India famine in the first issue of the *Capital*, printing it on the first left-hand column on the front page, the

Capital's regular place for the most important news.

Along with this news item I printed a call for famine relief asking the readers of the news to send in contributions. This appeal followed the account of the famine on the front page. I may say that I still believe that news of this kind should be edited; that editorial comment on great world-events should be made directly on the page which prints the event. The first great daily in this country to print editorial comment directly under Associated Press news calling for such comment will have a reading that editorials printed on the editorial page do not now have. Very much of what is called news needs intelligent comment in order to be understood by the average reader of newspapers. In very many cases the newspaper reader does not know what the news item means. The editor ought to be able to tell him. If the editorial were written immediately under the news it would be read. It is a question whether the average editorial in the regular dailies of this country is read by more than two per cent of the readers. If it were written with the news everyone would read it. If editorials are written to be read, why not put them where the reader will read them?

As a direct result of the appeal for help in the case of the famine sufferers, a trainload of Kansas corn was sent by Kansas farmers to New York, and the *Christian Herald* of New York chartered a ship and sent the cargo to Bombay, where it was handled by the missionaries and distributed all over the famine district. In correspondence which came to me months afterward, the missionaries told me that this Kansas corn saved thousands of children from starving, and I have learned that some of them have since held responsible positions under the British

government. Sometimes when people have asked me if the paper was not a failure, as the press reports for the most part said it was, I have replied that if it accomplished nothing more than saving several thousand children from starving to death I should always feel that the paper was a success.

Besides the shipload of corn that was contributed, I forwarded from the *Capital* office that week and for weeks afterward money contributions for the famine amounting to more than \$40,000, which were disbursed by different church and missionary organizations. This money came from all over the world in response to an appeal that took up less than two inches of space in the paper.

During the remainder of the week the *Christian Herald* carried a half-page advertisement making an appeal for the people of India, and stating that the British Secretary of State for India would pay all transportation charges for food sent from America. The *Herald* received in response to that appeal over \$100,000 in cash, besides the shipload of corn given by the Kansas farmers. It is within modest bounds to say that over \$150,000 worth of food and relief was sent to a starving people from the first item of real news published in the *Topeka Daily Capital* of March 13, 1900. I hope the reader of this article will not think that I write in any spirit of cheap boastfulness. I am trying to tell the whole story of that week's experiment as if I stood outside of it. If anyone else knew all the facts, I should be more than glad to have him tell them.

It may be interesting to those who did not see the paper to know what subjects were discussed in the week's issues, which were being published as nearly as possible according to the standard of what I thought Jesus might do. Considering the fact that a

majority of the newspaper correspondents characterized the paper as deadly dull and a failure as a newspaper, it seems no more than fair to let the actual contents of the paper speak for themselves. Here are the titles of some of the articles published, and some of the news items discussed, either editorially or on a news page: —

Starving India; The War-Spirit Denounced (wars going on at the time were the war in the Philippines and the Boer War); Is the Boer War Just? (answer, no); New Books (with reviews by well-known authors); Federal Reforms; Against Cigarettes; Kindergarten Schools; The Philippines (a history of their internal affairs then published for the first time); Letters from Famous People; Sunday Observance (advocated); Market Reports (abbreviated on account of some questionable transactions on the stock market at the time); Prison Reform; Liquor Advertisements in Magazines (a protest against them — this protest was followed by letters written by prominent people in Kansas; and most of the advertisements were dropped by the magazines when their contracts ran out); Kansas Millers; Livestock Market; Mormonism (its menace); The Tax Dodger (with a cartoon by a well-known artist, M. A. Waterman); The Union of the Churches (advocated; a front page editorial); Woman Suffrage (advocated); Extracts from the National Brewers' Journal Conceding Progress of Prohibition in Kansas; Municipal Ownership (advocated); In Labor's Behalf (a plea for better housing-conditions); Appeal for Cleaner Humor; Tenement House Reform; League of Mothers (advocated); Police Department (a plea for decent wages); Women's Clubs; The Y. W. C. A. (appeal for endowment); Dairying in Kansas (a very

remarkable series of articles by Mr. F. D. Coburn, at the time Secretary of Agriculture in Kansas; these articles went all over the world and were copied in scores of journals); Social Settlements; Against War (written by Dr. Parkhurst of New York); Sunday School Lessons; The Churches of Topeka; Letters from Ministers; The Armenian Massacres (a protest against them); Disease Prevention.

These were, of course, only a very few of the topics discussed in the six issues of the paper. All of the outside contributions were freely given, as all the writers agreed to the plan of no compensation. Among the many contributors were Bishop John H. Vincent, who wrote the prayer printed above the news on the first page; Dr. J. E. Abbott, Bombay Mission; C. N. Howard, Rochester, N. Y.; F. D. Coburn; Governor W. E. Stanley of Kansas; Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus; Whitelaw Reid; Associate Justice of the Supreme Court David J. Brewer; Leonard D. Abbott; Frank Beard, the cartoonist. Mr. Myron A. Waterman also contributed some very telling cartoons.

If the paper was characterized by most of the newspaper correspondents as dull, it is also true that the subscribers received their money's worth in contributed articles which would be able to stand comparison with any table of contents in any periodical of the present time.

One reason for the assumption that the Christian Daily was dull and uninteresting may be found in the fact that crime and scandal and sensational divorce cases were absent from its pages. When crime was reported it was reported briefly and the emphasis was placed on the cause, and if possible on the remedy. This is the only scientific way to report crime. It is the way the Bible always reports it, and the Bible is the most scientific world-news reporter

that was ever compiled. It is childish and useless to report human frailty simply for the sake of creating a morbid mental sensation in the reader; yet this is the regular and stupid fashion of reporting human sin adopted by those dailies which print elaborate stories of human lapses. The rule which the *Capital* observed during the week that it was a Christian Daily was the Bible rule, and in time that will be the rule observed by all the daily Press.

A signal opportunity to practise this method of dealing with sensational news occurred in the office of the *Capital* itself during the week I was in charge. Senator Peffer of Kansas, who was as highly respected and honored by his townspeople generally as he was caricatured and dishonored by the public that did not know him, had a son who happened to be an employee in the advertising department of our paper. During the week, this son of the Kansas senator went down to Kansas City, and in a fit of despondency committed suicide, leaving a note addressed to his father, saying, 'Father, I don't like to do what I am doing, but I am tired.'

The fact of the suicide was published briefly in the Thursday edition of the paper, together with the note he had left, and after the item I wrote, 'The *Capital* extends to Senator Peffer and his family profound sympathy in the time of their trouble. May the God of all comfort bless and strengthen all those who mourn.'

The news of the suicide reached one of the *Capital* reporters before we received it in the office, and I remember how he came running in with it to me, asking for instructions about going right up to Senator Peffer's home to interview the family so as to get inside facts about the affair. I not only refused to let any reporter go to the house, but I turned down a long ac-

count of the tragedy which came up from Kansas City, in which there was a detailed description of the room where the young man was found, and more than a hint at some motive for suicide other than that given in the note which he had left for his father. It seemed to me at the time, it does yet, and it always will, that such human tragedy should be reported, if at all, in the briefest and most sympathetic manner. I see nothing to be gained by relating the ghastly details of human sin. Even the tremendous story of the betrayal of Jesus by Judas is told in the Gospel narrative in a space less than one third the length of a newspaper column, and the stupendous event of the Crucifixion occupies what would be less than a single column in a modern metropolitan daily. Yet the great dailies will give whole pages to a robbery in which some silly woman's jewels have been taken from her hotel; and they will keep it up for weeks at a time.

The greatest examples we have of ideal reporting of wrongdoing are in the New Testament, and they are ideal because they do not attempt to report improper detail.

V

The *Capital*, being a morning paper, had a regular Sunday edition, and, owing to the fact that Sunday papers were then and are yet repugnant to me, it was at first something of a problem to know how we were going to give our subscribers a week's issues. But with the combined and willing coöperation of everyone on the paper, and with enormous loss of sleep and meals, we issued a Saturday afternoon edition in place of the Sunday paper. This edition was off the press at eleven-fifteen Saturday morning, in spite of the fact that the Saturday morning issue did

not come off the press until 2.30 A.M. One aid in the overcoming of what seemed superhuman difficulties for a newspaper which possessed every handicap in the way of imperfect equipment and ridiculously cramped physical quarters was the fact that most of the matter for the Saturday afternoon edition had been set up in advance, as the entire edition was made up of extracts from the Bible and articles about the Bible. There was not one line of local or national or world-news in the Saturday afternoon *Capital*.

The main heading of this edition was 'The Bible: The Basis of Our Christian Civilization.' The leading sentences at the head of the first column were from Daniel Webster's Epitaph, written by himself and copied from his tomb at Marshfield, Massachusetts: —

Lord, I believe. Help Thou mine unbelief. Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has assured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. The whole history of man proves it.

Immediately following this came the Sermon on the Mount, printed from the revised version, entire. It occupied less than two columns. The remainder of the paper, which was the regular eight-page form, was filled, outside the advertising space, with Bible quotations and Bible teaching. Some of the topics were: Usury; The Sabbath; Money and Riches; Marriage; Evil of Drink; War; The Future; The Love Chapter.

There was a history of the Bible contributed by the American Bible Society. The *Christian Herald's* advertisement in this Saturday afternoon issue was given up entirely to featuring

a red-letter Bible. I think it may safely be said that after recovering from the shock caused by getting a paper without any news in it many of the subscribers read for the first time, perhaps, the whole of the Sermon on the Mount, and it may have been news to some of them.

In an editorial printed on the front page I took occasion to preach a little sermon on the value of Sunday as a day of rest and worship. I also said to the subscribers, 'There has been no Sunday work on this paper. The press and mailing work stopped before midnight. The carriers have been instructed to deliver their papers in time to reach home themselves before Sunday. There will be no papers sold or delivered on Sunday with the approval of the editor. May God bless the Press of the world to the glory of His kingdom on earth.'

VI

Years afterward, during the campaign of the Flying Squadron, — an organized body of Prohibitionists under the leadership of Governor Hanly of Indiana, touring the United States in the interests of national Prohibition, — it was my privilege as a member of the company to speak in every state, and in every capital of every state, of the Union. We were in 247 towns and cities in 243 days, and I think there was hardly a place in which someone did not come up after a meeting and say, 'We took the *Capital* the week you had charge of it.' On a few occasions, so few that I do not recall even the states in which they occurred, someone would say, 'I subscribed for your paper but never got it.' Then I would have to feel for a quarter of a dollar, and promise to send a copy when I got home if I could find one. But considering the fact that subscrip-

tions were sent in from all over the world, accompanied often with penmanship of the sort that makes editors feel around for the waste-paper basket, it is surprising that so few complaints came in to the *Capital* office after the week was over.

Payment of subscriptions was made in every conceivable shape, stamps, money orders, bills, silver coin. German marks and French francs probably made their first appearance in Topeka that week. Seven thousand dollars' worth of stamps was received, hundreds of dollars' worth from foreign countries, and it was months before these could be cashed, as the banks and business houses had to handle them through their correspondents.

People sent the silver quarters glued and fastened in various ways to paper. We had to soak the paper off by throwing the coins into tubs of water. One night one of these tubs, owing to the fact that every place for locking up money after banking hours had been used, was shoved under a counter in the office room. The Negro janitor stumbled upon it, and in dismay he ran in to the press foreman shouting, 'Bob, all the money in the world is in a washtub under the front counter!'

One hundred and thirty-five tons of paper and six barrels of ink were used to print the issues. The cost of these two items was \$60,000. Ninety thousand dollars were received in subscriptions, and over a hundred persons were employed in the office and pressroom.

In the opening editorial of March 13, I said I would receive no financial compensation, but that a share of the profits, if there were any, would be given to some benevolent work. At the end of the week \$5000 was deposited in the bank to my order. One thousand was sent to the India Famine Fund; one thousand was used to build a hospital room for the county

jail; one thousand was given to Washburn College, and the balance to the Young Men's Christian Association and the Orphans' Home.

During the week I averaged about three hours' sleep a day. I had a room at a hotel and went home only once. If I had to do it again, I should not change in any radical way the main plan of the paper. It remains to be seen whether what was only an experiment may sometime become a fact. I think it is safe to say that in my correspondence for weeks after the *Capital* week I had hundreds of letters asking if a paper along the same line could not be established. No one, however, came forward with the millions necessary to establish it. And a Christian daily, like any other, would have to be endowed or financed with a large amount. But the kingdom of God cometh not with observation.

VII

In looking over the press notices which commented on the paper, I find that the most frequent criticism, made oftener by ministers than by anyone else, was the severe objection to the thought of Jesus' taking any part in such a prosaic and material thing as a daily paper. The terms 'blasphemous,' 'sacrilegious,' 'irreverent,' are used to describe what the critics called an irreligious attempt to think of Jesus as participating in any of the common everyday things that mere human beings have to do for a living.

This thought of Jesus in history is so strange to me that I cannot let this criticism of an attempt to imitate Him in the work of journalism pass without comment. The entire concept of Christianity, to my mind, is stripped of its tremendous meaning if we do not think of Jesus as more vitally interested in the common doings of men

than any other being who ever lived. If Jesus could not take part in the publishing of a daily paper, then He could not direct any other energy that we have to use in order to make a living.

Scores of ministers said in these criticisms that Jesus would never do anything but preach. They seem to forget that the greater part of His life was spent in a carpenter's shop, and that the tables and benches and common wooden things in many a home in Nazareth were no doubt made by His hands. To place the Redeemer of the world in a position which removes Him from the everyday life of mankind is a monstrous perversion of all our right ideas of Him. The vast majority of mankind are not preachers and teachers, but working men and women, toiling over some task that has to do with material things, with common earthly things, like the production of food and the preparation of it for the table. To say that it is sacrilege to think of Jesus as engaged in any form of honest work is so contrary to His own teaching and life that I cannot understand how any minister of the Gospel ever arrived at that conclusion.

I am inclined to think that the whole false definition of Jesus goes back to

the whole false conception of a Divine Being. It takes centuries to clear the human mind of the false idea of a God who sits on a throne and does nothing but meditate on the awful sins of the human beings whom He has made. But the thought of a God who walks with men on the earth, who eats with them and goes out fishing with them in the little boat, and takes His turn with them at the oar, as no doubt Jesus often did, who even goes so far as to provide a meal for a number of tired fishermen with His own hands and to do it after He is a risen and eternal spirit — that thought is so great to me that the idea of Jesus publishing a necessary daily paper is not only not 'sacrilegious' or 'irreverent,' but any other thought of Him is absolutely contrary to His purpose in coming into the world.

We have no such thing as Christianity unless we have a definition of it in terms of abundant life, as wide as man's activity, and as sacred as the everyday toil of the hands of Him who was nailed on a cross because He angered the Pharisees by letting His disciples satisfy their hunger as they walked through the wheat fields of Palestine one Sabbath morning two thousand years ago.

THE TWIN WIVES

BY E. BARRINGTON

I

(BEING portions of letters from the Lady Emilia Boscawen in London to my Lady Armour in Scotland in the year 1788 and onward. The Walpole letters are authentic.)

Lord, child, you are as greedy for the news as if I had no business in life but to supply you! But let me tell you, you are very far in the wrong, for a woman of fashion in London, even if she be on the dark side of forty, has but little time for her pen. Were it the tongue now, and were you here, the little machine would vibrate at the rate of a thousand to the minute, but my hand was never so lively as my tongue. And why would you betake yourself to the savagery of Scotland if you must needs know the latest rattle of London? Or rather, if you must needs employ a newsmonger, why would you not engage the services of Mr Horry Walpole? *There* is the model of epistolary fidelity! When last your idle aunt spoke with him, says he, 'Mine has been a life of letter-writing.' 'Tis his pride and recreation and my Lady Ossory tells me credibly that when he has rummaged up a choice scandal — and God knows we can't complain of their scarcity — he will not come near her, though but in the next street, that he may have the felicity to give it some exquisite quirk with his pen and so stuff out a budget of letters. Says I to him lately, 'You will go down to posterity, Mr Walpole, as

the Polite Letter Writer of all time.'

'Lord, Madam, no,' says he. 'That estate is already freehold to my Lord Chesterfield. Mine are but an idle tissue of news and laughter and — yes, let me own it since I am pilloried for it — a touch of cynicism. But a touch — sufficient of cayenne to give the broiled bones a zest.'

'The bones, I fear, of many of your friends and you, the ogre, crunching them! Suppose these letters published fifty years hence — Lord, what a twitter will all the world be in for their grandmothers' reputations! Fortunate indeed are you that live in a Gothic castle and not a glass house, for the fusillade from Strawberry will certainly be returned with interest.'

'My life is open to the world, Madam,' says he with his fine smile, 'and has been for the last century, for I am now seventy-one. What took place in my cradle must be charged on my excellent father, Sir Robert Walpole (to call him by the name I love best). Since then I have been a circumspect bachelor. But I believe I was a bachelor in my cradle itself. I have always adored your charming sex, but at so safe a distance that I need not dread the answering volley of which your Ladyship speaks.'

'Tis seldom indeed a man knows himself so well as this. A born old bachelor, full of cranks and little nicket-nackets, unlike any other man I ever knew. No, there I lie. He is as

like his father as two peas from the same pod.

'Lord,' says you, 'is my venerable aunt gone mad? Horace Walpole like the coarse, swearing, drinking, debauched Sir Robert?' No, my Caroline, betwixt Horry and Sir Robert is not as much likeness as between your Italian greyhound and a great baboon, could such be supposed with a brain. No sensible person could credit that he sprang from such a stock unless they believed all women's virtue impregnable. But I knew his father.

'Mercy, Madam!' says you, 'sure you dote!'

Irreverent chit! don't you remember how my Lady Mary Wortley Montagu once divided the world into men, women, and Herveys? That lady knew her world and was, like Cæsar's wife, all things to all men. And she knew Carr, Lord Hervey, and so did I. Let me draw his picture.

Quick-witted, fastidious, delicate in speech and person, despite the prevailing grossness, nice in his women as in eating and drinking, a past master in court diplomacy, though affecting to despise it. Nimble in retort, with the clean thrust of a rapier, faithful to a few friends, yet holding them ever under the enlarging glass of a wit that sees their weaknesses with the half contempt and half tolerance of the true cynic. Of whom is this the portrait, Caroline? Of Horry. And of Carr. No, he is neither man nor woman. My Lady Sharp-Tongue was perfectly in the right. He is Hervey.

Do I ever see him enter a room, hat under his arm, lavender suit, waistcoat worked sparingly but elegantly with silver, partridge-silk stockings, lean, almost diaphanous, mincing along as though walking in wet grass, but I see his father. Well, what's the odds? He is much the better man for the admixture.

'But,' says you, 'Aunt Emilia, what's all this the prelude to? Is there a new Walpole scandal afoot?' No, child, but a miracle. Horry is fallen in love. At the age of seventy-one. Lord preserve us! Who is safe? As to marriage — but yourself shall judge, and if you will put your money on the hazard with my Lord and Lady Ossory you may have your new birthday-suit for nothing. I have most of the story from her and from my dear Lady Charlotte Lindsay.

'T was at my Lady Herries's house he met the *charm*ers. Note the plural, my Caroline. No money, passable good looks, mere nobodies from nowhere, but my Lord Herries's banking business makes him civil to all the odd-come-shorts that we don't hear of otherwise. A father and two daughters, name Berry. My Lady says the girls looked well enough on the occasion; the elder, Mary, in a plain rose-color silk fastened down the front with bows in the French taste, and paste clasps, ruffles, and good arms. A pleasing young madam enough, but no more. Agnes, the younger, in lilac satin. The rooms crowded, for our Walpole Duchess, her Royal Highness of Gloucester, was to be present, attended by her uncle, Mr Walpole. The Duke is nowhere seen with her now, all his attentions being given to her lady-in-waiting, my Lady Almeria Carpenter. My Lady says she looked uncommon well in a dress of deep damask brocade, her bosom, and even her fan, a-glitter with diamonds. If beauty could hold a man — but when did it ever? Novelty is the only wear with them and 't is her infrequent coquetries with earthly lovers and the certainty of rivals that gives Madam Venus her reputation.

Following our Duchess-niece comes Horry, with his cool glance which comprehends the whole party in a general indifference. The Berrys were in the

window, all eyes for the Duchess, and says my Lady Herries, 'Pray, Mr Walpole, may n't I have the pleasure to present you to the Miss Berrys?'

'Miss Berrys, Madam? Who are they?'

'Two young ladies, considered agreeable. The father, Lord knows who. Their uncle, Mr. Ferguson of Scotland, vastly rich but not on terms with them. The young women have attainments which have drawn some notice on them.'

'And what are their attainments?' asks he, delicately stifling a yawn.

'Travelers, I believe. I know no more. Will your Royal Highness sit?'

'Are they the two young persons in the window?' asks the Duchess, willing to be polite from royal heights. 'Pleasant faces, but surely not beauties.'

'O Madam, your Royal Highness judges exactly. Pleasant. Easy and well-mannered. The father — nothing.'

'Why, Madam, I won't trespass on your good nature,' says Mr Walpole. 'I grow too old for new acquaintance. — Madam, shall I fetch your Royal Highness a chair?'

'T is my Lady Herries's belief that Miss Berry overheard this byplay and took her measures accordingly, for the next time they met Mr Walpole 't was at my Lady Aylesbury's. The Duchess was at the end of the informally arranged chairs and settees, and Mr Walpole at hand, and the Miss Berrys placed themselves behind, modestly enough, but strategically, as Harry Conway describes it.

Horry looked up from his talk with my Lady Aylesbury and caught the eye of Miss Mary. His own glittered youthfully amid his wrinkles, and my dear Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who makes herself a sponsor for these young women, made the introduction, thus putting it out of his power to refuse. 'T was at that moment I myself

entered and made my reverence. He bowed and resumed his talk with my Lady. It was of Italy, which he had honored with his youthful presence, and he spoke of Venice but could not for the life of him recall the name of some Byzantine church which he described as monstrous ugly and far inferior to the French Gothic.

'Pooh, pooh!' says he, 'my memory's going. Forgive an old relique, Madam, for I'm as Gothic and antique as the cathedrals themselves.'

'Could it be Torcello you refer to, sir?' says Miss Mary, putting in her modest word. 'We were there when in Venice.'

'Madam, I thank you vastly. Torcello it is. And I trust your taste was never misled into admiration of its cold rigidity.'

The lady was all warmth.

'O, sir, what person could admire? We, in particular, who have had the advantage to see Chartres and Amiens, could but view it with distaste.'

He made a remark in Italian, complimenting her discernment. You know, Caroline, how he prides himself on his faded old Italian; and the seductress responded, all smiles. He turned his chair about and regarded her quizzically.

'You are a very accomplished young woman, Madam. I might have spoken thus to every lady in the room and had but a blush in answer.'

'Sir, it can be no credit to me. My father took us to that lovely country and we must have been deaf and dumb had we not acquired the language. But I own a gentleman addressed me in it the other night, and I failed to understand him — his accent!'

'And mine? Sure I have forgot it all.'

'Yours, sir, time cannot change. 'T is the purest Florentine.'

She then made as though she would have delicately withdrawn from the

conversation, but Horry was in full sail by now. He discovered that they had met his old friend, Sir Horace Mann, in Florence. He drew me into the talk, he sparkled, he quoted Metastasio — whom I never could abide! — he related fusty old stories of bygone Italian celebrities, and Mary, who now introduced Agnes into the conversation, listened charmingly. Indeed, 't is no penance to listen to Mr Walpole. He has the happy turn, the light phrase, the apt quotation. I would not call his talk witty or laughable, but 't is of the highest breeding and sparkles like the foam on champagne which crisps a moment and is gone. He loves success also, and though he is forever alluding to his age, triumphs in making others forget it. 'T was as good as a play to watch the scene, which indeed resembled a duel between two skillful fencers, Miss Mary playing him off to perfection. He next adventured himself into French and there indeed he was at home, delighted with himself and his anecdotes of the delightful and wicked persons who had been his intimates in Paris. The two young women listened and, when my Lord Northam would have engaged their attention, repulsed him with a grace and decision which fanned Mr Walpole's flame to the highest.

'Mesdames, you flatter me beyond what human nature can bear unspoilt. For the moment I forget that I am six months older than Methuselah and consider myself the successful rival of an elegant like my Lord Northam,' says he, bowing to kill. Before the evening was over I heard the sisters invited to visit the beauties of Strawberry with their father, and Mr Walpole went so far as to hope the residence Mr Berry was seeking might be found in the neighborhood of Twickenham. 'T was then I admired Miss Berry's discretion.

'I fear, sir,' says she, very seriously, 'that rumor, which is generally malicious, has forborne on this occasion to inform you what very small persons we are in the world. A large fortune which was justly my father's has gone to another branch of the family and we have nothing but gratitude to offer those who distinguish us.' Was 't not clever, Caroline? He was amazingly eager in his reply.

'My dear young lady, innocence and charm do not need to pay their way with diamonds, which indeed are no brighter than your eyes, or clearer than the music which falls from your tongue. I prefer such gems to the quarried species. You overpay by your intellect and charm those who have the happiness to meet you.'

Lord, was ever such a thing known! Horry, to a chit in her twenties! She's no ordinary woman for certain. She made a most agreeable curtsy, her dark eyes sparkling, and Mr Walpole, going up to her Royal Highness, spoke with her in a low voice, and returning, took Miss Berry by the hand and presented her, and afterward Miss Agnes, both being well received and a polite remark addressed to either.

Since the Duchess, whose royal marriage has produced more rank than riches, does not smile on any attractive acquaintances of her uncle, they had the more reason to be gratified, if it were not that she did not overhear the talk and could but judge them very ordinary young persons.

Lord, my dear! — he was caught, and in a very pretty net. But the post stays for me and I must withhold my pen. Of Horry, all I say is, *il n'a pas perdu l'ancienne habitude d'être jeune*. But does any of that sex where ours is concerned? The man's desire is always for the woman, but ours for the desire of the man, which means in this case — what does it mean, Caroline? A

prospective coronet, Strawberry, a comfortable jointure on the Orford estates, the best-bred man in Europe, and much more. Farewell. I have written the outside of enough, but you shall hear all. My compliments to your Lord.

II

Later.

The plot thickens, my Caroline. Were you here you would find the town a-tiptoe. I have been of a visit to my Lady Ossory at Farming Woods, and here you have the gleanings. Horry had been dumb for longer than usual, and in comes this letter as we sat together.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *October 1738*

Well, Madam, if I have picked up no recent anecdotes I have made a much more precious acquisition. It is the acquaintance of two young ladies of the name of Berry who have accidentally taken a house here with their father for the season. Mr Berry has carried his daughters to France and Italy and they are returned the best-informed and most perfect creatures I have ever seen at their age. Nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation. The eldest understands Latin and is a perfect French-woman. The younger draws charmingly. They are of pleasing figures; Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale. Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary and seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldom, for they dote on each other and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm their persons. In short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterize the Berrys. The first night I met them I would n't be acquainted with them. The second time, in a very small company I sat next to Mary

and found her an angel both inside and out. This delightful family comes to me every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. If your Ladyship insists on hearing the humors of my district you must for once indulge me with sending you two pearls I have found in my path.

'Heavens!' says Lady Ossory, receiving this letter where we sat in the library. 'Pearls! Angels! My word! This is pretty well for Mr Walpole whose company has not been seraphic hitherto. My Lord, do you hear this?'

Lord Ossory listened while it was read out and received it with all the astonishment his lady desired. Presently he philosophized, 'If a man is a cynic all his days and keeps the sentimentalities at arm's length, so much the greater is his fall in his later years. And Horry inherits romance from his father.'

'Not from the red-faced foul-mouthed Sir Robert,' interrupts her Ladyship.

'He inherits but his name from him, my Lady, as you know well. You'll see now! I wager you fifty guineas that the old worldling puts his coronet, that's coming, at the angel's feet within a year. Are you agreeable?'

'He had sooner face the Day of Judgment!' says I. He twinkled.

'T is the Day of No Judgment I dread for the gentleman,' says he. 'It overtakes most of us at seventy, whatever the other may do.'

'Well, I'll take your wager,' cries my Lady, 'though, if I know women, especially the sort that travels with an accommodating father that's seen and not heard, and knows the world from Venice to London via Paris, that house at Twickenham's no accident nor Horry's sitting by her neither. But I have faith in his wits and think he'll enjoy the company and escape the noose, as he has done all his life. I'll risk fifty guineas on Horry.'

'Done!' My Lord rattled the guineas in his pocket. 'You rally him on his conquest of the twin beauties, my Lady. Tell him 't is most unbecoming his years to make a double attack, and then we shall hear all. Don't tease him immoderately, however.'

She rallied Mr Walpole. She penned the following verses with my help — sufficiently bad for two Muses of quality!

When Mr Walpole deigns to praise
And serenade a casement,
Then we who know his loveless days
Are smit with deep amazement.
For if *his* icy heart grows warm,
The nymphs to whom 't is given
Must surely take the world by storm
And later, conquer heaven.

He received this with the delight of a cat whose ears are tickled, and it produced the following — more cautious, observe!

It stands upon me, Madam, to hurry my answer when I have to thank you for your very pretty and flattering verses. Little did I think my two Straw Berries would prove Muses at Farming Woods. I sent your Ladyship an account of them from absolute dearth of subjects, and when I had done so I repented and thought you would laugh at me in your mind's mouth for troubling you with an idle description of two girls with whom I happened to get acquainted.

'My wager 's as good as won!' cried my Lord Ossory. 'Horry is frightened at himself. See the elegant reserve we now display! Madam, you shall dance at his wedding directly the coronet is on his brow, and you know the present Lord Orford weakens daily.'

'I confess that "idle description of two girls" alarms me,' Madam replies, unfolding the letter once more. 'There 's something to hide. I wish I could spy into Miss Mary's heart, however. She 's the one. The other 's but

a little decoy duck for us all. 'T is the Elderberry I dread.'

They wanted me to join in the wager, but I knew better. I confess 't is my aim to behold the comedy from the wings and I knew how this could be done, though I did not tell my Lady, who is one of the most charming gossips who ever gathered and swelled the town talk. When I returned to town I went off to my Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who is a friend of the Berry bosom and of my own, and there expanded in praise of these charming young women.

'The town says they pursue Mr Walpole,' says I, virtuously indignant, 'but it little knows either Mr Walpole or the Miss Berrys. There is a something much beyond the common in them. I was sensible of it from the first.'

'Lord, Madam, who values the town talk!' says she, tossing her head. 'Pursue — indeed! Mr Walpole can't exist without their society. Strawberry Hill is their second home, so frequent are his invitations. Their coming is a favor most eagerly sought, and the days when they decline are struck out of his calendar.'

'But which is the attraction?' I asked gently. 'They are both such pretty-behaved young women.'

'Lord, my dear, who's to tell? "How happy could I be with either," but in his case 't is *both*. Miss Berry sent me yesterday a letter of his. See if you can decipher anything from it. I declare, I could wish to know.'

She laid it in my hand. Here is a part, Caroline. What think you?

I am afraid of protesting how much I delight in your society, lest I should seem to affect being gallant. But if two negatives make an affirmative, why may not two ridicules compose one piece of sense? And therefore, as I am in love with you both, I trust it is a proof of the good sense of your devoted H. WALPOLE.

'The Grand Bashaw to perfection,' says I. She shook her head.

'I verily believe he *is* in love with them both. 'T is astonishing how foolish old men may be. Look at this other letter. I declare I know not how to advise Miss Berry. 'T would be a most desirable settlement for either. I love them excessively and hope with all my heart it may be so.'

The second ran in part as follows: —

I have received most kind letters from you both — too kind, for you talk of gratitude. Mercy on me! Which is the obliged and which is the gainer? Two charming beings whom everyone likes and approves, and who yet can be pleased with the conversation and old stories of a Methuselah, or I, who at the end of my days have fallen into more agreeable society than ever I knew at any period of my life? It is the extreme quality of my friendship for you both that makes me jealous if I do not receive equal tokens of friendship from both. Either of you shall write when she pleases, while my letters are inseparably meant for both.

Her Ladyship regarded me with an anxious eye while I read, trying my best for gravity.

'The word "both" occurs very often,' says I. 'If one could imagine that it were a precaution — ' I saw immediately this would not do with so ardent a partisan, and hastily added, 'But no, he is bewildered like the donkey between the bundles of hay, if your Ladyship will pardon a homely illustration. What think you of a little salutary absence, to give him time to consider?'

She jumped at this.

'Bless me, Lady Emilia — no one knows the world like you, and my dear Berrys are such innocents that they think of nothing. I'll write without loss of time. Pray speak of this to no one. A breath would be fatal.'

She could not include Scotland in this prohibition, so I won't disappoint

my Caroline. For my part, I think Mr Walpole shows as consummate cleverness as in his youngest days, for he finessed from the cradle. 'T will be a game worth watching. He shelters himself behind each when the other believes she has fixed him, and flirts from petticoat to petticoat with a most surprising agility, enjoying their company in perfect safety. Congreve never wrote a more brilliant comedy. You ask if he will not resent the gossip? Lord, child, when did Mr Walpole ever mind the world's opinion? He were no Hervey if that troubled him.

But I must betake me to my beauty sleep. You young things can afford to burn eyelight for nothing, but a Helen of fifty has to consider the feelings of her elderly Paris. The older they grow, the more critical! Why do women trouble about them? I know not, unless it be that they find no room for their qualities in an easy life. Good night.

III

Later.

Mr. Walpole's passion grows apace. He has christened the ladies his Twin Wives, and calls himself 'Fondlewife' from the husband in the old comedy. Indeed, plenty of others call him the same, and he knows it. My Lady Ossory permits me to transcribe this passage for my Caroline from his last effusion to her, received when I visited Farming Woods last week.

As to my wives; Miss Agnes has a finesse in her eyes and countenance which does not propose itself to you but is very engaging on observation, and has often made herself preferred to her sister, who has the most exactly fine features and only wants color to make her face as perfect as her graceful person. In short, they are extraordinary beings and I am proud of my partiality for them, and since the ridicule can only fall on me, I care not a straw for

its being said I am in love with them — people shall choose which; it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit on*.

'All very fine,' says I, 'but Mr Walpole knows perfectly well that the Strawberries are ridiculed and wagered on at all the clubs and colleges of scandal. Yet I forgive him for his skill, which is little short of dazzling.'

'For the first time I am alarmed for my wager,' says my Lord Ossory. 'O, the old Iniquity! See how he shelters himself behind a brace of petticoats. One had ruined him. Two are an impregnable defense.'

'Lord, don't I know Mr Walpole?' responds my Lady, beautiful in her negligee and floating blue ribbons. (She wears excellently well, Caroline.) 'He's as safe as a Lord Abbot. The town is talking like the clapper of a bell, and I am told the Duchess of Gloucester is frantic at the siege laid to her uncle's heart and purse. You know her impetuosity.'

'Well, it must be allowed annoying for the family, who have never entertained a fear of losing their interest, to have the Hermit of Strawberry kicking up his heels after this fashion in his seventies. But I don't give up my wager, my Lady. Rat me, if I do.'

Poor man, 't is as good as lost! I saw Lady Charlotte a few days later, and a letter in her hand that I declare should be handed down to posterity for an example of how to look a difficulty boldly in the face — and pass on! Here is a passage: —

I passed so many evenings of last fortnight with you that I almost preferred it to our two honeymoons. If you both felt as I do, we might surpass any event in the annals of Dunmow. O, what a prodigy it would be if a husband and *two* wives should present themselves and demand the flitch of bacon, on swearing that not one of the three in a year and a day wished to be un-

married! Were there but one of you, I should be ashamed of being so strongly attached at my age; being in love with you both, I glory in my passion and think it a proof of my sense.

Bless my heart, did ever a man so claim the privileges of dotage with the astuteness of Machiavelli? 'Both.' Sure that word should for the future be written in letters of gold in every lover's maxims. Is it possible, my Caroline, for our sex to use it also? I ponder this question daily and find no answer.

No one is better aware than Miss Berry that the town is watching breathless — so I hear from Lady Charlotte. No doubt she feels some strong measure is necessary. For my part, were it me, I would flee to the ends of the earth and let the gentleman wear the willow. Sure neither Mr Walpole's dotage nor anecdotage can repay the Elderberry for the annoyance. I would take nothing short of the coronet in satisfaction, and that on his knees!

IV

Later.

I hear from my Lady Charlotte that Mr Berry, the silent, the invaluable, has been informed that his daughters' health requires another trip to Italy the beautiful. In vain did he plead his love of Twickenham, his happy jaunts to London. In vain did he point to the distracted state of the Continent, due to the frightful excesses committing in France in the name of Liberty. He could get no hearing. The Elderberry was calmly resolute, and Agnes seconded her, and then Mr Berry did as always — he surrendered.

I hear that Mr Walpole, happily engaged in writing his Memoirs for the instruction of his wives, laid down his pen, forgot the delicious scandals he was reviving, and plunged into frenzy.

Had they indeed been his wives, he could not feel himself more cruelly deserted. The sweet caressing intercourse which still convinced him of his power to please — all over! Lady Charlotte declares that he wrote with passion, yet a prudent passion, still on its guard, which shed its rays over both ladies, and naturally could not move them to mercy. He saw them depart, and then indeed his anger broke loose and he wrote thus (I could not copy all, but this will suffice you as a specimen): —

I am forced for my own peace of mind to beseech you not to continue a manœuvre that only tantalizes and wounds me. In your last you put together many friendly words to give me hope of your return, but can I be so blind as not to see that they are vague words? Did you mean to return in the autumn, would you not say so? Would the most artful arrangement of words be so kind as those few simple ones? In fact, I have for some time seen how little you mean it and for your sakes I cease to desire it. My dearest Madam, I allow all my folly and unreasonableness and give them up totally. I have most impertinently and absurdly tried for my own sake to exact from two young ladies, above forty years younger than myself, a promise of sacrificing their rooted inclinations to my whims and satisfactions. I have no right to inquire into your plans, views, or designs and never will question you more about them. But my eyes are opened, my reason is restored. I condemn myself. I implore you not to try to help me to delude myself any more. I am too weak to stand disappointment now. I cannot be disappointed. Derange none of your plans for me. Two posts ago I hinted that I was weaning myself from the anxiety of an attachment to two persons that must have been so uneasy to them and has ended so sorrowfully to myself.

Lord, Caroline, do we ever drop our toys from the cradle to the grave? Here's an ado about what he might have for the taking, would he but pay

the price, but he haggles as he might over a picture by Canaletto to add to his museum. Let me versify: —

He that wants and will not pay,
When he will he should have nay.

But I think not here, for I am told a merciful answer followed upon this outbreak, Mr Berry, the silent, giving it as his opinion that Mr Walpole was seriously annoyed and that unless they returned in the autumn they might save themselves the trouble of returning at all.

'But don't consult me in the matter. Don't consider me,' he added. 'I was torn away from the Cocoa-tree and am as well here as anywhere. Please yourselves.'

You have heard of course, child, that Lord Orford is dead, and much better so, and that Horry is now Earl in his stead. Also much better so, and it fastens the attention of the town still more on the drama. That he, the victor of a thousand battles, should, at seventy-odd, have fallen under the spell of two young women of no pretensions. He, who has coquetted with princesses and ladies of a wit more glittering than diamonds, whose epigrams are quoted over the civilized world, who has — but why enumerate?

The prodigal wives are returning, and the town is preparing with ardor to see my Lord Orford slay the fatted calf in their honor. The only question now is, which nymph will receive the cold shoulder. My Lady Ossory sent to bid me come to her to discuss the situation.

'The twin wives are on the return,' says she. 'Just as a chef flavors his sauce to the point of perfection, so the Miss Berrys whet the appetite by withdrawing and, when Horry can bear no more without a fatal resentment, relent. The Elderberry deserves to be a Countess. She has all the finesse to

make a distinguished figure at court.' 'My dear, are you not a little malicious?' says my Lord. 'It appears to me that all the pursuit is on Horry's side. He has fretted himself near into the grave since he lost his two ribs, as he calls them.'

My Lady surveyed him with pity and a gentle disdain.

'Lord bless the man! — he will still be talking. Don't I know how the Elderberry's mind worked? Thinks she: "He's like a man balancing on a pole. He can't himself tell which side he'll fall. Now, separation, a few letters, and he'll soon know which handwriting makes his heart flutter. And when 't is known is the time for reunion."'

'Why, my Lady, to hear you one would say not only the Elderberry but all womankind was artifice and nothing else.'

'Not by any manner of means,' I put in my word. 'The Elderberry may be and no doubt is a good enough young woman. Why should n't any woman like Horry, and what is it against her if she likes a coronet too and a jointure? Is a woman brought up on beef not to like venison, or to be wicked because she sees on which side her bread is buttered?'

'Very true,' says my Lady, completing the petal of a rose in her embroidery and laughing to herself. 'Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper, and so must every portionless young woman. But these two have met their match. He'll marry neither.'

'He will, I swear,' Lord Ossory cried with heat. 'Look at him arranging Little Strawberry Hill, or Cliveden, or whatever he calls it, for their residence, that he may have them by him when they return!'

'Now I'll tell you exactly what he will do,' says my Lady. 'He'll enjoy their company to the last moment, and

he'll leave them that house for a recompense. I own I shall be very much ashamed of my Lord Orford if he leaves them not also a few thousands in his will, though I wager it won't be many. Even that will set the Duchess of Gloucester fuming. She has marked every shilling for her own chickens by her first marriage.'

My Lord was too angry to answer. He tossed out of the room, leaving us laughing.

Sure the town should allow poor Horry a little peace now, that has played for it so cleverly!

V

Later.

Indeed, my Caroline, I fully share your view of the matter. If Horry wishes to make a zany of himself, what is it to any one else? But, my dear, give me leave to say that, just as you entreat me in every letter to omit no detail of the comedy, so it is with all here.

No one means any harm, but all wish to know, and not to know is to be out of the fashion. 'T is my usual luck when a scandal is afoot to hear from the fountainhead, and what with my Lady Charlotte and my Lady Ossory, I am well informed and will inform you, expecting in return the particulars of Miss Colquhoun's elopement with her brother's groom, which is much spoke of here though no one has authentic news as yet.

Well, my dear. The Twin Wives returned. Little Strawberry was prepared for them with anxious care, and all was well, when — the simmering talk boiled over into the newspaper, and some unknown scribbler permitted himself to comment on the arrangement. Miss Berry was indignant, and, as I think, justly. Lord Orford is a man of fashion, and what is to become of

society if our doings are to be at the mercy of these miserable hirelings? 'Tis an outrage to be punished with the pillory. He was all but distracted with annoyance at her indignation, and replied thus:—

I see you are too proud to be obliged to me, though you see that my greatest and the only pleasure I have left is to make you and your sister a little happier if I can, and now, when it is a little more in my power, you cross me in trifles even. Will you punish me because a low anonymous scribbler takes a liberty with your name? I cannot help repeating that you have hurt me.

But the Wives were even more hurt, and there again I think with some reason, however they used it, for sure he could make all right by marriage, and what signifies it to him whether he dies married or a spinster, for the end must come soon.

I understand the Elderberry wrote, 'Would to God we had remained abroad, where we might still have enjoyed as much of your friendship as ignorance and impertinence seem likely to allow us here.'

Would you not think, Caroline, that this might have melted even a Hervey-hearted Earl? But no. This was a part of the reply. My Lady Charlotte wept over it:—

My dearest Angel, if my most pure affection has brought mortification and grief on you I shall be the most miserable of men. You know I scarce wish to live but to carry you to Cliveden. Is all your felicity to be in the power of a newspaper? For your own sake, for poor injured mine, combat such extravagant delicacy.

How could you say you wish you had not returned?

And so it was settled. Mark how Horry gets his own way in everything, as he ever has done and will. Would that he could bequeath me his methods! I had sooner possess them than ten

thousand guineas, and they would be worth the double of it.

Still, even then he was not to enjoy the society of his wives in peace. I have every word of what follows from the fountainhead. Our Royal Duchess announced her Royal Highness's intention of honoring her uncle with a visit. It may be that he quaked a little in his gouty slippers on hearing this gracious motion, but Lord Orford's manner was Duchess-proof from the usage of a lifetime, whatever his inner reflections might be.

She arrived and was seated in the drawing-room and he could not augur well from the circumstance that she came entirely alone. The talk at first ranged over the family ill-healths and consumed a considerable time, for the Walpole tree had many branches and twiglets, but when Lord Orford was perfectly informed on these heads the Duchess passed to more immediate topics.

'I think it is your due and my duty, Sir, to inform you that talk is—I can only describe it as *raging* through the town on the subject of the Miss Berrys and your condescension to them.'

'Indeed, Madam,' says Horry, adjusting his frill and flicking a speck of dust from his knee with a faultless handkerchief. 'I am under many obligations to your Royal Highness and this will not be the least. What is said of my condescensions?'

'Much that is beneath your notice and mine. I have every wish to do the young persons justice and believe them to be in every respect well-conducted and sensible.'

'You do them no more than justice, Madam. They are eminently well-conducted.' The ghost of a smile seventy years old just brushed Lord Orford's lips.

'But,' pursued her Royal Highness with increasing warmth, 'when such

motives are attributed as — I really shrink from pronouncing the word — *marriage* — what am I to say? For wholly unfit and impossible as such a notion may be, are you not yourself a little unguarded, Sir, in alluding to these ladies as your Twin Wives, and in settling them at Little Strawberry Hill and —'

Again the ghost of a smile. 'You will at least allow, Madam, that it is impossible I can harbor the intention of marrying both the ladies. The town is always prone to exaggeration.'

The Duchess's very feathers shook like the plumes of a war horse.

'True, Sir. But though all your family rejoices in your extraordinary juvenility of mind —'

For the first time in his life Lord Orford interrupted a royal personage.

'Your Royal Highness fears that my juvenility extends so far as into second childhood. Alas, Madam, what have I ever done to deserve such a suspicion? What signifies the record of a lifetime if I am to be thus suspected of intended bigamy at the end of it? I, who have been as heedful as Cæsar's wife — the associate of Mrs Hannah More, the celibate, the —'

The Duchess interrupted in her turn.

'Sir, you are pleased to be humorous. But I must take leave to say that it would be only a degree less painful if a marriage so far beneath the family pretensions were to take place with either of these ladies. Were they as they may be —'

'And are!' interjects his Lordship, subsiding again into silence.

She gathered up the phrase and swept on.

'And are. Still, a difference of nearly fifty years, a want of fortune, of family, of — of *everything*, must be felt an objection, and it is but proper you should know, Sir, that this objection is strongly, deeply, painfully felt.'

'Madam, I flatter myself that my drafts either on the family opinion or its assistance have been of the slightest, and that the creditor's account stands rather the other way. But may we clear up this matter? Does your Royal Highness now forbid me any intercourse whatever with the Berry family?'

'Sir, I forbid you nothing,' says the Duchess, flushed very highly. 'I believe I know the duty of a niece, even in my situation, better than that. But it is well known to be advisable that persons in extreme age should be kept aware of the world's opinions on their doings.'

'And an affectionate supervision extended over their outgoings and incomings,' says my Lord, delicately accentuating the double meanings. 'I am aware how much I owe your Royal Highness and I will bear your counsel in mind. It is indeed time I should bid adieu to all vanities. Fear not, Madam, I will behave as handsomely to the end as I have done during the whole course of my existence.'

The Duchess rose, stiff with anger, and Lord Orford attended her to the door. There she turned, unable to control herself any longer.

'Sir, do you mean to marry Miss Berry, or do you not?'

'O, Madam, how is it possible for a mere man to answer such a question? It is your sex that makes happy or miserable in such cases. That is as Miss Berry pleases.'

If a royal Duchess can flounce out of a room, her Royal Highness did so now. My Lord did not attend her to her carriage, for he was no longer capable of doing so, but he smiled from the window as it moved off in its majesty, and ran over all the incidents in his mind that he might do them justice according to his wont in the letter I had the happiness to see.

But was it as Miss Berry pleased? That is what all the town asks and can get no answer. I am told His Majesty himself said at the last Court, 'What? My Lord Orford to be married in his seventies? What — what — what?' and so went whatting on until the Queen hushed him down with a touch of her fan. They do not love the Walpole family, and with good reason. The post waits, and I can but add that the details you give of the Colquhoun affair, though full of interest, do not define the mother's attitude, who is much to blame for her daughter's behaviour. Pray give us all; omit nothing.

VI

Later.

The wagers are won and lost, my Caroline. No doubt you will have heard as much and yet depend on me for particulars.

Time went by. Lord Orford became weaker, but his humor and resolution apparently strengthened as his body failed.

'He will be Horry to his last breath,' says my Lady Ossory to me, 'and like Queen Bess, will desire his virgin state recorded on his tomb.'

'There is such a thing as a deathbed marriage,' cries my Lord, 'and he is by no means on his deathbed yet.'

'T is said the Elderberry has herself given up hope and is privately engaged to Colonel O'Hara. A much more suitable match.'

'The Elderberry is much too sensible a woman to give up just as the weakness of the citadel obliges a surrender. I flatter myself she will yet win me my wager, and what I value more — an admission from your Ladyship that you are not *always* in the right!'

'Will you promise to own that I am always in the right, if Horry dies unmarried?' says she calmly.

'Certainly, Madam, certainly, and 't is a proof of my belief in the powers of your sex that I engage myself to make such an absurd admission, for I shall certainly write myself down an ass in so doing.'

So they wrangled. None of us could see into Miss Berry's mind nor guess her feelings. She wore her pallor like a charming mask. Her black eyes flashed scorn on inquisitors. Not even my Lady Charlotte could fathom her. Each day Lord Orford appeared to need them more tenderly, and if the tendrils of inclination wavered one day to Mary, the next 't would be to Agnes. A riddle of the Sphinx! Mr Berry grew more and more impatient of what was really a painful restraint upon his ease, for Lord Orford engrossed all his daughters' cares. And now, his mind declining, his Lordship returned to the flight of his wives to Italy, and, do what they would, they could not convince him that every time they left him, 't was not for a return to Florence.

Indeed, the Elderberry had been too severe in the days when 't was hard to distinguish whether justice or mercy best became her, and now the victim could no longer comprehend that mercy was intended.

Finally a rumor rushed round the town that a deathbed marriage had taken place between the Elderberry and my Lord. It would be disclosed when the will was read.

Lord Ossory was confident but was obliged to defer his triumph until after the second of March, on which date my Lord Orford died.

The will was read. No marriage. Nothing to decide the question of preference. Four thousand pounds to Mary, the same to Agnes. Little Strawberry Hill to them jointly for their lives. To both, his unpublished manuscripts and his copyrights. Not

a doit more to one than the other. Not a word.

Lord save us, what a man!

My Lady Ossory, triumphing, received her fifty guineas, and the admission that she was invariably in the right.

'But he intended marriage always, and failed too rapidly at the end to carry out his intention. You were wrong all the time, though chance has most abominably favored you,' says my Lord obstinately.

'My opinion of Horry's intelligence is greater than ever,' says she demurely. 'I knew how to value it. You did not.'

'T was not long before she met Miss Berry. I was present, and most deep and grave were her Ladyship's condolences.

'For indeed, 't is known, Madam, that my Lord Orford averred that the only value he could place on his coronet was to lay it at your feet. To think that death should so cruelly intervene!'

If the Elderberry's pale cheek colored, her voice was as cool as marble. 'I thank your Ladyship. It is true my Lord said this, but rather, as I thought, to alarm certain interested persons.

He knew that, as the willing offering of a grateful heart, my time was at his service, but also knew that as a duty I should have found it irksome, and should have instantly declined such a notion.'

We retired with an excellent gravity. Well, he has left them more than the few thousand pounds, Caroline. They are effectually launched in society. They may yet shine. Can women ask more?

(It is known that the Miss Berrys certainly shone. They moved, with Lady Charlotte Lindsay, to the little house in Curzon Street, which in their hands became one of the most famous salons in London. It was a privilege to be asked there. To be intimate was distinction. My Lord Orford was no doubt a judge of character and capability. Certainly the Twin Wives justified his preference.

The secret of that strange friendship none can wholly decipher. He did not intend they should. I have presented the view of the gossips of the day. There was almost certainly another. What did he himself think? What were his intentions? We may guess, but never know.)

FROM A MISSIONARY JOURNAL

BY SAMUEL AND NANCY RUGGLES

[In the early part of the nineteenth century a number of Hawaiian boys were brought to this country by traders, and when the Foreign Mission school was founded at Cornwall, Connecticut, in 1816, they were placed in this school. One of their teachers, Samuel Ruggles, became much interested in them and in their reports of their native islands, then a pagan land. When the American Board of Missions decided to establish a Mission in Hawaii, then called the Sandwich Islands, Samuel Ruggles was one of the first to offer himself as a missionary teacher. In October 1819, a group of seven young men and their wives, most of whom had been married but a few weeks, left Boston on the Brig Thaddeus, expecting to spend the rest of their lives in an unknown land. Three native youths went with them, also George Tamoree, son of the chief of an island. This journal was written by Samuel and Nancy Wells Ruggles and sent home to their mother and friends by the first vessel leaving Hawaii after their landing. Since the death of Mr. Ruggles it has been in the possession of a granddaughter, Mrs. Frances S. Loomis, of Madison, Wisconsin. — LOUISE LOOMIS CHRISTISON]

ON board the Brig Thaddeus. *Oct. 23, 1819.* The trying scene is now over, the parting hand given, the farewell past. We shall no more behold the face of that dear, ever dear mother whom we so ardently love, and who has shed so many tears on our account. We

shall not again in the flesh greet those beloved brethren & sisters and our dear friends with whom we have often had such sweet counsel and walked to the house of God in company. Their advice and instructions we shall no longer enjoy, but we shall have their prayers. Morning and evening their closets shall witness the fervency of their entreaties in behalf of a far distant brother and sister. Consoling thought, which will cheer us while we are crossing the tempestuous deep, cheer us when we are strangers in a pagan land, cheer us while we are endeavoring to lead the untutored heathen from nature up to nature's God. A thought that will soften the arrows of persecution, and comfort us when we are called to pass the furnace of affliction. Farewell honored mother, we hope ere long to meet you in the New Jerusalem; may you enjoy every temporal and spiritual blessing which shall be for your good, and when you close your earthly pilgrimage, may you go forth like a shock of corn fully ripe. A long farewell.

Dear heathen seminary at Cornwall, you are doubly dear to our hearts. We have prayed for you, we shall pray for you still. May the great head of the church ever preside over you. We hope to hear from time to time of your abundant prosperity, and we hope that in due time many of your children may come to the S. Islands and help us. Farewell, dear youths, we shall never forget you.

And now America; for the last time

we fix our eyes upon your dear shores. Your places which have known us will know us no more forever. We look upon you with hearts full of emotion as you recede from our view; we shed a tear or two, and cheerfully bid you a long, long farewell.

SAMUEL & NANCY RUGGLES.

Sabbath Jan. 2nd, 1820. A delightful morning indeed; to me peculiarly so, my health is comfortable and I feel more like enjoying the Sabbath than I have before since I left dear America. The weather is not excessively hot, tho' the air is faint; the sea calm and unruffled, no swelling waves dash against the sides of our floating habitation, threatening our destruction; no distressing gales beat upon us as if determined to overthrow us into the depths of the sea; all is peace and tranquillity while we proceed silently along the coast of Patagonia at the rate of one mile an hour. Perhaps if our A. friends could see us this morning, they would wish themselves with us. Though they cannot be with us they will remember us to-day with deep interest. May God hear your prayers for us, and make you so unspeakably happy, as hereafter to know that your desires have entered the ears of the Almighty and that those now degraded Islanders are become the true worshippers of God.

I am full of faith, that the time has nearly arrived, when O. Idols will be no more; when instead of Marai, will be erected houses dedicated to the service of Obookiah's God, and that land which is now grown over with thorns and nettles, become a fruitful field. — S. R.

Jan. 25th, 12 o'clock. After sailing ninety-five days without seeing land, we this morning at ten o'clock with joyful eyes and hearts discovered the

Island of Terra del Fuego, about ten leagues ahead. Though it had more the appearance of a cloud than land yet the bare thought that it was land gave us pleasing sensations. Joy ran through my bosom, and for a moment I almost forgot that I was seasick. I have not enjoyed health for a single moment since I came on board the Thaddeus, nor do I expect to until I reach Owhyhee (Hawaii), but I would be far from complaining. The Lord lays his hand gently upon me and I will rejoice that I may suffer for his sake. I feel as I did before I left America, an increasing desire to spend my life in a remote corner of the globe, and wear out in the cause of my dear Redeemer. I am interrupted by the appearance of a large whale alongside. — S. R.

Feb. 24th. Crossed the tropic of Cancer this morning. We have again entered the torrid zone expecting to spend the remainder of our days in this unfavorable clime. Who would not be willing to endure the scorching heat of a sultry region a few fleeting days if thereby they may be instrumental of plucking immortal souls from the scorching of eternal burnings?

SAMUEL RUGGLES.

March 30th. Last night about one o'clock brother Hopoo came to my room almost in an ecstasy of joy and told me to get up and see Owhyhee (Hawaii); I went on deck and by the bright moonlight could just discover it sixty miles from us. At daylight we could see plainly the high mountain Mahoonah Kaah (Mauna Kea) clothed in a thick mantle of snow. I will leave it to my friends to imagine what our feelings are at the sight of land, that land which we have long wished to see, and in which we hope to plant the standard of the cross and labour for Christ. This afternoon we sent a boat

for the shore, but it was met by some canoes of natives, who gave us information that Tamahamaha (Kamehameha) the King¹ was dead; Oreoreo (Liholiho) his eldest son succeeded him to the throne. They also informed us that their Taboos were all broken, their Marais burnt to ashes and their idols destroyed. They had been at war, but now all was peace and prosperity; and the men and women ate together and enjoyed equal privileges. We could hardly credit all this, but were constrained to exclaim in the language of our hearts, 'What hath God wrought.' — SAML. RUGGLES.

April 1st. Had a visit from the chief, his two wives, and two widows of Tamahamaha, with a numerous train of attendants. The name of heathen has long been familiar to my ears, but half of their real wretchedness was never told me. O my dear Christian friends, you who enjoy the exalted privileges of the Gospel & civilization, I entreat you to think of the heathen and remember that you must shortly meet them at the bar of Jehovah; and answer for the feelings and conduct which you now exercise toward them. The Chief was dressed in English and appeared well. His wives and the Queens were clothed in China dresses on account of our being on board. They generally go almost naked. The queens are monstrous women, judged to weigh about four hundred pounds each. Their heads were both crowned with a wreath of yellow feathers. The sight of white females was a novelty to them. They expressed a desire to become acquainted with our customs, were much pleased with the idea of writing, tried themselves, and succeeded very well. The Chief dined with the mission family, but the Queens chose to eat by themselves. Their provision was raw

¹The King died May 8, 1819.

fish and poi. They ate with all the simplicity of untaught barbarians, without any politeness or even decency.

NANCY R.

2nd. This has been a new Sabbath to us all. The Chief and his family came on board for the purpose of accompanying us to Kiarooah (Kialua), the place of the King's residence. One of the Queens brought a piece of cloth and requested us to make a gown like ours. Thomas told her it was the Lord's day and we would make it to-morrow. She answered, miti (that is good). How unlike to those peaceful Sabbaths I have enjoyed in America have been the scenes of this day. Instead of a little retired spot in my chamber, I am thronged with these degraded natives, whose continual chattering has become wearisome to me, yet I think this has been the most interesting Sabbath of my life. In the afternoon brother B. preached from Isa. 42. 4. — 'and the isles shall wait for his law.' The heathens paid a listening attention to the sound of the voice and the appearance of the audience. Oh may the time be hastened in its season, when these Chiefs & Queens who have now heard the words of life shall become nursing fathers and mothers to this little church. — N. R.

5th. The natives appear very kind, express their generosity by sending us hogs, potatoes, melons, and various kinds of fruits. Fresh provisions relish well after living almost half a year on salt food. We understand that the Kings and Chiefs are all pleased with our object in settling among them but some wicked white men are endeavoring to prejudice them against us, by telling them that our intention is to get possession of the Islands. We know not yet what God designs to do with us, but we trust that the enemy

will not be suffered to triumph over us.

SAML. RUGGLES.

6th. Oreoreo (Liholiho) and his five young Queens came on board to-day and dined with us. He is a young man of about twenty, appears very good-natured, but extremely indolent in his habits. The wives appear pleasant, and say they wish to learn to read. Two of them are his half sisters, and one of them was formerly the wife of his father. — N. R.

7th. My dear Mother, were it in my power I would gladly paint to you in lively colors the interesting scenes of this morning, and the emotions of my heart in placing my feet on land for the first time after a confinement of about five months and a half on board the Thaddeus. It is impossible for one who never experienced the inconveniences and trials attending so long and tedious a voyage at sea, to realize the peculiar sensations of being set at liberty on their native element. As soon as we approached the beach we were discovered by the natives, who flocked about the boat in such swarms that it was with much difficulty we could land and force our way to the King's house, which was about twenty rods from the water. When we arrived at the door we found the King at breakfast on his mat; we took our seats and were soon treated with a glass of wine, and invited to stay and dine. Soon after the Queens made their appearance, each one attended by a servant holding a feather fly brush in their hands.

After the customary ceremonies were passed they sat down on the mat and amused themselves by looking at us & making their remarks. At dinner we were happily disappointed to see the order and decency of the table. It was set in the American style, furnished

with a baked pig, roasted fish, potatoes, taro &c. &c. After dinner we took a walk but were thronged with such a multitude, that our walk was uncomfortable.

We are the first American females that ever visited these Islands; if an old man or woman could run before us and take a peek under our bonnets they appeared highly gratified. The King has not yet given us a decisive answer but says he will soon. It will be a severe trial to us if we should be sent away without being permitted to tell them the way of salvation. I think that notwithstanding our prospects look rather dark at present, the cloud will soon disappear and we shall see our way before us. Our God is all powerful, his arm will protect. — N. R.

10th. At length we have received a decisive answer from the King. He wishes two couple to stay with him, and also two of the natives; and the remainder to establish themselves at Woahoo (Oahu), an Island one hundred miles distant. This is just what we desired as Woahoo is much more fertile than Owhyhee (Hawaii) and much better calculated to be the place of our principal station. He requests that our physician be left with him, accordingly we have concluded to leave here brothers Thurston & Holman with their wives, and Thomas & William. He has provided a house for them, and promises to furnish them with a cooking stove, provisions, and water.

Kiarooah (Kialua) village is built on a bed of lava where nothing will grow but cocoanuts, tobacco, and a few shrubs. There is no fresh water but what is brought in Calabashes between four and five miles. The houses are covered with hay; the floor is of mats made of bulrushes, which answer also for their beds. — N. W. R.

22nd. We still experience the continual kindness of both white and tawny friends. The King has ordered the chiefs of this island to build three houses for our use, and enclose them in a yard of about five acres. He has also given us a tarro patch, and says when we have eaten out all the tarro he will give us another. Hanoore lives in our family, is a dear brother to us; he has had a piece of good land given him, with three houses upon it. We cannot help enjoying ourselves when the Lord is doing so much for us. — NANCY.

May 3rd. Made Attooi at daylight this morning. Like all the other Islands its first appearance was rude and mountainous, but on approaching nearer, beautiful plains and fruitful vallies presented themselves to view, looking almost like the cultivated fields of America, while large groves of cocoanuts and bananas waved their tops as if to welcome us to their shores. Thought I while passing these pleasant fields, can this be one of the dark places of the earth which is filled with the habitation of cruelty? Has the sun of righteousness never yet shone upon it? Is it a fact that the immortal beings are shrouded in midnight darkness, without one minister of Christ to direct them to the city of refuge, the place of rest and glory? Alas! they are heathens. Their mean and scanty dwellings and the appearance of men, women, and children coming off to us naked, plainly bespeak that they are yet savages, ignorant of God and unacquainted with the precepts of the gospel.

They have indeed thrown away their idols as worthless things unable to save them, but they have not heard of Jesus, no Christian has yet said to them, there is a God in Heaven who made them and the world, nor pointed them to the Saviour, the Lamb

of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. O thou God of nations, here make thyself known; here plant thy cross, and possess this land. — At 11 o'clock came to anchor at Wimai (Waimea), opposite the fort. A canoe came off to us with several of the King's men, one of whom could speak English. George had kept himself concealed in the cabin until we told him that one of his father's favorite men was on board, and we thought best that his arrival should be made known to him. We then introduced him to the young prince. He embraced him and kissed him without saying a word and turned around, immediately went on deck, and into his canoe telling his companions they must go on shore, for their young master had come. A salute of twenty-one guns was soon fired from the brig and returned from the fort. — Brother W., George, and myself, made preparations and came on shore. On account of the surf we were obliged to land half a mile west of the King's house. We were there met by a crowd of natives who would have obstructed our way entirely, had there not been men appointed to clear a passage for us, which they did by beating them off with clubs. When we arrived at the house, Tamoree and his Queen were reclining on a sofa; as soon as George entered the door, his father arose, clasped him in his arms and pressed his nose to his son's after the manner of the country; both were unable to speak for some time. The scene was truly affecting. I know not when I have wept more freely. When they had become a little composed, Tamoree spoke and said his heart was so joyful that he could not talk much till to-morrow, but discovering brother W. and myself, who had till then remained unnoticed, he enquired who we were. George then introduced us to him as his friends who had come from America to accompany

him home. The old gentleman then embraced us in the same manner as he had done his son, frequently putting his nose to ours and calling us his *hicahne* or friends.

A supper was soon provided for us consisting of a couple of hogs baked whole after the American manner, several fowls and a dog cooked after the style of the Island, together with potatoes, tarro, bananas, cocoanuts, and watermelons, brandy, gin, wines, &c. The table was set in good style; our supper was indeed excellent. A new house was assigned for brother W. and myself during our stay on the Island, a few rods from the King's and several men to attend upon us. We shall now retire to rest after looking up to God with thanksgiving for mercies already received and humbly praying that a blessing may attend our visit to these heathens. Perhaps it will be the first Christian prayer that was ever offered to God on this Island. — S. R.

4th. This morning early, I went to the King's house, was met at the door by himself & the Queen who took me by each arm, led me in and seated me between them upon the sofa; and after having several times put their noses to mine the king inquired if it was true that I had lived with *Hoomehoome* (the real name of George) in America, and eat with him and slept with him, saying his son had told him many things that he could not fully understand, and that I had been his friend a long time, and would stay here and instruct his people to read. I told him it was true, and that the good people of America who loved his son and loved him and his people, had sent several men and women to instruct his people to read and work as they do in America. When I told him this, he with his wife broke out in one voice, '*Miti, miti, nooe coah aloha*

America'; that is, good, good, very great love for America; and then burst into tears. After a short time he asked me how long I would be willing to stay and teach his Island. I told him I wished to spend my life here and die here. He then embraced me again and said, '*kacke o'ouoe Mahkooah oe ouu, wiheha o-ou Mahkooah oe*'; that is you, my son, I you father, my wife you mother. I endeavored to tell him something about God, but the subject was entirely new to him and he could understand but little. — S. R.

8th. Spent the former part of the day in walking about six miles into the country. Visited many families which are indeed the abodes of ignorance, superstition, and wickedness. The inhabitants treated me with all the attention and hospitality which their limited circumstances would afford, and even carried their generosity to excess; but oh the darkness and ignorance in which they are shrouded! It is enough to draw tears from the eyes of any friend of humanity, to enter one of their dwellings and witness the vices to which they are abandoned. No sooner is the stranger seated upon the mat, than the husband as a token of respect and kindness offers him his wife and the father his daughter. I have frequently told them, that such conduct was not good, and that there was a great God who saw all their actions & was displeased with such things; but they will say all white men before say it is good, but you are not like other white men. — What would the missionary of the cross do if it were not for the consolations contained in the promises of God; these to him are sweet and refreshing. Without them before him, he would soon faint and die; but with them he may go to his work and cheerfully labor and toil through life amidst all the depravity

and degradation of heathen and savages, remembering that God has pledged his word, that the heathen shall be given to Christ and become lovers of righteousness. — S. R.

10th. This morning Tamoree sent for me, said his interpreter was going away to be gone several days and he wished to say a few things to me before he went. 'I want to know,' says he, 'if you love Hoomehoom, if you love me, if you like to stay here and learn my people.' I assured him, that I loved his son and him, wished to spend my life in doing them good, and not only I, but Mr. Whitney and all who came with us, wished the same. 'Hoomehoom tell me so,' says he; he then shed tears freely, and said, 'I love Hoomehoom, I love him very much, more than my other children. I thought he was dead; I cry many times because I think he was dead. Some Captains tell he live in A. but I not believe; I say no, he dead, he no more come back. But he live, he come again, my heart very glad. I want my son to help me, he speak English well and can do my business. But he is young, young men are sometimes wild, they want advice. I want you stay here and help Hoomehoom, and when vessels come, you & Hoomehoom go on board & trade, so I make you a Chief.' I told him I wished not to be a Chief, neither could I do any of his public business, but was willing to advise his son and assist him in every thing when it was consistent with the object for which we came to his Island. He expressed some surprise when I told him I wished not to be a Chief, but when I explained to him what we wished to do, he appeared satisfied and pleased. This afternoon the King sent to me and requested that I should come and read to him in his Bible. I read the first Chap. of Gen. and explained to him what I read as

well as I could. He listened with strict attention frequently asking pertinent questions and said, 'I can't understand it all, I want to know it. You must learn my language fast, and then tell me all. No white man before ever read to me & talk like you.' — S. R.

14th. Extremely warm to-day. I feel languid and unfit for anything. We are greatly annoyed by fleas. Some nights we can sleep none, they are so numerous and troublesome. They are the most disagreeable insect found in these Islands, but the natives are fond of them, both chiefs and people will spend hours in picking them off the dogs and eating them, and there is generally a good supply. — S. R.

29th. Last night we were kept awake by the cries of some women, who by their excessive groans we supposed had lost a relative. In the morning brother W. and I determined to visit the place from whence the noise proceeded, and on entering the house, such a spectacle presented itself as I never before witnessed and as I cannot describe. A man, one of the Queens trusty favorites, had just expired. Several females were seated around the dead body which lay naked on a mat, rubbing and turning it about with their hands and uttering forth such horrid shrieks and groans, as must have shocked the most hardened heart; and as another expression of their grief and humility, covering their heads with old filthy mats and tappers. The King was not present but the Queen was inconsolable; stamping with her feet and crying with all the vehemence in her power. We tried to tell them that it was not good to behave thus, but they paid no attention to what we said. We then visited the King, who appeared rational and composed; said he loved that man very much. He asked me where the breath

went to when he died. I told him that God gave him breath and took it away when he pleased. I then endeavored to explain to him something about God, the soul, & Heaven and Hell, to which he listened attentively, & said this was all new to him. — S. R.

June 2nd. For several days past the King and Queen have manifested a great anxiety to learn to read; sent for frequently to instruct them, say they will spend ten years if they can learn to read well in that time. Wherever they go they carry their books with them. I have seen them while bathing in the water stand with their books in their hands repeating their lessons. They have expressed fears that we shall not return from Woahoo. I went into their house this morning and found the Queen bathed in tears; and enquiring the cause the interpreter said that Mr. Whitney had told her yesterday that we could not return, and neither she nor the King had rested any of the night. I told them they had misunderstood Mr. W. — we did intend to come as soon as possible. So earnest are they for us to settle with them and instruct them. — S. R.

Sat. 17th. The week past I have spent principally in visiting the different parts of Wimai; believe there is scarcely a house that I have not entered and my friendly aloha. The more I visit and become acquainted with this people, the more I feel interested in them, and the more I desire to spend my strength and life in endeavoring to secure to them the eternal welfare of their souls. I sometimes feel almost impatient to know the language that I may explain to them the way of life and salvation. What little I can say they will listen to with the greatest attention, but their answer will be, 'I want to know more, by and by I shall

understand.' One said yesterday, 'The God of America is good but the Gods of Attooi are good for nothing; we throw them all away; by and by the American God will be the God of Attooi.' The King appears more & more desirous for instruction; complains that he cannot spend time enough with his book, but says it is a time of unusual hurry at present, and he is soon to give his mind more thoroughly to it. He with his Queen and several servants are able to read in words of four letters. Neither of them knew the alphabet when we arrived. Says the king at one time when I visited him, 'Hoomehoomes says you no tell lie like some white men, now you must not tell lie when you go Woahoo, but you must come back and live with me.' The week past has been a busy time with the natives. The King's rent has been brought in from all parts of the Island and from Onehow (Niihau), a small island about fifteen miles to the westward. It consisted of hogs, dogs, mats, tappers, feathers, pearl fishhooks, calabashes and paddles. This rent is to go to Owhyhee (Hawaii), as a present to the young King. It was interesting to see the natives come, sometimes more than a hundred at a time, with their loads on their backs and lay down their offerings at the feet of their great and good Chief as they call him. When will the time arrive that they shall come and bow down to Jehovah, and give themselves living sacrifices to him who has purchased them with his blood. I trust the day is at hand. — S. R.

19th. Have been packing up my things in order to return to Woahoo expecting the King's schooner will sail in a day or two. The natives are busily engaged in loading her with mats, tappers, &c. Spent some time with the King to-day and received several presents from the Queen. I had an

Owhyhean (Hawaiian) name given me immediately after landing — have been called Neho-pahoo (that is, foreteeth lost) until to-day the King gave me the name Kaeke after himself before he became king, and said I must no more be called Neho-pahoo. — S. R.

July 25th. They have furnished us with two bedsteads in the native style, and mats and tappers in abundance. In the evening the King sent us thirteen Bunches of Bananas and ten Pine Apples. Never before were our obligations of gratitude so great as they now are. Surely the King's heart is in the hands of the Lord, and he turneth it whithersoever he will. After offering on the altar of praise our evening sacrifice we retired to rest relying on the arm of Jehovah for safety and protection. — N. W. R.

26th. The King is forty-six years of age, and his wife about twenty-five. He is very pleasant and discovers a good degree of civility in his manners. He enquired whether my parents were living and to whom I was writing. I told him I left a mother, and was writing to her to inform her of his kindness to us. He appeared much pleased, and asked me if I loved her very much. I informed him that I did, and that it would do her heart good to hear that the King and Queen had kindly offered to be a father and mother to us. They gave me the name of Matooah which is the name of the King's mother. They then requested us to sing a few tunes, while Hoome-hoome played on the bass viol. We view the secret hand of our Heavenly Father with peculiar delight, and feel constrained to walk with cautious steps before him, in the sight of the heathen, lest we prove stumbling blocks, over which they shall fall into endless perdition. — N. W. R.

July 29th. This afternoon the King exhibited a scene of plays, gave us an invitation, to which we did not readily comply; sent the second time, accordingly we went. I don't know when I have had my mind more impressed with the vanities of the heathen than I had in witnessing this scene. O when will this untutored tribe sit down at our Immanuel's feet, and receive the benign influences of the Gospel.

NANCY R.

July 30th. Dearest of mothers, instead of worshipping the Lord with his people, in a temple consecrated to his service, your children have attempted to appear before him and call upon his name this day for the first time on this heathen Isle, in our little sanctuary made of cocoanut leaves. The royal family seated themselves on trunks and mats and apparently listened to the word of life; while the common people crouded around without our yard, and pulled away the grass of which the fence is made and presented their tawny countenances, anxious to see and know what new thing the white people were performing. But oh, how much more degraded their darkened minds, than ever their miserable appearance, how imperceptible to the truth as it is in Jesus! We made use of Mr. Clark's sermon, entitled the Church safe. The flock of Christ be scattered abroad in the earth, some of them as sheep without a shepard yet; consoling thought — in due season they will be gathered, and there shall be one Fold, and one Shepard. — N. R.

August 4th. We expect the Levant will sail this evening, consequently our communications must be carried on board this afternoon. I have the pleasure to inform our dear friends on this last page of our journal, of our continued prosperity and hopes of

usefulness, but we cannot, we dare not depend much upon present appearances. Fix we on this terrestrial ball? When most secure, the coming hour, if Thou see fit, may blast them all. But we do take pleasure in speaking of the wonderful dealings of God to this people, and to us, as unworthy instruments in his service. The King and Queen sent six gown patterns to be made, and present of pine apples. To-day the King has commenced a large building for a meeting, and school-house, in his own yard. It is peculiarly pleasant to witness the interest this heathen king takes in preparing the way for the spread of the gospel amongst his people. He says he will

protect all who come here for this purpose. Though the promise of man, especially of a heathen prince is not a sufficient warrant for me to engage in so great an enterprize; yet have not the children of God his promise also, that he will supply all their wants, and will withhold no real good thing from them. What more can the Christian need for his security while laboring for Christ? What more can he desire in life, or enjoy in the hour of death? This unconnected journal we present to our ever dear mother and hope she will thereby be comforted while thinking of her far distant and affectionate children.

SAMUEL and NANCY RUGGLES.

ONE CROWDED HOUR OF CLOWNING

BY FULLERTON WALDO

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

—SCOTT: *Old Mortality*

I

OF course when they burst in upon my placid life in the sanctum, and asked me to feed in the Cook Tent and go on as a clown in the Big Top afterward, I jumped at the chance as if it were a paper hoop.

We reached the clowns' quarters through an avenue fronded with the palm-like ears of elephants swishing and twiddling hay in picketed alignment, two tiny newcomers down at the end of the line doing their best to waggle their ears like the old stagers. Another baby

elephant some time before, I was told, had joined the cast of *Polly of the Circus*, and between performances, homesick for 'Spangleland' and its own keeper, was found in a corner like the little 'Juggler of Notre Dame,' beguiling the time with its whole repertoire of tricks that began with standing on its head. Later, caught in a fire at Luna Park, it proved a Casabianca among elephants. The keeper was in New York, and it was deaf to alien blandishment. None else could cajole or drag it

away. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* It would not answer any command but that of the absent one — and so, faithful unto death, with one last trumpeted wail of pain and grief, it toppled and perished in the flames.

The horses pleased me greatly. They were so wise and kind, so gray and white and broad, so very strong and careful where they put their teeth and heels. Fat as country sausages, somebody was forever polishing them off like brasses at the entrance of a bank. The 'Blood-Sweating Hippopotamus' himself amiably permitted one, *en passant*, to put a shuddering finger through the bars and prod his slabby carcass where he lay heaving like a stranded whale.

It was the drowsing hour of vespertide before the crowd swarmed in. There was a tuneful chinking of handles on zinc pails about the cages: green eyes were bright and paws were out for anything they bore. There was an orderly, murmurous scurrying to and fro of soft-footed empresses, princesses, fairies, even angels iridescent. There was a going-about of riders, — those Brahmins of the Circus, — 'bull-men,' 'cat-men,' 'razorbacks,' 'canvas-men,' and 'joeys.' Nubians and swart Ethiops, 'Devils of the Desert,' Hottentots, and cannibals with a college education were champing hard-boiled ham, corn and beans, and pallid lemon-pie, strewn casually about the checkered oilcloth of the Cook Tent. I came upon a Cossack, marooned on the corner of a trunk shiny with tin, and his grand seigniorial manner would have graced a Peacock Throne as he ran his thumbnail along the edge of a glistening Turkish yataghan. I asked him if he got it in Tiflis, and as he sprang to demonstrate you could imagine him swooping and whooping down the broad highway from Vladikavkaz by moonlight through the vale where hoary Kasbek overhangs; and the glint in his eye

was steel-cold, like the blue light on the blade.

A postman was in the act of delivering a letter to 'Ali Abdullah, Care of the Desert Devils,' and it gave me a twinge of longing for the nomad tents of Ali Aga's tribe who cared for me so tenderly in the shadow of Ararat.

II

But to business! There was no time to waste in philandering with the performers. M'sieur Borrelly, already made up and tiptoe to go on, fell to work on me, and very soon mother would not have known me. He had been a clown for twenty-five years, and was 'just beginning to like it,' he averred with a delicate Gallic irony. The chief treasure in his brass-studded patent-leather suitcase was a letter, in faded purple ink, written him in 1887 by his father, French consul at Galveston, impressing Christian piety in a script as upright as the sentiments, and telling the prodigal about the linen shirts that the *petite grand'mère* was even then in the act of fashioning for him in far-off Brittany.

Something of the paternal heritage of tenderness was in the tips of M'sieur Borrelly's fleet pianistic fingers as he daubed cold cream, white grease-paint, rouge, and black crayon on my astonished countenance. The maker of a life-mask — or a child building a snow-man — could not have been more fastidious than he.

Even a society photographer does not achieve a more complete erasure of all the lines indicative of essential character. I got a sudden look at me in a mirror, and mistook myself for garrulous M'sieur. I was a moonrise of white-wash, pied and pranked and ring-straked, surmounted ridiculously by an Admiral's cockaded and beplumed chapeau and cinctured to suffocation

with the flowing scarlet of a cuirassier of *l'ancien régime*. But Charlie Chaplin's breeks are tight as a drum compared with the yards and yards of black stuff that billowed from my waist to my feet. My shoes were all that was left me of my own; but as I could not see my feet, I had become an utter stranger to myself. Even my voice came hollow and strange as from my ghost.

'Now,' said M'sieur Borrelly, in faultless French, as he sprang back like a painter from an easel to contemplate his handiwork, 'when I bring out my blunderbuss and begin to shoot, you run — and climb — and hide. Show every sign of fear. Run to all places you may think of, or your feet may take you. Let your feet have their way, more than your mind, and let your hands be eloquent beyond your tongue. Only — come not in collision with the band, especially the French horn and the saxophone, for there is but one of each. Avoid the horses, and the riders in the ring — they have their work to do, and children wait for them at home in England. Let nothing drop or fall on you from on high. Prenez garde, keep on the *qui vive*, and stray not in the path of others. Trust in *le bon Dieu* and it will yet be well. Above all, watch me, what I do. Allons!'

Like a plumed crusader marching as to war against the paynim, he strode before me to the choked and narrow entrance of the Big Top. At the threshold of the glaring blatant maze of heat and sound, he called a halt to await our whistled curtain-cue from the ringmaster. Lord of misrule and unreason, M'sieur Borrelly looked as imperious as Julius Cæsar on the night before a battle. His eyes glittered and danced through the white mask of grease-paint, and the carmine fissure of the lips, expanding in a grin, bred confidence in the motley crew that followed him — espe-

cially in me. I needed it. We were stalled in the thick of a group of monkey-jockeys, mounted on their dog-steeds. The monkeys looked anxious: their brows were wrinkled; they simpered and chattered, picking nervously at the reins and the spangled trappings. I felt they were my brothers-in-the-blood. But when I tried to tell them so, they paid no heed. They were too busy worrying. What mind they had was on the temerarious performance just ahead of them — to hang on and keep going, in a pell-mell canter round the ring, whoever lost, whoever won.

The dogs, bless them, flaunted each his panache of a bushy tail, 'larked and trit-trotted' as much as the little space and their running-gear permitted, gay and unconcerned, in the blithe humor of children at a birthday party.

At that bright expectant moment a clumsy fellow rammed the end of a plank into the polished shoulder of a white horse with pink ribbons in his mane.

The startled animal, delicately tuned for the awaited moment of the ringmaster's whistle, gave a snort of alarm, upreared and scattered sawdust with his heels, right and left into a group of fluffy silver-slippered equestriennes. They screamed in treble unison; the horse snorted in repartee, while a policeman joey grabbed his bridle and hauled him down from his high tantrums to sawdust level again.

III

Then the shrill blast of the ringmaster's whistle, a last gleam of M'sieur Borrelly's teeth over his shoulder, and into the arena I sallied with my nerves all pointing outward, and ten thousand people, I was sure, looking at nobody but me. Ridiculous to be so conscious of myself! Even more absurd than the garb I wore. There were the poor

monkeys, already cramped down to their wild, whirling career, their arms frantically clapping the dogs' necks. As the streaks of dog and simian went past, I had the blurred sense of them as a deep-sea diver might perceive fishes swimming by.

And now, instead of the fearful feeling that the gaze of the ten thousand was riveted on me, I had the contrary sensation. I began to be afraid they would not see me at all. The fun, to be noticed, must be laid on as thick as the cold cream and the grease-paint. For it must compete with magnificent distances across and above the arena — three dimensions filled with poles and wires, bipeds and quadrupeds in various pose or motion. On a stage so vast, one step, of necessity, is stretched for comedy effects into a dozen — every gesture has to be exorbitant and violent. There is no chance for humorous finesse, or filigree subtlety. Each smile must be a running broad grin; one must lift the gloom with both hands and feet, and always be spectacularly obvious.

Before I had a chance to think how I should be supremely silly, M'sieur Borrelly tossed me a battered but shiny French horn with no mouthpiece, to play in the clown band. It made little difference in which end I blew. The French horn at best is a fickle creature. But before I had time to pucker my mouth for a second sour note, it was time for another inanity.

This was a hair-cutting episode, beside which that of the *Barber of Seville* was ultra-refinement. We grabbed one of the clowns by the scruff of the neck and the ankles, threw him into a cabinet with his head sticking out, and brought up a washtub of lather and a razor as big as a scythe. Then, like devils leaping about a lost soul, we plied a broom with the choking, blinding suds, till the head was covered with them.

A running-jump, and the man with the razor was brandishing it across the throat of the victim. To our simulated horror the head of papier-mâché came off and rolled in the dust, and the grand finale was that we bore the victim to the tub and soused him in it, while, though he had lost his head, he kicked and howled in protest.

Before I could get my breath, up dashed a fake horse of khaki with two men inside. It was a runaway — and from M'sieur Borrelly came one clear call for me to stop it.

Out into the track where the monkeys raced I started. Presently the monkeys quit in a dead heat and Roman charioteers were lunging and careening in their places. Whenever a chariot rocked by, the clods of tanbark were flung into my smarting eyes, and the charioteers shouted an imprecation that was anything but Roman.

The trousered khaki horse wove in and out expertly among the real ones, and I sprinted after — aspiration and perspiration fifty-fifty. It was my chance, my solo opportunity at last. Perhaps someone would see me — and perhaps someone would laugh. For now I realized how hard the men about me — and two men ahead of me — must work to amuse the crowd. And if they were not amusing, then they failed and would get their walking-papers.

I must catch that absurd runaway. Out of the side of my eyes as I staggered after it I was dimly aware of the juggling Japanese who fanned themselves as they stood on one another's heads in flowered kimonos. With part of my ears I heard the venders in the stands howling pop corn and lemonade, and never was I thirstier. Full-tilt I rounded the corner of the hippodrome past a clown dressed as a girl. It was his business to ogle the arriving male spectators, single or married, pretending to

be in dire need of an escort. In an interval of leisure it had been fun to watch him at his blandishments, and to see the indignation of the women from whom he strove to detach a husband or a sweetheart.

But now I could not pause to admire his technique, for I had my own occupation, which was to overhaul the runaway.

Two heads are not better than one when enveloped in a stifling bag of khaki, and two fastened in a frame of barrel hoops cannot run as fast as one. I was gaining rapidly, though I had long ago reached a melting temperature under my own billowing yards of raiment.

I must be blind and deaf to the lady hanging by her teeth. I passed another twirling her parasol along the slack wire, and sped by the seals balancing balls on their noses. I even ignored the debonair silk-hatted ringmaster with his tail coat and gardenia.

As we made the circuit for the second time, something inside me was asking anxiously, 'Are they laughing now?' I knew the same heart was pounding at the ribs of the clowns inside the horse that I was chasing, the professionals whose bread and butter depended on their being funny.

So, near enough at last, I flung myself full length upon the tanbark, reached out and gripped those nearest boot-

heels as if they were my sole hope of salvation and held on.

The fraudulent horse instantaneously came to a full stop. Nay, more — he was coming apart, and there were frantic, agonized cries from the interior: 'Say — quit! Leave go! Them barrel hoops is scrapin' our faces. Have a heart! Go easy!'

For the khaki horse, with a visible cleavage amid-ribs, was entangling its own motive power helplessly.

But what was that delicious music that I heard from the stand beside us? At last there was laughter — no uncertain sound, but the outright mirth, exuberant, unrestrained, of those who are genuinely diverted.

In this exultant moment I felt at last that I had qualified, and now belonged to the ancient and honorable fraternity of fun-makers whose password is spontaneous laughter. I stood there limp and melting, ankle-deep in tanbark, but professionally proud. Like the baby elephant and the monkey-jockeys, I had done the best I could.

It's hard after a night under the Big Top tent to settle down in the shade of the roll-top desk once more, there to mould public opinion with the paste pot and the shears. But there is no known serum for the circus in the blood: nor is there any instantaneous process, I have found, for getting white grease-paint out of one's hair.

DOCTRINE OR THEORY—WHICH?

BY CLIFFORD H. FARR

I

DOCTRINES are beliefs regarding which no verifiable evidence is available. Some persons hold to the doctrine that there is a future life; others believe there is not. Some hold that there is a Supreme Being; and others feel just as firmly that such a Personage does not exist. Since there is no definite evidence one way or other, there is little that causes one to change one's way of thinking in regard to doctrines. We change our doctrines very rarely, usually holding to them as matters of faith throughout the greater portion of our lives. Doctrines are, in fact, our religious principles.

Theories are conclusions based upon a considerable body of accumulated evidence. Some hold to the theory that there is life on Mars; others have concluded that there is not. Some maintain that electricity stimulates plant growth; others present extensive data which seem to indicate the reverse. We change our theories frequently. Any day may witness the presentation to our consciousness of a new volume of information, which will cause us to alter completely certain of our theories. Theories are the principles of science.

Every man has his own doctrines and his own theories. There are some questions regarding which he has little or no information, and yet, if he is a thinking being at all, he formulates opinions regarding them. These are his religious principles. There are other matters upon which there is known to

him a large body of facts. Some of these facts favor a certain interpretation, others oppose that interpretation. He weighs the evidence pro and con, and comes to some decision regarding the proposition. But this he regards as a conclusion and not as a belief. On the next day he may make a wholly different decision in the light of supplementary data previously unknown to him.

There is, then, at any given moment, no conflict within the individual between religion and science. It is impossible for a given person to have a theory and a doctrine regarding the same question simultaneously. As he passes from childhood to youth, or from youth to maturity, he may, it is true, find some of his doctrines becoming theories. In his younger years he may not have been mentally able to appreciate some of the evidences bearing on a certain question. Then he had to believe the one side or the other purely as a matter of faith. As he grows older, evidence accumulates and his belief becomes transformed into a conclusion. Usually his newly acquired conclusion agrees with his previous belief, in which instance he is often scarcely conscious of the change. Sometimes, however, his present theory is opposed to his past doctrine; whereupon there is likely to occur a considerable disturbance in his religious life. Because he is forced to abandon one doctrine to accept an opposing theory, there is danger that he may begin to

doubt all of his doctrines. It is this situation of which the educator must take especial cognizance. Every effort should be made to see that the doctrines of our youth shall conform to the theories which they are most likely later to accept, so that there may be as few of these internal upheavals of faith as possible.

But the chief friction between religion and science takes place when a given question is a matter of doctrine to one man and of theory to another. Historically considered, religious principles have come to be regarded as beliefs which are to be lived for, fought for, and even died for. Scientific principles, on the other hand, are not beliefs at all. They are not in any sense to be thought of as sacred and infallible. The true scientist takes no offense when another scientist presents evidence against his theory. He is, in fact, himself always looking in an open-minded manner for new data to support or alter his former conclusions. It matters little to him on which side the new evidence falls; the thing in which he is interested is progress. But people are inclined to be more militant regarding their doctrines. To the international banking expert, the number of shillings which are equivalent to a dollar to-day is a conclusion based upon a large body of evidence. He stands ready to alter his theory as to a just rate of exchange in the light of additional information. But to most of us his conclusions are taken as a matter of faith. We are much disturbed if the man with whom we are dealing adopts another belief regarding the rate of exchange on that particular day.

It is precisely this situation which has led to the recent discussion between the Fundamentalists and the Modernists regarding the question of evolution. The Fundamentalists regard evolution as a doctrine to which they are op-

posed; the scientists regard it as a theory which their present evidence supports. The latter would not say that they *believe* in evolution; on the contrary, they *conclude* that it has occurred, basing their conclusion upon a vast body of evidence which they have in hand. The Fundamentalists disbelieve in evolution as a matter of faith, having no evidence for or against it. We thus have the *doctrine* of non-evolution versus the *theory* of evolution: and neither side seems quite to appreciate the attitude of the other.

II

That the Fundamentalists have not carefully examined the evidence for and against the idea of evolution is indicated by several errors regarding it which they are in the habit of making. In the first place they seem not quite to appreciate what the scientist means by evolution. They have taken evolution to mean that man is the offspring of the monkey. To the scientist this is only one out of an almost infinite number of examples of evolution; and furthermore it is a deduction with which the scientist may or may not agree. To him evolution is the theory that the existing state of nature has arisen from the pre-existing state by a more or less gradual change. We know that rivers are to-day slowly changing their courses; we know that the rains are gradually wearing away the mountains; we know that new species of plants and animals have, within our own lifetime, appeared as the offspring of plants and animals that already existed on the earth. These and a multitude of other evidences force the scientist to conclude that in the past repeated changes have continued to take place, and that nature as we find it to-day is the result of such gradual changes.

The theory of evolution does not in

itself involve any conclusion at all as to the causative factors of these changes. It does not necessitate nor does it eliminate a guiding principle, or a Supreme Being directing these changes. The only thing which the theory of evolution maintains is that the universe is not fixed and unalterable, but that it is in a constant state of flux. Nor does the theory of evolution stipulate how gradual or how rapid the changes may be. Sometimes there are earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, which alter the surface of the earth in short periods of time. Sometimes distinct new species of living things arise suddenly.

Some Fundamentalists would accept the evolution of the nonliving universe, but deny the evolution of living things. The biologist, however, is convinced that he has just as strong evidence that living things have evolved as the topographer has that the surface of the earth is constantly changing, and much stronger evidence than the chemist has that the substances of the earth are evolving.

But biologists are not at all agreed as to the route which evolution has followed in either the plant or the animal kingdom. The main groups of green plants may be represented by the common names: pond scums and seaweeds; mosses and liverworts; ferns; cone-bearing evergreens; flowering plants. There is a general opinion on the part of most botanists that this sequence is the evolutionary one; that is, that each of these groups respectively originated from the group preceding it in this series. But specialists in these respective groups are by no means convinced that such is the case. Recent evidences indicate strongly that the flowering plants are probably not derived from any one of the groups of living cone-bearing evergreens, but that they have an independent descent from the ferns. Very recently Professor D. H. Scott, a

prominent authority on the evolution of the higher plants, has concluded that ferns are not the ancestors of either the cone-bearing evergreens or the flowering plants. It might therefore be concluded that the flowering plants came from the mosses and liverworts. But while there are evidences of ferns in almost the oldest rocks of the earth, no fossil mosses have been found except in relatively recent formations. We are thus led to realize that there is at present no consensus of opinion among botanists as to the origin and evolution of the flowering plants. And yet no botanist thinks of abandoning, therefore, the theory of evolution; on the other hand, he concludes that the higher forms of plant life must have come about by gradual changes from the simplest forms during a long period of time, even though in so doing they have not left, as far as at present discovered, a perfect record of the path which they have traversed in so evolving.

The same situation exists with regard to the animal kingdom. The origin of the highest group of animals, the Primates, is quite as obscure as the origin of the flowering plants. Within this highest group, the ancestry of man is by no means completely established. Almost every year new evidence is brought forward modifying our concept of the path which evolution in this instance has followed. According to the present prevalent interpretation of anthropologists, the ancestor of the Caucasian and other closely related races was the Cro-Magnon, who lived about 20,000 years ago. About 75,000 years ago, according to some anthropologists, there lived on the earth a human being, whose offspring, during the successive generations in this long period of time, gave rise to the Cro-Magnon on the one hand, and to the ancestor of the present yellow race

on the other. In like manner, about 100,000 years ago, it is supposed that the ancestors of the modern black race became differentiated from the rest of the human stock. Remains have been found of the so-called Piltdown man, who is thought to have lived about 400,000 years ago, and to have been the common ancestor of all races of men. One hundred thousand years before that time takes us back to a half-million years ago, when there lived the Pithecanthropus, an apelike man, probably closely related to the ancestors of the Piltdown man. In the deposits of two million years ago are the remains of Sivapithecus, a manlike ape, perhaps the common ancestor of the gorilla, orang, chimpanzee, and Pithecanthropus. Five million years ago it seems that there lived Notharctus, thought to be the common ancestor of Sivapithecus and the monkeys. There is thus a great body of evidence bearing on the ancestry of man. While anthropologists and zoölogists may differ in their opinions as to the route followed, yet they are all in agreement on the conclusion that man is a descendant from lower forms of life.

Scientists are quite as little agreed upon the method by which evolution operates, as upon the course it has pursued. Some emphasize the importance of inheritance of acquired characters, and point to environment as an important determining factor. Others have clung to Darwin's idea that there is a persistent inherent tendency within organisms to vary beyond the limits of the range of variation of the parental generation, and that competition causes the destruction of the unsuccessful variants, while the adapted ones are preserved, as he said, by natural selection, propagating their kind and giving rise to more extreme variants, and so on. In this way, environment is seen to have a guiding

function, though not a causal one.

De Vries, as a result of his study of the evening primroses, came to the conclusion that new forms of plants and animals arise suddenly and only occasionally, rather than by continued gradual transitions. The mechanism of these sudden alterations in the nature of the organism, which he called mutations, still remains undiscovered. However, once these new characters arise, it has been shown as a result of investigation based upon the discoveries and interpretations of the Austrian monk, Mendel, that new forms of plant and animal life may arise by crossing parents which differ in two or more characters, thus producing offspring which have combinations of characters which never existed before. Some Fundamentalists have supposed that the rejection of Darwin's ideas as to the *modus operandi* of evolution involves the abandonment of the entire theory of evolution. On the contrary it may here be stated that the inheritance of acquired characters as a prevalent potent force in evolution is now doubted by the majority of biologists. Darwin's theory of natural selection is in quite a similar position to-day. The value of the mutation theory as it now stands, as an explanation of evolution, has also been brought into question. Even Mendel's law is thought by some scientists not to be necessarily the correct interpretation. And yet none doubt the fact of evolution.

III

Most of the mistakes of the Fundamentalists regarding the theory of evolution are perhaps due largely to ignorance of its history. Too often Darwin is regarded as the father of the whole concept. Great as Darwin was as a scientist, he is certainly far from holding such an exalted position.

Darwin lived less than a century ago, while one of the greatest of all discussions on the question of evolution occurred about 400 A.D., when Saint Augustine defended the theory, then attacked by other churchmen of his time. These latter have long since been forgotten, while Augustine was canonized a saint, and has retained a conspicuous place in history ever since. Still earlier, in about 400 B.C., evolution was a prominent subject for discussion by Aristotle, Empedocles, and other Greek philosophers. In fact the idea of evolution has been held by almost all peoples at almost all periods in the history of the human race.

Certain primitive peoples seemed to have gained a glimpse of evolution from their close association with certain mammals. Indian tribes, isolated widely from each other, found that the only living creatures that resembled them were certain of the large animals living in their territory. And so the Osage Indians named themselves after the beaver and regarded that animal as their ancestor. The Omaha Indians treated the buffalo in the same way; the Choctaws, the crayfish. The various totem clans are so named from this sort of ancestor worship — the bear clan, crane clan, porcupine clan, and so forth.

A second way by which the idea of evolution probably originated in human minds was in connection with the moulding of objects from clay. Ancient primitive peoples early found that many useful articles, such as cooking utensils and dishes, could be made in this way. The practice of moulding seems then to have developed into an art, giving opportunity for expression of the latent æsthetic sense within. We can imagine how ornaments, trinkets, symbols, and finally models of human beings, were thus moulded from clay. And then as these ancient artificers and

their friends looked upon these images, and as their thought-life developed, it seems quite natural that there should dawn upon their consciousness the idea that man himself in the beginning may have been moulded out of clay by a Supreme Being. It is thus that the concept of God and of evolution may have come into existence simultaneously.

The Babylonians called their god *Bel*, which means 'the potter.' The Egyptians gave their name for potter, *Khnoumou*, to their god. The same association originated apparently independently among the Australian blacks, the natives of New Zealand and of Tahiti, the peoples of Togoland in Africa, and the Natchez Indians of Louisiana. The Esquimaux of Point Barrow arrived at a similar conclusion, doubtless as a result of the making of a snow man. Among the Hebrews the idea was handed down for hundreds of generations in their folklore and literature. *Adam* is their word for man; *-ah* is their feminine suffix; and *adamah* means soil. It is thus seen that their language lends itself beautifully to the transmission in their folk songs and in their poetry of the concept that man is now born of woman, but that the first man came from the soil. It is this idea of God moulding man from clay that is so clearly expressed in the second chapter of Genesis.

But there is a third way in which the concept of evolution evidently originated among primitive peoples. This came with the development of the building-instinct. By a slow, steady progress certain peoples advanced from the stage of casting things about aimlessly to putting them together and constructing thereby useful objects. They came to building huts, crude dwellings, rough pieces of furniture. And then they looked about them and saw the rivers and the mountains, the

seas and the hills, the clouds, the stars, the sun. What more logical than to conclude that these also were builded by a Supreme Being gradually during a long period of time? Here again we have the first concept of God arising simultaneously and in direct association with the concept of evolution.

The oldest writings of India, about 2150 B.C., include a statement to the effect that the heavens and the earth were collected by the gods out of a primeval flood. The Samkhya philosophy of India, about 600 B.C., employed the world-building idea. In fact at this time we find a word, *sam-cara*, which meant development or evolution. Taoism in China, 600 to 500 B.C., presented similar ideas. It is thought that at about this time the first chapter of Genesis was written. It was evidently the product of a learned priesthood, basing their concept originally upon the idea of constructing a building.

IV

The idea of God moulding man out of the clay of the earth gave birth to an entirely anthropocentric conception of evolution. It might be extended to the thought of God moulding all of the objects and beings of nature from the same ground material; nevertheless the origin of man remains the centre of interest. At best it is strongly teleological, indicating that all evolution was brought about for the purpose of providing man with the necessities and comforts of life. The belief that the whole world was made for man's comfort has been handed down to the present time.

But the world-building idea gives us a cosmic concept of evolution. As presented in the first chapter of Genesis it is entirely free from the idea that man is necessarily the goal and the end of

all evolutionary processes. It considers evolution as the development of the entire universe, with man as simply one of the more recent products. While man is without doubt the highest example of mental development and of intellectuality to be found among the organisms of the earth, yet it is another matter to consider him the aim and object of the Supreme Being — for whom every other object of nature was created.

It is highly interesting to find how closely this first chapter of Genesis conforms to our modern scientific conclusions, not only in its cosmical view of the relation of man to the rest of nature, but in the order of evolution there expressed. In modern terminology it may be taken as meaning that first there were atoms and then energy, or in other words that matter must have preceded motion. Our physicists might to-day invert this order. But third come molecules; certainly atoms ('without form and void') must have become associated into the various substances of the universe. Next we have states of matter arising, that is, solids, liquids, and gases, or, in Biblical terms, 'the firmament . . . divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above.' This, as the story in Genesis goes, was followed by the origin of the plant kingdom, which in turn was followed by the evolution of the solar system and the stellar universe. It is strange to think of plants as existing before there was a sun to furnish energy for them to manufacture their food. And yet we know that celestial changes have occurred since plants first appeared on the earth, and also that some microscopic plants can manufacture food from inorganic matter without the energy of sunlight. It furthermore does appear quite significant that these ancient theorizers on

the evolution of the earth should have left the appearance of the animal kingdom until after plant life had developed to supply the animals with food. It is also thought-provoking to notice that the order of animal evolution is given as aquatic, aerial, and then terrestrial; much as our zoölogists to-day say the probable sequence of the vertebrate series is: fishes, birds, and mammals. Finally, in the sixth period (for the Greek word, *ἡμέρα*, may be used either as meaning twenty-four hours, or a long era of time, as 'in this *day* and age of the world') comes the advent of man. Nothing is said about his origin, neither is it stated that the earth and air and plants and animals were created for him. It is this absence of the teleological point of view which makes it seem certain that this was a cosmical philosophy based upon the house-building analogy. The close approach, however, to the general sequence which modern science has

outlined makes it seem certain that it is the product of much thought and that those who formulated it had definite reasons for each step they introduced. To them it too, perhaps, was a theory of evolution and not a doctrine.

And so in our modern life we shall perhaps avoid many a discomfort if we keep distinct our religion and our science, our doctrines and our theories, our beliefs and our conclusions. We must remember that science does not and cannot deal with primary sources. It was Sir Isaac Newton who said, 'He who looks for final causes is not a truly scientific worker.' Science must concern itself with existence, transformations, mechanisms, and consequences. Religion and philosophy deal with ultimate origins and final causes. Science and religion are different, but they are not fundamentally antagonistic to each other. Both have a place in all of our lives, for the universe is one and indivisible.

A DAY WITH MAHATMA GANDHI

BY C. F. ANDREWS

PERHAPS the simple detailed account of a single day with Mahatma Gandhi during his convalescence will, more than anything else, bring the Western reader much nearer to the heart of things in India. It may possibly, at the same time, leave him somewhat bewildered at the subtle differences of mental temperament which are so fascinating, and yet so baffling to trace down to their ultimate source. Without any question, in the East the power of religion over life has marvelously persisted.

The 'Ages of Faith' are still being lived; and India is, above all others, the country where spirit rules over matter in the modern world. This is the deepest difference of all between East and West, and it is seen in Mahatma Gandhi most distinctly.

The day begins very early. At 4 A.M. the household assembles. We remain seated on mats upon the floor of the verandah in perfect silence. Sometimes the moon is shining through the waving palm trees outside. On other

mornings all is dark. After the silence there follow Sanskrit verses, chanted in a monotone, and a hymn from some mediæval saint. Then silence once more for a short time while we remain seated and after that each retires. Our united worship is now over. Each one goes apart and strict silence will be observed until the sun rises in the east.

I would mention, in a parenthesis, that prolonged early morning meditation is no unusual habit in India. With the poet, Rabindranath Tagore, it has become a natural custom to begin the day with this inner silence a very long time before the dawn. Often he thus enters upon the day soon after two o'clock in the morning and sits in silence till seven. It is the only way, he has told me, that the spirit can be controlled in all its moods and be made ready for the trials of the day. Others, whom I know well, have given me similar accounts of the process of their daily lives, by which the mastery of the soul is reached in the early dawn through meditation and silence.

Among the Sanskrit verses, recited in our household prayers with Mahatma Gandhi, are the following from the *Bhagavad-Gita* (I am quoting from Sir Edwin Arnold's perfect translation, which is called *The Song Celestial* :—

That man alone is wise,
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire,
Desire flames to fierce passion. . . .
But if one deals with objects of the sense,
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity.

And like the ocean, day by day receiving
Floods from all lands, which never overflows:
Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those,

So is the perfect one! To his soul's ocean,
The world of sense pours streams of witchery;
They leave him as they find, without commotion,
Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

As I have read that passage over and over again, it has given me an insight into the true mind and character of the East. Mahatma Gandhi carries out its precepts to the fullest extent. It remains ever the highest ideal to be reached; the pearl of great price, for which a man will sell all that he has, if only he may obtain it.

About seven o'clock in the morning Mahatma Gandhi has some milk and fruit. This is his staple food throughout the day even when he is well. Very soon after this, Pandit Radhakanta Malaviya arrives with his two little children carrying some white blossoms. The blossoms are laid at the Mahatma's feet, and then the little ones run to his arms. They are not in the least afraid of the Hindu saint, who is very human where children are concerned. A portion of the Ramayana is read and studied on the roof. The sea murmurs on the beach and the palm trees wave their leaves backward and forward gently in the morning breeze. At eight o'clock this quiet time is broken. An endless tide of visitors begins to flow toward him. Each comes for advice; and it is strange to note how the political issues always take a philosophical turn before many minutes are over. This does not mean that the solution offered is any the less practical; but while the English mind quite naturally and instinctively looks to the immediate effect in politics, the Indian mind with equal naturalness of instinct looks to the remoter springs of action.

Let me give two examples from his 'Noncoöperation' programme which may help to reveal its true character as a deeply religious movement. In the south of India the pariahs have been treated in the past as less than human beings. In the whole of India there are nearly sixty million people of the lowest castes who are called 'Untouch-

ables' because it is still regarded as a pollution for an orthodox Hindu even to touch them. The Noncoöperation workers have ardently set themselves against this oppression. Trusted leaders have begun to 'noncoöperate' with orthodox Brahminism in its strongholds of reaction. The very same ethics are being applied that are used against the bureaucracy itself. Hindu noncoöperators, who are Brahmins, have taken with them outcaste Hindus and claimed an entrance to the Brahmin streets and quarters in Travancore State which hitherto have been strictly reserved against the so-called pollution of untouchables. They have offered themselves side by side with the untouchables who go with them, as ready to endure any assault, and even death itself, in order to break down this age-long tyranny. They will go on until the moral victory is achieved.

But the State Government could not permit disorder and breaches of the peace. So the police intervened. First of all, they arrested and imprisoned every one of these young adventurers in social freedom — both Brahmin noncoöperators and pariahs alike. Immediately others took their place. Then the leaders who were directing the movement were arrested and imprisoned. But as the number of arrests increased and it seemed likely that the prisons would be filled, the Travancore State authorities suddenly changed their programme. Those noncoöperating caste Hindus, who were offering to go through the Brahmin quarters in company with untouchables, were not arrested but were simply prevented from going forward. The police stood on guard night and day and blocked the road.

The moral tension grew more acute. Those who were seeking an entrance refused to take water or food till they were allowed to go through. Many of

them fainted from exhaustion and were taken to the hospital where they continued their hunger strike.

By that time, the attention of Mahatma Gandhi had been directed to this new phase of the struggle against 'untouchability.' He called off the hunger strike immediately. Such a weapon, he said, might be used by a father against his son in purest love to bring his wayward son to repentance; but against an alien and impersonal system, such as a State, it surely became a weapon of anger. It did not connote the compulsion of pure love but the compulsion of dread and fear. I was present when two orthodox Brahmins came all the way from Travancore to see him on his verandah and to implore him to call off the struggle altogether. 'Is the road a private or a public road?' he asked. When they confessed to him that it was a public road and that only these poor outcasts of humanity were excluded, his face became drawn with pain. 'The struggle must go on,' he said. Many months have passed since then and this strange peaceful conflict, waged with the weapons of love, still goes on. The passive blockade still continues.

There is one problem, which perhaps has penetrated more deeply into the heart of Indian life at the present moment even than untouchability. It is called the 'Hindu-Muslim' problem. Forces of disruption have been at work and violent animosities have been excited which sometimes have tended to make even the mention of the word nonviolence a mockery in this connection. But the devotion of Muslims to Mahatma Gandhi is entirely apart. His name among them is 'a thing enskied and sainted.' It has remained high above all this lower atmosphere of bitterness and party spirit. In spite of the storms that have been raging and the passions that have

been roused the Musalman leaders have remained as true to Mahatma Gandhi as he has remained true to them. Day after day I have watched them coming to him in his verandah to pour out their love at his feet. From the touching scenes I have witnessed, one might almost gather that the warmest corner of his heart has been kept for them and they have found this out. He, in his singular personality, is the one binding force. It is strange indeed how the personal spiritual element has to come in in order to produce, out of this sharp religious contrast, human fusion. Here in his spirit is a supreme gift to Indian unity. Behind it lie whole centuries of mystical religion; for it is the same spirit as that of Kabir and Nanak and countless other saints of mediæval India, who dared to proclaim that one God was being worshiped by Hindu and Musalman alike.

On two days in the week Mahatma Gandhi maintains complete silence. For he is the editor of two weekly papers, and he writes his editorials on these silent days. One of these papers is called *Young India*, and it is probably the most remarkable weekly newspaper in the world to-day. It contains no advertisements but only page after page from the editor's exhaustless spring of new ideas written in compact English sentences with not a superfluous word. The other paper, called *Nava Jivan* (New Life), printed in Gujarati and Hindi, has by far the larger circulation. It is his pet child and he lavishes his best energies upon it. Even without advertisements its net profits had come to fifty thousand rupees a short time ago, all of which were handed over to the National Congress.

At noon he usually takes a very short rest for half an hour, but this is

often made impossible by visitors. A full hour is afterward given by him to his son in teaching him Gujarati literature. Then he sits down to the spinning wheel. For to him the economic salvation of his country through the spinning wheel has become more than a mere doctrine. This ideal of his, that India should thus win her salvation, is a pure and passionate faith where-with his very life has become enriched and enlarged. He inspires with his own enthusiasm anyone who comes within the orbit of his attraction. In spite of the fact that the doctor had forbidden spinning so soon after his serious illness he found that he could not keep away from it any longer; and even though it may tire him physically it is certainly a great relief to the mental strain of the day.

That strain becomes the hardest to bear in the evening. For the crowd will insist on gathering in large numbers; and among them are always the poorest of the poor. For those poor people his sympathies are ever ready to be given to the fullest limit of his endurance. But when the time of sunset comes sheer physical weariness at last makes even his indomitable spirit yield before its urgent demand for rest. A short walk, very slowly, along the beach at sunset, the evening prayers, and again the silence of meditation — these bring the long day to a close. He sleeps well and thus recuperates his strength.

Since this was written, Mahatma Gandhi, all too soon, has left his home of convalescence by the seaside and has returned to his own Asram, or religious retreat, at Sabarmati, where his work is far more strenuous. From that place he is now directing the whole Indian national movement along the pathway of nonviolence.

THE DISMAL PROSPECT FOR LIMITING ARMAMENTS

BY HECTOR C. BYWATER

[In engaging in this controversy with Japanese authorities, the *Atlantic* is far removed from any spirit of hostility or of immediate apprehension. We merely wish the important facts in the case to be completely understood and so bring to the realization of the American public the quite obvious fact that, while the Washington Conference saved expense, it did not banish danger. Rivalry on the seas continues and will continue until the world statesmanship can adopt more comprehensive and more radical measures. Furthermore, our Congress, in casting our exclusion act in a needlessly offensive form, has, through gross neglect of the navy, placed our country in the attitude of a bully whose manners are without even the brute justification of strength.

—THE EDITOR.]

I

RUMORS of a new Arms Conference are in the air. The British Labor Government is being urged, both by its supporters and prominent Liberal politicians, to respond to the gesture in this sense which the United States is supposed to have made. Great importance is attached in such circles to the resolutions which Congress added to the Navy Appropriation Acts for the previous and current years, empowering the President to approach foreign Governments with a view to further discussion on the restriction of naval combatant forces. So far, however, the MacDonald Cabinet has made no move, though it is composed largely of

men who, until they took office, had always fought tooth and nail against warlike preparation. The truth is that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have been long enough in power to realize the difficulty of translating their pacifist theories into practice. Idealism has had to bow before the inexorable logic of circumstance. Already this Labor administration has appropriated for armaments a greater sum than its Coalition and Unionist predecessors spent in any one of the first five years of peace. Against its will, it has been compelled to sanction an increase in the national air-force and the laying-down of a naval programme, which includes five cruisers and two destroyers.

Replying some weeks since to a question concerning the Government's attitude toward further naval limitation, the Premier hinted his doubts as to whether the time was ripe for a definite move, and quoted a statement by President Coolidge to the effect that action would not be taken by the United States until the situation in Europe had become more settled. It may be, however, that the Labor Government's hands will be forced in this matter by pressure from the outside. Probably half the members of his own party, with several score of Liberals, are importuning Mr. MacDonald to take the initiative by convening a new assembly of the Powers to discuss the armaments problem. A statement made in the House of Commons on July 31 by Mr. Ammon, Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, suggests

that events are moving that way. Explaining that the attention of the Premier had been fully occupied during the last few months with international affairs, Mr. Ammon proceeded: 'But as soon as possible every step will be taken to call together something in the nature of an international conference to see whether we can arrive at an agreement on the reduction of armaments that might lead to eventual disarmament.' And later, in the same debate, when the question of developing Singapore cropped up again, Mr. Ammon added significantly: 'The Government would have something to bargain with in a conference if they were able to say that failing a satisfactory agreement being reached, however much they might regret it, they would have to go on with the naval base at Singapore.' So it is quite on the cards that the other four Powers affected by the original treaty of naval limitation may soon receive an invitation from the British Government to meet in conference again, for the purpose of amplifying that pact.

Most of those who have given careful study to politico-naval developments since the winter of 1921-22 feel dubious as to the prospects of a new Arms Conference. The conditions now prevailing are very different, they point out, from those which obtained three years ago. The Powers chiefly involved in naval competition at that time were the United States, Great Britain, and Japan. France and Italy stood by as more or less indifferent spectators. Dominating the whole position at sea was the formidable programme of battleship construction on which the United States was engaged. This scheme embraced sixteen capital ships of unique dimensions and battle power, the completion of which would have ensured American primacy in the strongest types of fighting craft. In

process of execution, though much less advanced, was the Japanese 'eight-eight' programme. This also embodied sixteen capital ships, individually rather more powerful than the American vessels. In the meantime Great Britain watched with growing uneasiness the rapid expansion of these two navies, for her own resources were just as rapidly dwindling. Shortly after the war, in a perfect frenzy of retrenchment, she had begun scrapping battleships right and left, until by the spring of 1921 there remained only the skeleton of that mighty Grand Fleet which for five years had exercised complete mastery over the seas.

Many of the vessels discarded were, no doubt, of a type verging on obsolescence, and their retention would not of itself have guaranteed the future preëminence of the British Navy. A new class of capital ship, based on the experience gained at Jutland, and designated the 'post-Jutland' type, had been evolved since the war, and against thirty-two vessels of this class, building and projected for the navies of the United States and Japan, Great Britain had but one. To replace her aging dreadnoughts with battleships of the new type seemed to be out of the question. The cost of construction had risen enormously — from \$15,000,000 per ship in 1914 to \$35,000,000 in 1921 — and her finances were in no condition to stand a new burden of this magnitude. Still, the sentiment of the British people was altogether opposed to the surrender of that supremacy at sea which they had grown to regard as their inalienable heritage. Exhausted by the war and its sacrifices, and staggering under a colossal load of debt, they were as yet unprepared to see the trident pass out of their hands. It is the writer's belief that if naval limitation had failed to materialize Great Britain would have contrived sooner or

later to recover her former lead. It would have required a superhuman effort of many years; but that she would have accomplished it in the end, few who know her history will be inclined to doubt.

II

In the United States a perceptible reaction was setting in against prodigal expenditure on naval armament. By the beginning of 1921 popular enthusiasm for the great shipbuilding programme was on the wane. Owing to inadequate appropriations by Congress, most of the ships were in a backward state of construction, and it began to seem doubtful whether all of them would be completed. In the Navy itself influential voices were heard protesting against this lavish outlay on vessels which new methods of attack might soon render obsolete, if they had not already done so. Admiral W. S. Sims, U. S. N., whose wide experience naturally lent great weight to his views, publicly declared the battleship to have outlived its utility. This was the situation when President Harding went to the White House. But to cancel, or even to curtail, a naval programme on which large sums of money had already been spent, without gaining a *quid pro quo* of some sort or another, would have been unstatesmanlike and wasteful. The President and his Secretary of State saw in this half-built fleet of dreadnoughts a potent instrument of diplomacy. The original motive had been to secure for the United States, if not absolute supremacy in naval strength, at any rate equality with Great Britain; and the country at large, for all its declining interest in the matter, would not have approved the complete abandonment of this policy.

But could not the same goal be reached by other and less expensive

means? President Harding and Mr. Hughes thought it could, nor did events belie their judgment. Fully apprised of the predicament in which Great Britain found herself, faced as she was with the alternative of taking secondary rank at sea or risking insolvency in an effort to build up a post-Jutland fleet, they had every reason to believe she would welcome with eagerness any rational proposals for stabilizing the balance of naval power as between herself and the United States. To this end the coöperation of Japan would be essential, but there again the outlook was decidedly promising. Thoughtful Japanese were aghast at the prodigious growth of their defense budget, which in 1921 was absorbing not far short of one half the entire revenue. Naval expenditure, in particular, was advancing by leaps and bounds, although the eight-eight programme was still in an early stage of development.¹ What it would ultimately cost to complete they trembled to think. Trade was depressed in consequence of the slump which had followed the great war-boom; popular discontent with the cost of living and heavy taxation was becoming articulate, and indispensable public services were being starved in order to release more money for battleships. To Japan, therefore, an arrangement which would have the effect of halving her naval budget without detriment to the relative standing of her fleet could not be other than highly agreeable.

No opposition was anticipated from France or Italy, though one is forced to admit that the authors of the limitation scheme did not make sufficient allowance for the former's maritime interests and proud traditions. On the whole, however, the international situation in

¹ Of the sixteen capital ships included in this programme, only six had been actually laid down by the summer of 1921.

1921 was such as to justify the most sanguine hopes respecting naval disarmament by mutual accord. None of the Great Powers wished to be drawn into a ruinous dreadnought competition; all were anxious to avoid fresh commitments after the orgy of spending provoked by the World War. In fine, the psychological moment had arrived, and American statesmen were prompt to seize it.

Now let us review as briefly as possible the very different situation which meets the eye to-day. While the building of capital ships has all but ceased, scores of other and smaller fighting craft are constructing in the world's shipyards. The United States, which three years since was leading the world in the production of combatant ships, has practically dropped out of the running. The great programme which constituted her trump card at the Washington parley is no more. Her place has been taken by Japan, who now has a larger quota of tonnage in hand than any other Power, though France is not far behind her. Great Britain has authorized the first batch of new cruisers designed to safeguard her sea routes, which must be kept open if she is to live. It may not be long before she is driven, by the steady expansion of the French submarine flotilla, to adopt a counter programme of the requisite dimensions. Italy, which claims parity of strength with France in the Mediterranean, has recently laid down her first fighting ships of post-war design. The way is thus prepared for a new era of competitive shipbuilding, less costly, perhaps, than when the dreadnought was the unit of power, but just as liable to engender international friction.

Japan is vigorously exploiting the opportunity with which a somewhat liberal interpretation of the Washington Treaty has provided her. The

eight-eight programme is supposed to have gone by the board; actually, as we shall see anon, an integral and very considerable section of it remains, and is being proceeded with. In the last two and a half years she has laid down more vessels of war than the United States, Great Britain, and Italy combined. Thanks to the *status quo* agreement concerning Pacific naval bases, the political reaction of this Japanese activity is, so far, much less serious than it would otherwise have been. The American public, appreciating the vastness of the Pacific, does not as yet see cause for alarm in the imposing fleet of cruisers and submarines which Japan is building up. This process, however, is watched with less equanimity in Australia and New Zealand, where Japan is always regarded as a potential aggressor, and where a vigilant watch is kept on the growth of her navy. It was mainly in deference to the wishes of these Dominions that the late British Government undertook to develop Singapore as a major naval base. Already the repudiation of this scheme by the Labor Government has caused Australia to look to her own defense by ordering two big cruisers for the Commonwealth fleet. Nor is the new British cruiser programme unconnected with Japanese building activity. We seem, in fact, to be reverting to that pre-war condition of affairs in which the laying-down of a new warship by one Power automatically led to the building of another warship by a neighboring State. Compared with the old dreadnought rivalry, this new competition has begun on a modest scale; but the suggestive fact is that it *has* begun, and experience warns us to be prepared at any moment for a sudden acceleration of tempo. If, therefore, the movement is to be checked before it has gathered weight and momentum, now is the time to act.

But one looks in vain for any of the favoring circumstances which heralded the first Conference. Between most of the Powers concerned political differences of varying degrees of gravity have intervened. For example, it would be idle to pretend that Anglo-French relations have not deteriorated since 1921. At Washington, in that year, France definitely refused all such proposals for the limitation of submarines as were acceptable to Great Britain, though at that time there was a friendlier feeling between them than exists to-day. Since then France has embarked on a submarine programme of considerable dimensions; moreover, it was made clear by official statements during the debates in Chamber and Senate which preceded ratification of the Five-Power Treaty that France, in her present mood, would be averse even to discussing any further scheme of naval limitation. Yet without French coöperation it would be utterly futile to stage another conference.

And what of Japan? Until lately her newspapers were not unsympathetic toward the idea of extending the Treaty to include auxiliary ships, though they invariably stressed the 'special strategical requirements' which impelled Japan to maintain a powerful establishment of such craft; and with one accord they scouted the American suggestion that the 5-5-3 ratio be applied to vessels other than battleships. This indicates that Japan would not easily be persuaded into cutting down her auxiliary programme, though this would have to be done before naval strength in the Pacific could be regulated according to the Washington ratio. And, above all, in her present mood of bitter resentment at the exclusion of her nationals from the United States, she can hardly be expected to welcome proposals which would have the effect of still further reducing her naval armament.

However desirable or expedient it may have been on other grounds, the brusque action of Congress has probably wrecked whatever chance there was of extending the principle of naval limitation, at least for the immediate future.

III

Finally, it is by no means certain that the United States and Great Britain are themselves in agreement with regard to the restriction of auxiliary tonnage. The original plan put forward by Mr. Hughes on November 12, 1921, aimed at reducing both navies to a common standard of strength. Absolute equality was demanded by the United States, in cruisers, submarines, and so forth, no less than in capital ships and airplane carriers. Would Great Britain have agreed to this if the matter had been pressed to a decision? She might have claimed, not without reason, that her unique dependence on sea communications entitled her to a higher ratio of cruiser tonnage than the United States, with its immense domestic resources, stood in need of. Unlike that country, Great Britain is not self-supporting in regard to foodstuffs and other essential commodities. If her seaborne trade were interrupted, even for a few weeks, her people would starve and her entire economic system break down. For her, therefore, the maintenance of open sea-routes is literally a question of life and death, and since the cruiser is the type of ship best adapted to the protection of those routes, it is more than doubtful whether she would, or could, accept a fifty-fifty ratio which would naturally be determined by the more limited requirements of the United States. At the same time we are assured by those in touch with official circles in Washington that the United States would agree to nothing less than parity with Great

Britain in cruisers as in all other types. If that be so it is difficult to see how a deadlock could be avoided at the very outset of a new conference. Nor should it be overlooked that serious differences of opinion on certain technical aspects of the existing Treaty are still outstanding. The proposal to renovate ships of the United States battle fleet has already led to representations by the British Government, which challenges America's right to increase the elevation of turret guns or convert coal-burning ships to oil-fuel, though American naval experts stoutly maintain that such changes would in no way contravene the letter or the spirit of the Treaty. This dispute, of which we are likely to hear more, is mentioned merely as a reminder that perfect unanimity between the two dominant Powers, which would be a condition precedent of success in a future Arms Conference, has yet to be achieved.

No doubt it is due to their appreciation of the considerations outlined above that President Coolidge and his advisers have not yet seen fit to act upon the suggestion of Congress with regard to the summoning of a new conference. On the previous occasion the chances of a successful outcome heavily outweighed the risks of miscarriage. Had it been otherwise the American Government, realizing as they must have done the serious consequences of failure, would hardly have taken the initiative. They could not have ignored the lesson of the abortive conferences at The Hague, each of which was followed by a substantial increase in the armaments of Europe. Just before the delegates assembled at Washington a leading London journal wrote: 'We have said all along, and we repeat now, that some definite agreement for the restriction of naval armaments must be arrived at before the assembly disperses. The very fact that

it has been convened is an admission that international rivalry in these armaments does exist. Failure to reach an agreement would, in all likelihood, intensify that rivalry, which might then become a grave menace to peace. The world's statesmen have taken a momentous step, which can only be justified by a successful issue.'

In so far as it halted competitive building in the most powerful warship types, and incidentally relieved a situation in the Pacific which contained elements of real danger, the first Conference was a signal success. On the other hand, it did nothing to improve relations between Britain and France. The unfortunate submarine dispute left an aftermath of bitterness which has never since been allayed. It may be that the formidable submarine programme on which France embarked so soon afterward would have been adopted in any event, though there are many who regard it as a direct sequel to the controversy at Washington. It is therefore devoutly to be hoped that before Mr. Ramsay MacDonald makes up his mind to call a second conference on armaments he will satisfy himself that the moment is well chosen, the political atmosphere favorable, and the prospect of success more than reasonably good. In no other sphere of foreign politics is hasty or ill-considered action more to be deprecated. Not by any means does it follow that, because Great Britain and the United States both desire to regulate the construction of auxiliary warships, all the other Powers are bound to fall into line. At this juncture of affairs it is necessary at all costs to avoid any line of action calculated to generate ill will between Great Britain and France. The latter is convinced that her interests were prejudiced by the proceedings at Washington three years ago; her attitude toward the

Five-Power Treaty is that of one who decides to make the best of a bad job. Her leading statesmen have declared repeatedly that they will not suffer her hands to be tied again in the matter of naval defense. If the most serious differences between French and British policy could be adjusted, if the German Reparations problem could be solved to the satisfaction of both parties, and if France received those guaranties for her future security by which she sets so much store — if all this could be accomplished she might then be inclined to lend a more sympathetic ear to proposals for mutual disarmament. But until these conditions are fulfilled it seems worse than futile to approach her on the subject. The almost inevitable result would be a fresh outburst of rage from those influential publicists who professed to see in the Five-Power Treaty a shameful betrayal of French interests and who all but succeeded in having it thrown out by the Chamber. Then would follow an agitation for stronger defenses at sea, culminating, perhaps, in a new programme of submarines and aircraft, the two French weapons of which Great Britain is most apprehensive. In face of such developments the Entente could not survive. A period of open antagonism might ensue, and Europe's last hope of pacification would vanish. Again, therefore, one must register a fervent hope that the British Labor Government's zeal for disarmament will not blind them to the dangers of precipitate action.

IV

As between the United States and Japan the issue is rather more simple. Apart from the immigration controversy there is not, for the time being, any acute political difference of opinion between Washington and Tokyo. The fact remains, however, that the trend

of Japanese naval policy in the post-Treaty period has aroused misgivings in the American mind. No one questions Japan's scrupulous observance of the letter of the compact. She undertook to scrap her battleship programme, and she has done so. She has also discarded the older ships which the Treaty required to be sacrificed, and she has discontinued the fortification of islands within the zone affected by Article 19 of the same agreement. What she has not done is to suspend the operation of her eight-eight programme so far as it relates to auxiliary naval craft. The result is that her force of such ships is expanding year by year, and the balance of power in the Pacific which the Treaty aimed to stabilize is thus turning steadily against the United States, whose fleet of auxiliary ships remains stationary.

The scope and significance of this Japanese auxiliary programme were discussed by the present writer in an article published in the *Atlantic* for February 1923. His purpose was not to disparage the fruits of the Washington Conference, but to show that Japanese action in continuing to build up a powerful fleet of secondary naval craft must eventually upset the ratios of international strength formulated by the Treaty. This article appears to have given offense in Japan, though the data it presented had been carefully checked, and the conclusions drawn therefrom were, in the writer's judgment, entirely justified by the premises. A detailed reply has since appeared in the *Far Eastern Review* from the pen of Rear-Admiral K. Nomura, a Japanese officer who was at one time attached to the Embassy in Washington and who served as personal aide to Admiral Baron Kato during the Conference. Describing the *Atlantic* article as 'the most potent because the most adroit of the several criticisms of the naval treaty

that have been offered,' he submits the following extract as a specimen of its supposedly tendentious character: 'To state the case in a sentence: Japan, by diverting to the construction of cruisers and submarines no small part of the energy she formerly expended on capital ships, will soon be in possession of a fleet of "auxiliary combatant" vessels superior in some respects to that of any other power. . . . Japan during the last five years has built or ordered no less than 23 light cruisers, as against a collective total of 16 for Great Britain and the United States.' Commenting on this, Admiral Nomura writes: 'The effect of this paragraph is to give a definitely erroneous impression. It is carefully worded, but seems deliberately designed to alarm where no alarm is necessary.'

That, of course, is no more than an expression of personal opinion by the Admiral. Since he does not attempt to dispute the figures mentioned in the statement, it is to be presumed that he accepts them as accurate. On his part he submits various tabular surveys of relative naval strength at given periods, one of which shows that Japan, by the end of 1927, will possess 28 cruisers of 171,055 tons, against 10 American cruisers of 75,000 tons, the ratios being 2.2 and 1 respectively. This position may be quite satisfactory to Japan, but the Admiral can hardly expect it to be viewed with equal complacency by the United States. He makes much of the circumstance that when the eight-eight programme of battleships was canceled, the complementary programme of light craft was also modified by deleting one cruiser, 13 destroyers, and 24 submarines, a total of 38 vessels. This seems at first sight a very drastic reduction, but what does it really amount to? We find that the canceling of these 38 vessels has involved a decrease of only 13,395 tons in the

original programme, equivalent to the displacement of two small cruisers. Such is the limited extent to which Japan has reduced an auxiliary fleet that was designed, in the first instance, to serve all the needs of a great battleship force. Since fourteen of the projected battleships were afterward dropped in deference to the Treaty, the tactical necessity for so large a number of ancillary craft ceased to operate, yet Japan has nevertheless continued building them up to within 13,395 tons of the original standard of strength, which postulated an aggregate displacement of 130,000. The net reduction is therefore only about ten per cent.

This disparity between the number of ships canceled and the diminution of tonnage is explained by the fact that all the surviving craft, from cruisers to submarines, have been redesigned on the basis of larger dimensions and greater fighting power. With regard to cruisers and destroyers, though the total number was reduced by 14, the sum of displacement was actually increased by 144 tons. In other words 32 ships of 102,000 tons are now building or on order, in place of the 46 ships of 101,856 tons projected before the Conference. Admiral Nomura seems to have overlooked the damaging significance of his own figures! So far from disproving the case presented in the *Atlantic* article, they confirm and strengthen it. Only in respect of submarines has any positive reduction been made in Japanese naval shipbuilding since the Treaty. Here we find a substantial cut in the programme, from which 24 boats of 13,539 tons have disappeared. The surviving 22 will all be of large design, and their completion four years hence will bring the Japanese underwater flotilla up to 69 units — ocean-going boats without exception, and all less than ten years old from date of completion. Numeri-

cally, and still more in the size and power of individual boats, this Japanese fleet of submarines will have no rival. Moreover, about thirty of the boats comprising it will date from the post-Treaty period. In view of Admiral Nomura's contention that Japan has strictly adhered to the spirit of the Treaty—which was framed to promote limitation of naval armaments and, above all, to discourage the construction of new fighting ships—the following table is instructive. It shows the number of auxiliary vessels of each type which the three leading Powers have begun and authorized since the Treaty was signed in February 1922:—

	UNITED STATES	BRITISH EMPIRE	JAPAN
Cruisers	0 ¹	8 ²	11
Destroyers	0	2	32
Submarines	3 ³	1	30
	3	11	73

Confronted with these arresting figures, the apologists for Japan will find it difficult to sustain their argument as to her loyal observance of the spirit of the Treaty.

In the *Atlantic* paper referred to, mention was made of the haste with which the fortification of the Bonin

¹ Eight U. S. cruisers are projected but not yet authorized.

² Includes five ships authorized by the British Government, two ships by the Australian Government, and one cruiser-minelayer begun in 1922.

³ One or more of these U. S. submarines may have been commenced previous to the Treaty.

Islands was pushed on by Japan as soon as she knew the Washington Conference to be impending, her object being to put herself in a favorable position strategically before the negotiations began. Admiral Nomura denounces this statement as 'diametrically opposed to actual facts' and as 'a canard pure and simple.' But the information on which it was founded came from the Japanese press, which appears to have made no secret of the matter. Several of its newspapers published an account—reproduced in the *Japan Chronicle*—of festivities which were held at the Bonins in December 1921, to celebrate the completion of the fortifications there. Seeing that the Washington Conference was in session at this time, and that when the fortification plan was first adopted it was scheduled for completion by the end of 1922, it was a justifiable inference that the work had been expedited in order to strengthen Japan's hands at the Conference. Such, at least, was the conclusion reached by newspapers in that country. Admiral Nomura suggests that the writer's views 'are instrumental in provoking distrust of Japan, if not actually intended to do so.' The obvious retort is that nations, like individuals, are to be judged by their actions rather than by their words. The actions of Japan since the Washington Conference form a striking contrast to the lofty language in which her statesmen profess their devotion to peace and disarmament.

THE CHIMERA OF MONOPOLY

BY AMBROSE PARÉ WINSTON

'THROUGH control of government, monopoly has steadily extended its absolute dominion to every basic industry. In violation of law, monopoly has crushed competition, stifled private initiative and independent enterprise, and without fear of punishment now exacts extortionate profits upon every necessity of life consumed by the public.' — ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

'We oppose the artificial supports of privilege and monopoly because they are both unjust and uneconomic.' — CALVIN COOLIDGE

'We offer . . . a belief . . . in the suppression of private monopoly as a thing indefensible and intolerable.' — JOHN W. DAVIS

I

IN the great sea-fight at Actium when the combined fleets of Mark Antony and Cleopatra contended for the empire with the forces of Octavian, Antony's ship, it is said, unaccountably slackened speed and then, in defiance of the wind in its spreading sails, in defiance of hundreds of slaves bending to their oars, stood still. A diver, examining the hull, brought up a little fish of a variety which, according to general belief at that time, by attaching itself to a hull could hold the largest ship motionless on the water. Even to this day, in fact, it is a well-known species with a remnant of its ancient fame still perpetuated in the dictionaries by the name of *remora* (delayer) and in the zoölogies by the specific name of *naucratus* or conqueror of ships. This belief was not confined to the ignorant populace; it was entertained by the best intellects of that time, by Lucan in his *Pharsalia* and by Pliny the Elder, himself commander of a fleet as well as the most noted observer of animal life in the whole his-

tory of ancient Rome: 'What is more violent than the sea and the winds? What greater work of art than a ship? Yet one little fish can hold back all their fury and can hold back all these when they all strain the same way. The winds may blow, the waves may rage, but this small creature controls their fury and stops a vessel when chains and anchors would not hold her, and that it does, not by hard labor, but merely by adhering to her.'

A fable, so out of keeping with modern thought that no one would now believe it, found at that time no one to deny it, because in that age there was a universal failure to understand that physical energy is quantitative and measurable — that the great force of a large body is not to be controlled by a little thing and feeble, 'merely by adhering to' it. In contemplating the physical universe we have made appreciable advance, but it is possible that after some centuries the record of our thinking on social phenomena will be treated by the historian of science in

the same chapter as Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*.

For a series of years ending in 1917 the powers of the American government — legislative, executive, and judicial — were exerted toward destroying a reputed agency of oppression, a plunderer of the people, which had its seat in the town of Elgin, Illinois, west of Chicago, and which was said to reach out its strangling tentacles to the extremities of the nation. That town had years before been the centre of trade in dairy products for the rich farming-country round about; an organized market in butter had grown up there and become widely famous and its quotation of prices was recognized in all the butter markets of the nation. In time it quite lost importance as a butter market but still continued to be, even more than most markets for farm products, an object of denunciation on the ground that its Butter Board 'fixed the price of butter.' Congressmen, farm papers, and miscellaneous editors thundered to right and to left of it. It gave occupation to Federal Grand Juries and, in April 27, 1914, a decree of the United States District Court in Chicago condemned the officers and members of the Elgin Board of Trade on the ground that they 'heretofore formed, and at the time of the filing of the petition were parties to, a combination and conspiracy to restrain interstate trade and commerce.' The officers and members of the Board were accordingly forbidden to engage in the said conspiracy by fixing and publishing prices, unless these prices grew out of bona fide sales of butter.

In 1917, at the request of the Food Administration, the Elgin Board ceased operations. If we explore the depths to find out what manner of organization this is that fixes the prices of a commodity so widely bought and sold,

what do we find? An Assistant United States District Attorney, who went out from Chicago and recommended that it be closed, described its operations. From January 6 to June 16, 1917, it met once a week with average attendance of four traders and average sales of 51 tubs of butter. From the first of August to the first of November all the sales, with two exceptions, were made by a man named Moles and a man named Christian. For example, August 4, Christian sold Moles 25 tubs at 38½ cents. August 11, Christian sold Moles 50 tubs at 40 cents. August 25, Christian bid 41 cents for 100 tubs, no offers and no sales. September 1, no sales. For years Elgin had ceased to be a butter market of importance; the meetings and the publication of prices seem to have been continued because some people in the neighboring territory, and also from Baltimore south, preferred the quotations from force of habit. The committee was substantially a statistical board to furnish information as to market conditions. As a source of information it was unsatisfactory and might have been misleading, but its suppression was explained and justified on other grounds. The Board was prosecuted, not for fraud, not, for example, on a charge of using the mails to defraud, but for exercising, or at least threatening, a dominant influence over prices to the injury of the consuming public.

The *New York Times* — an organ not inferior in intelligence to the average citizen — announced in a telegram from a Chicago correspondent that this formidable agency 'practically fixed the price of butter for the United States.' That is to say, the great currents of trade in that commodity, as it moved to the central markets and out again to the consumers, urged on by the imperious necessity of the producers to sell, drawn by the desire of

the consumer to buy — thousands of pounds, millions of pounds (more than 300,000,000 a year coming to the neighboring market of Chicago alone) — were set at defiance by this puny survival of an abandoned market, as the little fish baffled the struggles of Antony's rowers and the winds of the Ionian Sea. Like our forefathers in their thinking on physics, we in our sociology fail to understand that forces in society are quantitative and measurable — that the small forces do not prevail over the great. Pliny says that when a remora stopped the ship of the Emperor Caligula and was brought upon deck it was only a little fish, 'it had no great power.' (It was only Moles selling his weekly 50 tubs to Christian.) The pathetic Elgin Board case is, of course, extreme (the anti-trust agitation is directed in many instances against groups not so clearly inferior to the great movements of commercial activity which surround them), but it is instructive precisely because it is extreme. The extreme case is needed to measure the present-day credulity as to combinations and their power over prices. Deep waters require a long plummet.

It is impossible to review here the whole subject of 'Trusts.' What follows is meant to apply only to the cases mentioned — namely, the 'Beef Trust,' the Standard Oil group, and the Railways of the United States. These have been the chief objects of attack in the antitrust agitation and legislation of the last few decades. It seems logical, therefore, to meet the prevailing public opinion on this matter on the ground which public opinion has chosen.

II

The opinion has come to prevail almost universally that the growth of large-scale industry within a half-cen-

tury has marked the end of competition. Mr. and Mrs. Webb in their book on the *Decay of Capitalist Civilization* (dealing with the United States as well as England) have attributed the downfall of capitalism to a replacement of the competitive régime by monopoly. Mr. Eliot Jones in his *Trust Problem in the United States* concludes that it is impossible to 'restore competition.' This understanding of recent industrial history arises from a misinterpretation of one set of facts and an entire oversight of another group of processes which have given to the industrial activity of our day an intensity of competition unknown to any earlier generation.

First, it should be understood that increased size in manufacturing organization is not the same thing as monopoly. The increase in size has resulted chiefly from improvements in transportation. When, one hundred years ago, it cost \$249 to send a ton of iron from Philadelphia to Erie, the market for iron from any producing centre was limited to a small radius. When a ton of iron can be sent from Pittsburgh to Vancouver for \$18 the marketing radius is wide. The industrial unit was necessarily small when the market was narrow; it is large in an extensive marketing area. The change in size of factories and size of marketing areas does not mean a change in the number of producers within reach of the buyer. The twentieth-century consumer buys from a large factory selling across half a continent; his nineteenth-century ancestor bought from a little shop or mill which sent its products across half a county.

In the small gristmill a family had few mills to choose from and paid the same price (or toll) to everyone. The millers could readily agree on prices without interference by officers of the

law. In my Illinois village we were confronted when we bought meat, not by a beef trust, but by an entire consolidation of the beef industry in one person, namely, Joe C. We bought our beef from him or went without. Later Charley D. came in — we dealt not with a Big Five and two hundred independents described in the Federal Trade Commission report, but with a Big Two. The rich man of the region in a neighboring town had his meat sent in from a distance. This doubled the cost. With that one exception and occasional purchases in the winter of frozen beef from farmers by the 'quarter,' not one family in that region ever found relief from the power of our Beef Trust.

Not only has the substitution of large for small producing units resulted in no weakening of competition; more than that, it is an obvious deduction, from facts known to all observers, even from the hackneyed commonplaces of recent industrial history, that, with and because of the growth of capitalism, competition has in our day become intense and swift and sure beyond all previous human experience.

What do we mean by competition? We ought to mean the ready movement of the factors of production — labor or productive instruments — toward those employments in which prices are exceptionally high and profits large. That is, competition is substantially 'mobility.' Two things are necessary for this mobility: (a) knowledge, among persons outside of the high-priced employment, that it is profitable; (b) the possibility of increasing the use of capital and productive energy in employments whose superior attractiveness has become known. In both respects the tendency of recent industrial evolution has been toward making competition more prompt.

An even more striking factor in the

situation before us is the fluidity, the mobility of productive forces, now that the craftsman has given way to the machine as the dominant factor in production. The skilled workman, having learned his trade, was immobile; he could not invade another craft and he had little fear of an invasion of his own field by unskilled men or by men of acquired ability unlike his own. Tasks like those which formerly required muscular strength and skill gained through long apprenticeship are now performed in a large and increasing percentage of cases by men of little strength and brief training.

In automobile-making 43 per cent of all jobs, we are told, can be learned in one day; 36 per cent more, in not more than a week; only one per cent require more than a year. The factory worker shifts frequently from one employment to another employment and back again. The replacement of the skilled workman by the unskilled laborer and the machine is shown strikingly in the steel industry. 'Steel is not made with hands. Man does little more than touch levers while the balance is done by steam and electricity.' 'In a mill rolling 3000 tons of rails a day not a dozen men are seen on the mill floor.' In these last years the steel mills have needed additional laborers; they have drawn on the Mexicans of the Southwest and the Negroes of the South. The cotton-field laborer may almost at once be set to work in a steel mill. The decline in power of unions in the steel industry is a result and an evidence of the waning importance of manual skill. 'For the past thirty years they have suffered an unbroken series of defeats.'

If labor is readily diverted from one employment to another by the allurements of profits, the other great factor in production is equally fluid. New capital — the current accumulation of

surplus income — is unspecialized industrial protoplasm quickly turning in any direction, attracted by the hope of profit, creating new competing products with a promptness and certainty unknown in the age of handicraft.

The owners of investment capital and their advisers are looking incessantly for the most profitable opportunities for its employment. The earnings from oil, from steel, from the packing industry, from automobiles, from sugar, from commerce and shipping, flow into steel or automobiles or oil, or whatever gives greatest promise of high earnings. In the production of the chief staples, every sort of productive agency — labor, no longer specialized as in the past but adaptable to any use, and material of every kind — is at the disposal of any group of persons possessing the requisite number of dollars.

The matter is comparative, and in comparison of past and present we can say only that in the more general knowledge to-day of the relative attractiveness of business opportunities, in the increasing readiness with which unspecialized labor and unspecialized material for plant and equipment can be turned with brief preparation, the consumer finds a tolerably secure defense against high prices due to restricted supply.

It must be understood that competitive influences or processes are many. There is competition of the obvious sort between rival companies; there is the influence of 'potential competition,' caution in raising prices for fear of calling new rivals into the field (thus Miss Tarbell showed how, when prices of oil increased, the production of oil from shale increased and new wells were opened so that Mr. Rockefeller and his associates found that 'making oil very dear does not pay'). There are other forms of competition, or processes having the same

effect as competition, in both railway transportation and manufactures, which have generally been slighted or overlooked. One of these neglected forms of competition is what might be called the motive of the empty car. If all railway property in the United States were united under one owner, it would still be necessary for that magnate to place a limit on charges in order to attract business, and thus to employ more fully his trackage and his rolling stock, as more than half the expense of railway operation continues even when traffic and revenue are next to nothing. The same principle applies to manufactures: running at half capacity is ruinous.

Another sort of competition is competition between one commodity and another for the purchasing power of the public. The fact that unlike commodities compete has been recognized in the case of the liquor traffic; the grocer has been biased in favor of Prohibition by his own interest in destroying a rival. The same sort of competition is well known in other cases without being called competition. For example, an association of onion-raisers in the Rio Grande Valley some years ago developed a market for their products in Kansas City by inducing the grocers there to lower the price of onions at retail, causing an increased demand for onions by a process of competition with the whole range of foods known to Kansas City housekeepers.

The development of a market for any commodity by joint action of producers of that commodity (as in the case of California fruits) through distributing samples, advertising, demonstrations to teach the public its uses and advantages, is inter-commodity competition. It is quite reasonable to believe that, if production of each commodity came to be consolidated in one

company, the competition of the several groups for the patronage of the purchasing public would be as intense and as effective an influence toward moderate prices in every line as any imaginable competition between rival producers of the same kinds of articles.

The opinion has been generally accepted by writers, legislators, and judges that the railway business is singularly noncompetitive. With all deference, I believe that competition is in that field singularly powerful. All students of railways do indeed recognize the influence of railway competition, not merely in the simple and obvious effort of adjacent lines to take business from each other, but in the case of lines far apart. Whenever two railways, however remote, carry products from competing producers those lines of rail are competitors. Thus the railways of British India and the railways from the wheat fields of Dakota to the port of New York are competitors in carrying wheat for the Liverpool market. The same process is more evident within the country; for example, the shoe manufacturers in St. Louis and the railways which serve them compete for the market of the south (Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee) with the New England shoe factories and railways.

This fact can hardly be stated with too broad an application. Practically all articles carried by American railways enter into a world-wide market where farmers, manufacturers, miners, and carriers of all regions and all nations compete. A combination to put an end to competition must therefore be world-wide; there is no such combination. The corner grocery is not more clearly competitive than the railway, even though the competition process is not identical in the two cases.

III

An observation of the industrial organizations which this course of development has created brings everywhere to view the universal prevalence of competition which the growing fluidity of industrial agencies and instrumentalities would lead one to anticipate. To find evidence that competition survives and increases, one need only examine the rather abundant publications, official and unofficial, which have been designed to show that competition has been 'crushed.' One might, for example, reasonably expect that a work like the Federal Trade Commission's report on the Meat Industry, recommending (and in fact leading to) drastic legislation for the remedy of monopoly, would exhibit something which might possibly be called 'monopoly' by a rational person within reach of a dictionary. The commission received replies to its inquiries from 225 slaughtering interests engaged in interstate trade, besides 1132 wholesale slaughterers doing business within their respective states — in addition to the purely retail slaughterers scattered nearly everywhere over the country. *That* is 'monopoly.' Likewise the report of the Senate subcommittee in 1923 on the 'High Cost of Gasoline and Other Petroleum Products' mentions (in addition to the seventeen companies with their thirty-eight refineries of the Standard group) a further list of twenty-eight independent companies operating fifty-seven refineries, and (yet further) a number, not specified, of small refineries. That state of things can be classified as 'monopoly' only by a use of the word (unhappily the prevailing use) so indefinite as to have no real significance. These publications not only show a multitude of competitors, but they fail to show (even when in general terms

they allege) the high profits which the word monopoly implies.

In the meat industry during the pre-war years 1910 to 1913, Armour's profits ranged from 3.4 per cent to 9.3 per cent; Swift's, 7.4 to 9.6; Morris's 4.1 to 7; Cudahy's 2.4 to 8; Wilson's, so far as reported, were 6.5 per cent. The reader is invited to decide for himself whether there is evidence in these figures of monopolistic extortion which the Federal Trade Commission represents (I am not exaggerating) as a peril of the first magnitude not only to the people of the United States but to the entire human race.

In the war years profits increased, as appears in the following table showing the percentage of gain for the monopolists and for sixty-five competitors of the monopolists.

	BIG FIVE (average)	65 'INDEPENDENT' COMPANIES (average)
1914	8.3	12.6
1915	12.8	13.1
1916	18.5	22.1
Average — 3 years	13.5	16.3

Why become a monopolist, when it is more profitable to be an 'independent'?

In 1921 the Big Five endured a general loss; Armour's deficit was reported at \$31,000,000; Wilson's at \$8,462,000 — five or six times the total profits of the Wilson Company for the year 1920. The Wilson organization is now (August 1924) in the hands of receivers, and a suit to have the company declared bankrupt has been brought by creditors who, departing from the complaint of the Commission that the company has the consumer's purse at its mercy, allege that it cannot extort enough of the consumer's wealth to pay its debts.

According to the brief of the Government in the suit to dissolve the Standard Oil Company, that organization in 1906 earned 24.6 per cent on

its invested capital, about the same rate for the preceding ten years, and 20 per cent in the yet earlier period as far back as 1882.

A subcommittee of the U. S. Senate Committee on Manufactures, under the chairmanship of Mr. La Follette, more than a year ago issued a report on the 'High Cost of Gasoline and Other Petroleum Products' offering the general conclusion that earnings had been exorbitant, as shown especially by the increase in the value of the stock of the various Standard Oil Companies from the time of dissolution of the combination in 1911 to 1923. Thus a share of the Standard of Indiana is represented as increasing in value from \$2520 in 1911 to \$39,000 in 1923 — more than a fifteenfold increase. The method of making this calculation was crudely — but as a means of arousing public indignations, effectively — fallacious. The \$2520 (1911) was a book value; the \$39,000 (1923) was a market value. The book value in 1911 of a company which had been exceedingly prosperous for more than a score of years would probably be much less than its market value. The shares were not on the market in 1911, being all owned by the holding company; but after the dissolution they were again sold independently and November 26, 1912, the 30 shares into which each original share had been divided were valued in the New York stock market at about \$325, making for the 30 shares \$9750 instead of the Committee's \$2520. The increase to \$39,000 is not in the ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, but a fourfold increase — not a phenomenal growth if we remember the possibilities of compound interest, and realize also the exceptional conditions attending the oil business during that period, which made large profits comparatively easy without any sort of monopoly power.

If the company had each year added about 15 per cent to its assets by re-investing part of its earnings, and if the conditions of the market permitted this continued expansion, the value of the property might be supposed to increase about fourfold in the decade. As the company did in fact add to reserve in this period about twice what it paid in dividends, this quadrupling in value of the property would imply earnings of no more than about 15 per cent plus 7 or 8 per cent — total 22 or 23 per cent. If we consider the circumstances of that time, the continued growth in demand for petroleum products, especially with added impetus of the war, one need not be surprised at earnings of such a per cent on investment for one of the chief beneficiaries of that demand.

Compare the financial history of this company with that of another chief beneficiary of the development in motor devices — the Ford organization (as given in the *New York Times*, May 5, 1923, quoting a statement to the Massachusetts Commissioner of Corporations): 1903, assets 'less than \$100,000' — 1923, assets \$536,851,939. Here is an increase in assets by more than 5368 times in twenty years. If the Indiana Standard Company quadrupled its value in ten years, the same rate of increase would have meant a sixteenfold increase in twenty years to Ford's 5368. Mr. Ford, who had in fact been reported as declaring that a fair market value of his business was a billion dollars, by this estimate appears to have surpassed the growth of the tortoise-like Standard, not in the ratio of 5368 to 16, but about 10,000 to 16, or 625 to 1.

The subject of railway earnings — including the whole matter of valuation — is too complicated for consideration here. The tentative valuation under the direction of the Interstate

Commerce Commission fixed the total at about \$18,000,000,000. The sum of capital stock and bonded debt of all the companies was reported at less than \$20,000,000,000. As the dividend and interest are clearly not high percentages of debt and share capital, there is no reason to complain of railway earnings if we accept the Commission's estimate as valid. This estimate has been frequently attacked — especially by Mr. La Follette, who was active in bringing about this work of valuation.

Dispute may be avoided by accepting an estimate which he himself has made. As governor of Wisconsin about twenty years ago he published a statement on the value of railways in his state, estimating the earnings of the Chicago and North Western, and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, on their property in Wisconsin, at about nine per cent in each case on the value of that property. He asserted that such a rate of earnings was excessive. It should have been noted, but was not, that the year in question, 1903, was a year of exceptional prosperity for the railways of the United States, including these two companies. There had been in fact, since about 1896 or 1897, a period of increasing prosperity in the railway business. The nine-per-cent estimate referred to two exceptionally well-managed and prosperous roads, and took no account of less prosperous years. The North Western, under Marvin Hughitt, had extended its tracks across prairies where the surveyor and the man with the shovel found no towns and no farms and the Company's financial management found for the time no revenue, trusting for recompense to industry and agriculture of the road's own creation. The railway business must be regarded as an oppressive monopoly, because, as the indictment is concretely stated by one of the chief complainants, nine per

cent was earned by two prosperous roads in an exceptionally prosperous year. At that time one could easily lend at six per cent on real-estate mortgages without the railway stockholder's risk of a decline in earnings in unprosperous years.

Among all lines of business, railways have in most countries been selected as a subject of exceptional control as having a singular power to exact from the public excessive payments. An examination of the financial history of railways in all parts of the world seems rather to indicate that there is in the railway business a singular inability to obtain for that service earnings equal to those frequently realized by other investments. This characteristic disability has been so clearly recognized that capitalists have, in many countries, refused to invest in what, by the monopoly-and-extortion theory, should be an opportunity to make easy money; so that governments have found it necessary to attract capital to this line of business by subventions and guaranties of interest — not only in new countries as those of Latin America, but in Belgium, Prussia, Switzerland, Italy, and France, where population is dense and traffic heavy, seemingly fit subjects for the profiteer.

In the South American supplement to the *London Times* of September 27, 1910, it was said that the São Paulo Railway in Brazil was the most prosperous railway in South America 'if not in the world.' This marvel of a railway, carrying about half the world's coffee, was paying dividends of 14 per cent. What other industry is there in which such a return on investment would be regarded as very exceptional or even a maximum?

The Prussian state railways have been regarded as among the most successful — perhaps the most successful — of European railways. In the four years

1910-13 their yield in excess of operating revenue over operating expenses ranged from a maximum of 7.20 per cent on the investment to a minimum of 6.39 per cent. After deducting from this miscellaneous railway expenditures and interest on the railway debt, there remained as a surplus for the public treasury 1.9 per cent (taking the four years together) on the capital invested. The French lines were well planned to avoid paralleling or wasteful construction, yet up to the end of 1908 the Government had spent in aid of private roads \$785,000,000. At the end of 1913, the purchase by the state of the Western Railway system, which according to the official promise was to cost the public nothing, 'had already cost the taxpayers 944,000,000 francs,' while according to the latest official figures the deficit on the state railways amounted to 345,000,000 francs (*London Economist*, January 3, 1914, p. 24).

In the first decade of this century the Italian railways showed an annual deficit. The Swiss railways from 1903 to 1912 showed varying deficits and small surpluses with an aggregate surplus of 13,700,000 francs (1.1 per cent of the price for which the state had purchased the roads). But no reserve fund had been accumulated as required by law, and the railway debt, instead of diminishing, had increased 40 per cent in ten years, amounting December 31, 1912, to 1,426,000,000 francs, though there had been substantially no extension of the lines, but only some improvements and double track. (*Revue Économique Internationale*, January 1914.) The railways of Belgium have been well planned and are well located amid a dense productive population. In their whole history up to 1910 — beginning as far back as 1846 — the government roads have yielded a total profit of 66,600,000 francs, amounting in the whole

long series of years to less than three per cent of the capitalization of the roads as given at about that time. (*Rev. Éc. Int.*, July 1914.) Spanish railway companies have commonly received subventions from the state. The State Railways of Austria have never yielded enough to pay charges on capital account; the public treasury in 1913 had to supply a deficit of about \$10,000,000 and somewhat larger amounts in preceding years. (*Rev. Éc. Int.* July 1914.) From 1908 to 1912 the Norwegian Railways yielded only about two per cent each year in excess of operating revenue over operating expenses — not all of which of course is available as interest on dividends. By that test (of net operating revenue) Finland, Bulgaria, Algiers, and Tunis, were as badly off as Norway; Sweden, Hungary, and Rumania were not much better off. (*British Statistical Abstract, Foreign Countries*, 1914.)

As the Lilliputians bound the sleeping Gulliver to the earth, with cords from ankle to queue, so public authority multiplies statutes and ordinances to restrain the too powerful giant, while many of the same statesmen, with a double load of anxiety, imperil their budgets in providing sustenance to save the same giant from dying of malnutrition. If the railway is 'affected with a public interest' because of an inherent tendency to monopoly and too great gains, one is justified in looking for more frequent instances of railways earning at least enough to make them independent of public charity.

It is ordinarily futile to consider whether a certain percentage of income on investment is normal, as no one can define a normal rate. In the instances before us profits have in no case been greater than those known to any person at all acquainted with such matters as not infrequently accruing

to successful companies. I can recall corporations engaged in business, unmistakably competitive, yielding 30, 60, or even 100 per cent. It seems fairly safe to say that — using indefinite terms with proper interpretation — wherever a man or a group has rapidly gained what would be regarded as 'a fortune' out of scant capital, the annual profits have been more than 25 per cent of assets. Mr. Roberts, of the National City Bank, in discussing the subject, refers to Senator Capper who began with invested savings and now owns 'two daily papers, six weeklies, three semimonthlies, and two monthlies, several of them of wide circulation and large earnings, with aggregate valuation of millions.' Mr. Kresge is still well under sixty and had engaged in various employments before beginning with \$8000 his business which in 1923 yielded profits of \$9,493,988.

The lines of business activity whose earnings the public seeks to limit are not these or the activity of the automobile millionaires, but the beef business with its humble earnings of 3.10 or 13 per cent offset by some huge deficits, the oil business with 25 per cent as an ordinary return, and the railway business which is so constituted as to be, in most of the world, a starveling. Of 10,000 corporations in the United States, with total earnings at an average for the three years 1911-12-13 of more than a half-billion dollars, there were 2571, each of which averaged for the three years from 20 per cent to 100 per cent or more. It would be easy to add much statistical evidence that the Standard Oil earnings, if about 25 per cent, were not very exceptional.

IV

The popular belief as to monopoly is open to objection for other reasons

less obvious but quite as convincing as any to be found in tables of investment and earnings; it implies a false conception of economic society, of the economic interdependence of men, and even in some fashion of man's place in the universe.

About eighty years ago there came to full recognition the idea that as matter has the measurable qualities of weight and extension, so the forces of inorganic nature — as heat, light, and motion — are measurable and indestructible; that when one form of force is converted into another, the cause is equal to the effect. The same principle seems applicable (with great caution and modification) to social forces. This at least is intelligible and obvious: that in the processes of economic life forces may in some instances be measured against each other, and those clearly small by comparison cannot prevail over those clearly greater. This fact is very commonly disregarded. The Elgin Butter Board case is an example.

Here is another: the Federal Trade Commission, in its report on the Meat Industry, alleges that the Big Packers are engaged in a conspiracy, not merely to plunder users of meat, but, since they deal in other foods (dairy products, poultry and eggs, groceries) and since these operations extend to other countries (I quote the Commission's italics from Pt. I, p. 68), '*to monopolize and divide among the several interests the distribution of the food supply not only of the United States but of all countries which produce a food surplus, and as a result of this monopolistic position . . . to extort excessive profits from the people not only of the United States but of a large part of the world.*' They ring the changes on this idea of monopoly and conspiracy. Fortunately they give a definite measure of the extent to which the five meat com-

panies have advanced toward holding the human race in their power by threat of starvation. I quote: 'Armour's drive into the rice market in a single year is perhaps the most striking instance of the potentialities in this direction.' The Commission might have added, but did not, that 16,000,000 pounds of rice is about $\frac{2}{3}$ of one per cent of the rice crop of the United States, about $\frac{1}{150}$ of the international rice trade. But not all the rice was held at one time; the effect on prices must have been distributed. Moreover what was bought was also sold, and selling must tend to depress prices as much as holding raises them. In the estimation of the Commission, however, this transaction had a prodigious effect. At any rate they solemnly call attention at this point to a 65 per cent rise in the price of rice during the year in question (1917). In the seclusion of their offices the Commission had not heard that tillers of the soil by millions over almost half of the earth had been forced to abandon their fields and that most of the great nations of Europe and America were competing for the world's diminished stores of food with all the resources of all their treasuries, driven by the frenzy of hate and terror which is war; that in the merchant fleets of all nations, on the railways, the carts of Indian highways, the backs of men over trails on Chinese mountains, the staple foods were being drawn to the camps with a suction as irresistible as that which draws the waters of the Great Lakes over the precipice of Niagara. (There were people in Paris in 1793 who did not know that the monarchy had been overthrown.) The Commission had not even heard that the prices of most other commodities had risen.

The power of competition in the livestock and meat business is evident in any ordinary report of dealings in a

livestock market, notwithstanding the perpetual assertion that the 'Big Five' fix prices to the destruction of the cattle raisers. When receipts of livestock increase, prices go down; when receipts decline, prices go up. Prices have in turn an effect on receipts; high prices increase, low prices decrease shipments.

I take one such report at random — the *Weekly Livestock Review* of the U. S. Department of Agriculture for the week ending April 7, 1923. 'Cattle receipts increased during the week as a result of price advances during the previous week. On the initial day, however, when over 23,000 cattle were offered, much of the previous week's advance was lost, but during the latter days of the week receipts were moderate, demand fairly active, and daily price gains were made on all fat steers. . . . With a decrease of approximately 23,000 hogs for the week, trade was stimulated somewhat and all grades advanced 10 cents to 15 cents. In the face of liberal receipts, coupled with a slackened demand after Easter, fat lambs slumped for the week with the bulk of offerings declining 25 cents to 40 cents.' This is typical of such reports.

On reflection it must clearly appear that the forces which centre in any market for cattle or hogs are world-wide. The competing buyers of cattle in the United States are numbered, as the Trade Commission shows, by hundreds and thousands, while beyond our borders is the competition of yet more numerous thousands of purchasers throughout the whole list of nationalities on all continents. An attempt at lowering prices by holding off from the market would give great joy to the numerous pur-

chasers for export who are always present, comparing the possibilities of purchase here with possibilities of sale in the countless markets beyond seas. In Argentina alone there are half as many cattle as in the United States; in Australia there are one third as many; in Germany before the war two thirds as many; and so in France, England, and other countries of Europe and Asia. The number of cattle offered, the prices at which they are offered, the prices which consumers here or elsewhere will pay — all these factors have a fixity which no little group in Chicago or elsewhere can disregard.

In the days before the Great War, when the peasants of Russia had a good crop they bought Chinese tea, the Chinese demand for English cotton goods increased, and the English factory worker bought more beef. Rains on the Argentine pampas would lower the price of beef; a burst of flame on the surface of the sun scorching the pastures of Australia would raise the price. The economic interests and activities of all peoples, of all individuals in all nations, are so intertwined, the production, sale, and consumption of all commodities are so interrelated, that we may regard the whole process of supplying the economic needs of all mankind within the range of the world's trade as one great composite process, one complex of infinitely manifold efforts conditioned in part by factors directly human, but also conditioned by all the biological and physical factors which determine the economic fortunes of men. If the top price of steers on a certain day in Chicago is \$9.45 per hundred that is not a phenomenon of Chicago; it is a cosmic fact. A little fish cannot stop a man-of-war.

THE LAUSANNE TREATY

BY A STUDENT OF POLITICS

I

FOLLOWING close on the heels of our declaration of war against Germany came the rupture of diplomatic relations with Turkey. This move was made by the Ottoman Government, not by ours; an unprovoked act brought about solely through the close relationship then existing between Turkey and Germany. Turkey herself thus gave us our first good opening for a decisive hand in the settlement of the Near-Eastern question.

In 1917 we might well have countered Turkey's unfriendly act by a declaration of war against her. She had, some years before, repudiated all Capitulations (extraterritorial rights), including ours. She had outraged us by her wholesale massacres and deportations of her Armenian subjects. She was the avowed ally of Germany, and as such we might have declared war on her with at least as good grace as we later did against Austria-Hungary. Had we done so we should have conferred upon ourselves a voice in the settlement of the Near-Eastern question equal to that of England, France, or Italy. But we chose instead to ignore Turkey.

With equal firmness we held aloof from the Near East during the period of flux which followed the war. In 1919 and 1920 we were approached by our late Allies for assistance in the solution of their Turkish problems. But we concerned ourselves not at all with the radical changes which the Allies proposed

to effect in their peace settlement of Sèvres. After the Allied Conference at San Remo the question of an American mandate over Armenia was formally presented to our Congress — and formally and very decisively turned down. There was a certain amount of public sympathy among us for the remnants of the Armenian race. We were content to see our President named in the Treaty of Sèvres as arbitrator of the frontier between Turkey and Armenia. But we were not signatories of that Treaty, the President's delineation of a frontier did not in any way commit us, nor was our wrath aroused to action when Armenia later disappeared as a political entity. We congratulated ourselves on the fact that one of the by-products of our part in the winning of the World War had been the driving of the Turk out of Europe and the internationalization of the Straits. But we were quite content to stand aside and let the Allies handle the matter.

Then we stood by and watched the Allies blunder steadily and consistently through four years. We saw a new revitalized Nationalist Turkey rise under their noses and throw the Greeks into the sea. When but a few British soldiers stood between the victorious Turkish Army and Constantinople, we were amazed — but we did nothing about it. The blaze of Smyrna horrified us — but we stayed our hand.

Our complete and voluntary detachment from the Near-Eastern question

is a fact which I have put baldly, not by way of criticism, but simply in order to bring it out. It is essential to a true comprehension of the present situation that we recognize the deliberate and voluntary nature of our policy of standing aloof in the Near East. Whether that policy was deplorable or commendable is a question of opinion, not of fact. It was consistent with our traditions and defensible on the grounds of that consistency and on that of public opinion. It is also a debatable question whether, even had we chosen to throw ourselves into the Near East, we could have held the Allies together against the centrifugal force of their national aspirations. Could we have built up a stable system in which the rights of majorities, minorities, and of foreign Powers would have been respected, and in which the great waterways of the Straits would have been internationalized? It is certain we could not have done it unless we had maintained considerable armed forces five thousand miles from home, spent great sums of money, and run the risk of war. Who shall criticize us if we chose to maintain our policy of 'hands off' and to assume no political obligations whatsoever?

Yet there are many people in America who apparently do not accept the pivotal fact of our policy of detachment in the Near East, or at least not its logical implications. We have recently negotiated treaties at Lausanne which are in essence nothing but ordinary engagements of reciprocal amity, commerce, and extradition between ourselves and a government which we, in common with the rest of the world, recognize as sovereign, *de facto* and *de jure*, in its own land. These treaties fail to give us extraterritorial rights in Turkey or to guarantee, under our protection, the rights of any minority group of Turkish citizens. They give us neither more nor

less than similar treaties give England, France, or Italy. We chose the path of complete aloofness from the problems of the Near East, and it has brought us to exactly the same spot which our more ambitious friends have reached by devious paths of trial and humiliation. One would suppose that we have little cause for complaint.

II

On the fifth of May, 1923, when the Turks formally proposed to us the negotiation of a treaty of amity and commerce at Lausanne, an entirely new situation had arisen in the Near East.

There was, in the first place, a new Turkey. The old Ottoman Empire, an attenuated dominion over heterogeneous races, had given place to a compact and relatively homogeneous state. The autocracy of the Sultan had been succeeded by at least the forms of democracy. A government based on little sense of nationality or patriotism had been followed by one which had overcome its many enemies through the possession of those virtues. The Ottoman Empire had survived under a system of balance of foreign intrigue and influence in its internal affairs; Nationalist Turkey was in plain sight of complete sovereignty. Whether the new Turkey represented a reform and a zeal in nationalism which would prove to be lasting was another matter; but the fact of transformation could not be questioned. Nationalist Turkey then differed from the old Ottoman Empire at least as much as the United States after the adoption of the Constitution differed from the American Colonies before the Revolution.

Another factor of the greatest importance in the new situation was the complete change in the attitude of the Allies toward Turkey. The Great Powers had attempted to settle the Near-

Eastern question largely on a basis of partition into mandates and spheres of influence. But in June 1923, it was obvious that they were on the point of surrendering their capitulatory rights, withdrawing their forces, and recognizing the full sovereignty of Turkey (steps which they have since taken). We were faced with the prospect of a kind of detachment neither traditional with us nor to our liking — an anomalous position in which the protection of our interests in Turkey would be based neither on Treaty rights nor on diplomatic or consular representation, while Turkey's late enemies in the war and our commercial rivals in the Near East enjoyed all of these advantages.

Capitulatory rights in Turkey were obviously lost to us as well as to all other Powers, whether we negotiated or not. There was but one way in which extritoriality might be reestablished, and that was by war. We who had carefully refrained from taking part in the strong-arm policy by which the Capitulations had been maintained would certainly not go to war for them at a time when Europe was on the point of acknowledging their abolition. On the other hand it seemed highly probable that our citizens and interests in Turkey would need, in the period of readjustment following the capitulatory era, such protection as our diplomatic and consular officers might afford. We were somewhat skeptical of the reforms in Turkish administration and jurisprudence by which alone fair play to foreigners was to be secured. And it was obvious that we could give our people the usual or normal diplomatic and consular protection only through a treaty which recognized the new régime and our rights under it, and reestablished normal relations between ourselves and Turkey.

There was also another factor of considerable importance to us in the situa-

tion then existing: Turkey was not in the Bolshevik camp. Whatever we might think of the Angora Government, we were at least sure that it was not subservient to Moscow and not leagued with those who strove, by propaganda and corruption, to overthrow existing governments in the interests of world revolution and communism. In their desperate struggle to free their country from Greek invasion, the Nationalist Turks, cut off from all open aid from Europe, accepted munitions from Russia. But they refused to adopt even the forms of communism, and Bolshevik propaganda made no progress among them. When Ismet Pasha refused to follow Chicherin at Lausanne in December 1922, Turkey placed herself definitely outside of the Russian orbit.

The question over which Ismet broke with Chicherin at Lausanne was also significant. The Western Powers (as well as ourselves) wanted to secure the greatest possible freedom of passage through the Straits. After the war the plan had been to internationalize them and keep them open to all vessels at all times. When the Turks again came into power the West hoped to secure free passage for at least all vessels flying flags of nations not at war with Turkey. But Russia wanted the Turks to close the Straits to all foreign warships at all times. Much was to be said for this contention from the point of view of Turkish interests. But the Turks refused to support it.

III

Such was the situation on the first of June, 1923, when our Government finally consented to negotiate with the Turks at Lausanne. Whatever we may have thought of the men then in power in Turkey or of the Turks themselves, there was no denying that the Turkish State was a new entity in the world,

that it had won its sovereignty in open fight with foreign enemies, that it represented the will of the majority of its people, and that in form at least it followed our traditions of independence and democracy. In entering into ordinary treaty relations with Turkey we should be following our traditional policy with respect to new democracies, and at the same time we should establish a basis for the protection of our interests in Turkey during a critical period of reformation.

It has often been said that these were not our real motives, but that, on the contrary, we surrendered at Lausanne our capitulatory rights and the interest of Christian minorities in Turkey to obtain the Chester Concession. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In the first place our capitulatory rights were already lost beyond possibility of recovery save by war. We had obtained them almost a century before from the Imperial Ottoman Government, not by our own efforts, but by virtue of their having been secured by other Powers. In 1914 the Ottoman Government had repudiated them. It is true that we had refused to sanction that repudiation, but in 1923 the Capitulations were placed still further beyond our reach by the disappearance of the Ottoman Government and the succession of a new State not at all disposed to take up the extraterritorial handicaps of its predecessor.

Nor was the protection of Christian minorities in Turkey ours to hold or to surrender at will. We had deliberately avoided meddling in Turkish affairs in the interest of the Armenians or other Christian minorities. We had formally refused an offered mandate. Other Powers had assumed certain protectory rights over Christian minorities, with the net result of encouraging them to assert themselves and then leaving them in the lurch at the mercy of the

Turk. We had kept out of that sort of thing. We did not surrender a protectory position at Lausanne for the reason that we had no such position to surrender, even if we had chosen to do so.

As to the influence of the Chester Concession on our Lausanne treaties, the joke of it all is that the Concession was ratified by the Angora Assembly on April 10, 1923, nearly four weeks *before* the Turks proposed negotiations and over seven weeks *before* we definitely consented to negotiate!

The ratification of the Concession was not made in any way contingent on the scope of our negotiations or even on whether or not we negotiated. The Concession was granted by the Turkish Government for reasons of their own, the principal ones probably being that they believed it would be beneficial to the development of their country (as it would have been) and that it would exert a certain pressure on the European Powers with whom they were then negotiating peace (as it did).

The Chester project was an old one. As far back as 1910 it had been approved by the Turkish Minister of Public Works. After the rise of the new Turkish Government in Angora, ten years later, the Ottoman-American Development Company (the Chester people) entered into negotiations for its ratification by that Government. During all these years and right up to its final ratification in April 1923, the American Government took no steps to secure it, and lent the Development Company only such support as American citizens engaged in legitimate business were entitled to receive. In point of fact the unequivocal position of our Government in refusing to give special support to the Chester project beyond the Open Door Policy was a contributory cause of its failure to obtain the necessary financial backing in America.

So, when we consented to negotiate

treaties with the Turks at Lausanne, our hands were free. We were in no way influenced by an important railroad and mining concession which had already been obtained without the aid of the American Government. We were free of political obligations to any minority group in Turkey save our own citizens domiciled there. We sought protection for our legitimate interests in the only way, short of war, open to us — their definition in treaty form and the reestablishment, by treaty, of normal diplomatic and consular relations.

IV

On August 6, 1923, we signed two treaties with the Turks at Lausanne. The basis of both was reciprocity and the mutual granting of privileges accorded to the 'most favored nation.'

The first treaty, that of amity and commerce, reestablishes diplomatic relations, acknowledges the abrogation of the Capitulations, guarantees protection by the Turks of the lives, liberty, property, and business rights of Americans in Turkey, places in the hands of American tribunals all questions of personal status and family law affecting non-Moslem Americans in Turkey; provides for freedom of commerce and navigation, including freedom of the Straits under the 'most favored nation clause'; provides for a just levy of taxes and custom duties; reestablishes consular relations, defines their functions and privileges; and abrogates previous treaties between the two countries. It is, as Secretary Hughes has said, 'such a treaty as would be negotiated with any other sovereign State.'

The second treaty provides for the extradition of persons charged with crime. It differs in no essential from many other extradition treaties now in force between the United States and other foreign States.

On the same day that these two treaties were signed the American and Turkish delegates, by an exchange of notes, came to a partial agreement on two important points — the status of American benevolent institutions in Turkey and of American claims against Turkey. In the first case the Turks recognized those institutions which existed prior to October 30, 1914, and agreed to examine favorably those which had been established since that date. In the case of the American claims, it was agreed to discuss the question after a short interval, and it was actually discussed in Constantinople during the following November and December. This discussion led to a final decision in the form of an agreement for the establishment of a Claims Commission, composed of two Americans and two Turks, to meet six months after ratification of the Lausanne Treaties. The Commission is to have authority to examine all American claims against Turkey which are passed upon by our State Department.

To a certain extent the question of American benevolent institutions in Turkey is still an open one. It is a matter of adjustment which time alone can settle. The Turks oppose two courses of action — any attempt to convert Moslems to Christianity and any partiality shown the racial minorities, particularly the Greeks and Armenians. Now, our institutions are supported to some extent by money donated in the hope of converting Moslems. They are also under suspicion of partiality toward the racial minorities, largely because those minorities have taken more kindly to our schools and hospitals than have the Turks. It is perhaps in this matter more than in any other that adjustment will be most difficult and in which the Turks, as well as our own people, will be called on to show liberality and fair play.

Suppose for a moment that some non-Christian nation was very much richer than the United States and very much more advanced in civilization. Suppose its missionaries came to our country and here established schools and hospitals which offered our people advantages far beyond anything we could give them. Suppose these missionaries were actuated by a sincere desire to convert us to a religion which was shared by only small racial minorities in our country. Would there not be considerable friction between such foreigners and, say, the Ku Klux Klan?

There is another important question between the United States and Turkey. It hinges on divergent views on naturalization. It was not possible to settle it at Lausanne, even by the tentative method of exchange of notes employed in the case of our schools and hospitals.

In the old days of the Capitulations a foreigner in Turkey enjoyed many advantages over a Turkish subject. He was not called for military service, paid no direct taxes, and could not be tried by Turkish courts. He was protected in his commercial dealings by his consul — an official far more powerful than is a foreign consul in our country. Those were also the days of unrestricted immigration into the United States. The natural result was that many Turkish subjects, mostly Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, came to America. In a few years they went back to Turkey and lived there under the protection of our citizenship and the Capitulations.

The Ottoman Government countered by refusing to recognize foreign naturalization in the case of Ottoman subjects. This was a move well within the sovereign rights of Turkey and one which could not be challenged successfully save by force. It brought about a situation of dual nationality, and resulted in an impasse that has continued

to the present day. Recently there has been some indication that the present Turkish Government would recognize American naturalization provided we should recognize their right to exclude from Turkey American citizens of Turkish origin — a proviso which we are naturally unwilling to accept.

So the matter stands, a difficult question still, though much easier of solution now that we have practically closed our doors to Turkish immigration and the Capitulations are no more.

The situation is, then, this: — We have negotiated two treaties which are in the nature of fundamental bases for amical relations and for further negotiation and adjustment of differences. We have also established *modi vivendi* for the solution of the questions of our schools and hospitals in Turkey and of our monetary claims against Turkey. The question of naturalization is still outstanding, and it will undoubtedly be followed by other important questions arising in the future. Our decision to ratify or not to ratify the Lausanne Treaties really comes down to a decision as to whether we want to establish a basis of contact and from that point work toward complete agreement, or whether, on the other hand, we prefer to break relations altogether with the present Turkish Government, and begin again on a more favorable basis at some more favorable time. In this decision a very important consideration should be the record of the Turkish Government since the signature of the treaties in August of last year.

V

In considering this record there are two touchstones by which it should be tested — stability and fair play. A foreign government worthy of treaty relations with us should be able to convince us that it is reasonably stable and

that it means to play fair, at least so far as we are concerned.

It so happens that the past year in Turkey has seen phenomenal changes. In October 1923, the last of the Allied troops were withdrawn from Constantinople, Thrace, and the shores of the Dardanelles, and the whole zone came into the hands of the Turks. In that same month the National Assembly at Angora, at the instigation of Mustapha Kemal, voted in the 'Republic of Turkey,' a step which involved fundamental changes in the form of government. In March of this year the Caliphate was abolished. All members of the old imperial House of Osmanli were banished from the country. Church and State were completely separated. Church property was expropriated to the use of the State, the civil jurisdiction of religious courts was abolished, and practically the whole of the public-school system was transferred from religious to secular control. In April came the climax in political metamorphoses, the adoption of the new Constitution. This reorganized the whole fabric of government, and incidentally granted a limited form of woman suffrage. And throughout the year a vast exchange of populations was being effected, and brigandage, which had prospered exceedingly for several decades, was being effectively stamped out.

Had these startling changes not been imposed by a small group upon a people singularly subservient to authority, they would be even more remarkable. But there is no disguising the fact that the Republic of Turkey is an oligarchy. Popular elections have so far been only the form by which candidates chosen by the ruling group are instated in office. In the Constitutional debates the Assembly may have shown unexpected firmness in the defense of its rights and limited in some degree the powers of the President — that does not alter the

matter. The cavalier manner in which the Constitution was finally adopted (the half of it after only a few hours' debate) and the almost complete indifference to its provisions shown by the country at large clearly indicate that constitutional government in Turkey is not yet taken seriously, if indeed the meaning of it is understood.

Nevertheless, the record of Turkey for the past year, considered as a feat in political transformation, is almost without parallel. *And it was all done without the slightest internal disorder of any kind.* A Government which can 'get away with' such things without opposition from its people, even though they be by nature subservient, which can change its form of government, separate a hitherto inseparable Church and State, cast off the spiritual head of a great religion, and draw up and adopt a new Constitution, all within a twelve-month, certainly exhibits strength and, by inference at least, stability.

Whether the Turks will run their country into the ground, as many foreigners predict, is another matter. Financially they are having their difficulties, and they are going to have more of them. It is of course obvious that their administrative ability is by no means equal to their ambitions or to their nominal progress toward democracy. But it must always be remembered that Turkey is an agricultural State whose people are largely illiterate and content with very little. Administrative inefficiency which would set our people by the ears leaves the Turk cold. He asks only that his taxes and his military service be light, that he be protected from brigandage and from foreign spoliation, that he be let alone. And that is exactly what he is getting. Angora's feverish zeal for political transformation passes over his head almost unnoticed. An Englishman who knows the people well was

recently asked whether Mustapha Kemal is still popular among the Turkish peasants. 'I should not say popular,' he replied, 'but rather accepted and — forgotten.' Not at all a bad position, that, for an Oriental potentate!

In deciding whether or not we shall establish relations with a foreign government we often have to judge the stability of that government by existing facts, and not by the true test of time. Under present conditions we should have few treaties with foreign governments were we to insist on their stability being proved to the hilt. We believe that a democracy is more stable and in other ways preferable to an oligarchy rendering only lip service to popular government. But we also have to recognize that some people, not yet advanced beyond the forms of democracy, must perforce content themselves with autocratic rule. We have more than once established normal diplomatic relations with a new government which had won its sovereignty by success in arms over external enemies, and which was fortified by the moral force of that victory. We have made rather a point of doing this when the new government followed at least the forms of democracy, when it appeared to have the support of at least the majority of its people, and when it could not be charged with usurpation of power rightfully belonging to its own people or to us.

This is the case with Turkey of today. We cannot be sure that the Angora Government will endure. Like all revolutionary movements it is being run on unfamiliar lines by men of no great administrative experience. The times are unsettled and the future dim; but at least we are sure that there is now no open opposition among the Turks to their present government. Whatever secret opposition exists probably tends largely toward the reestablishment of the Sultanate. The record

of the Turkish Empire was not one which should incline us toward sympathy for that form of government.

To a large extent predictions of the early failure and dissolution of the Angora Government should be discounted because they come from foreigners who have lost their special privileges under the old régime and the Interallied occupation, and also from thousands of ex-subjects of Turkey now in America and Europe who are racially and fanatically opposed to the success of any Turkish Government.

On the head of stability, therefore, we have little reason to throw the Government at Angora out of court. Fair play is another matter. To some extent it is a question of what we should reasonably expect from a Government hardly beyond the revolutionary stage, from a State so very new in all its form and functions, from a country torn by eleven years of almost continual war, from a people who have long suffered from foreign spoliation, and who have recently been embittered to the point of intense chauvinism and xenophobia. However, American firms do continue to do business in Turkey, American institutions (at least the more important of them) do continue to function, and American citizens do travel all over the interior without let or hindrance.

Against this must be balanced the petty annoyances of governmental red tape and inefficiency, and the far more serious attitude assumed toward certain of our interests. The crux of the matter is that our delay in ratifying the Treaties of Lausanne has given us an opportunity of judging the vital issue of Turkish fair play. On the manner in which the Government at Angora has met and is meeting that issue should depend our decision to ratify or not to ratify the Treaties. But let us also show fair play, and not blind prejudice, in making that decision.

THE PROBLEM OF SELF-GOVERNMENT IN MEXICO

BY ROBERT GLASS CLELAND

I

'I SHOULD therefore suspend my congratulations on the new liberty of France,' wrote Edmund Burke in 1790, 'until I was informed how it had been combined with government, with public force, with the discipline and obedience of armies, with the collection of an effective and well-distributed revenue, with morality and religion, with solidity and property, with peace and order, with civil and social manners. All these things (in their way) are good things, too, and without them liberty is not a benefit while it lasts, and is not likely to continue long.'

The standards Burke here establishes for testing a nation's liberty commend themselves to the judgment and common sense of thoughtful men. Liberty is not liberty at all unless it conforms to these requirements; and a government, whatever name it bears, is of no benefit to a people if it does not perform those essential functions for which in the last analysis every government exists and upon which all organized society depends for its very life.

For over a hundred years, with a few brief exceptions, the liberty of the Mexican people has been a fictitious liberty, and the government of that country has failed to meet the tests either of a free government or a successful government. It has not maintained order, except at irregular and widely separated intervals. It has not afforded industry the security it re-

quires, nor protected labor against the evils of a violent and disorganized society. It has not been able to keep its treasury in funds or pay its debts or direct its revenues to the genuine upbuilding of its citizens. It has failed lamentably to educate its people or give them a decent standard of living or teach them the rudiments of health and sanitation. It has built almost no highways, developed almost none of the country's great resources, and allowed itself to become the economic vassal of other nations. It has frequently ignored its solemn treaty obligations, violated the established principles of international law, and invited the intervention of other nations because of its utter helplessness in the face of domestic turmoil and confusion.

This indictment of self-government in Mexico is not born of hostility or prejudice, but of that same impartial desire to arrive at the truth which leads a physician to record a patient's symptoms, no matter how serious they may be, when he attempts to diagnose the disease from which the patient suffers. And if my criticisms of Mexican liberty and of the Mexican government appear to be harsh or exaggerated, I can only plead that they are no harsher nor more exaggerated than the facts of Mexican history themselves. Let us see if this statement is not correct.

Mexico became independent of Spain

in the year 1821. From that date to 1876, when Porfirio Diaz first came into power, the nation enjoyed the rule of two regencies, two emperors, sundry dictators, nearly twenty provisional presidents, twenty-three regular presidents, and one or two extraconstitutional bodies known by various names. Altogether, in the course of these first fifty-five years of independence, the government thus changed hands on an average of at least once a year (or perhaps a little oftener) and almost never were these changes accomplished without bloodshed or in accordance with the methods prescribed by the Mexican Constitution.

Under such conditions it is obvious that the government of the country could not perform even the simplest of its duties toward its citizens, and that the liberty which had been won from Spain was in no way combined with 'solidity and property, with peace and order,' or with any other of the virtues that make for a nation's progress and enlightenment.

The rule of Diaz began in 1876 and with the exception of a four-year interval, from 1880 to 1884, extended to 1911. In all the history of Mexican independence this is the only period in which the country has enjoyed as much as five years of continuous tranquillity and peace. This relief from political confusion and the turmoil of revolution enabled Mexico not only to make surprising progress along economic lines but also to reestablish her international position and to some degree to improve the condition of the common people.

But the government of Diaz, though an efficient and successful government, possessed two fatal elements of weakness. It was neither a free government nor a constitutional government, and it had no power to pass its virtues on to a successor. Here lies one of the

features of Mexican politics which needs to be clearly pointed out. Many people, both foreigners and native-born, who have despaired of self-government in Mexico, propose as a sort of guaranteed alternative to the nominal democracy now in effect the restoration of a benevolent despotism, such as Diaz established and so long maintained. But in addition to all the theoretical objections that might be offered to this plan, there is a practical difficulty which renders its operation quite impossible. This difficulty is to find the man of sufficient capacity and strength to establish and maintain the proposed despotism. Virtually every president before Diaz, as well as after him, has attempted to do the very thing he did — that is, to make himself absolute master of the government; but none as yet has had any long-continued success in this attempt.

The explanation of the single generation of peace which Mexico has known in the last hundred years lies, then, not in the type of government Diaz established, for this was already old when he came into power, nor in the methods he adopted, though these were eminently practical and efficient, but in the personality, genius, and consummate ability of the man himself. Thus those who advocate the establishment of a dictatorship in Mexico, modeled after that of Diaz, as a solution of the nation's political perplexities, are advocating a delusive and visionary plan unless they can discover somewhere a leader comparable to Diaz in ability and statesmanship, and also can devise some method by which this man can pass his government on to a successor of no less ability than himself. But when in the past, with the possible exception of Benito Juarez, has Mexico brought forth a man like Diaz, and when will she again produce his equal?

But to return from this digression. Few will dispute the weakness and futility of the Mexican government before the time of Diaz or deny the absolute nature of the latter's rule. But many (on the first impulse) will vigorously object to going any further. Granted, they will say, that self-government in Mexico before 1910 proved a failure. Conditions since that time have changed, and it is both unjust and foolish to speak of the Mexico of to-day as though she still followed the practices and suffered from the evils of an outlived yesterday.

If the premise is correct, this position certainly cannot be questioned. But in any matter of history facts are of some importance in reaching right conclusions, as they are in science. And these are the facts of recent Mexican politics.

From 1910 to 1924, a period of fourteen years, Mexico has had five major presidents — Diaz, Madero, Huerta, Carranza, and Obregón. She has had in addition six temporary or provisional presidents, two of whom held office for nearly six months each, and one of whom was in power less than fifty minutes. She has had as many as three different presidents of one kind or another in a single day. She has seen her capital more than once or twice fall into the hands of bandit-revolutionists, such as Villa and Zapata. She has seen two of her five major presidents assassinated in the revolutions which brought about their overthrow. She has seen two others driven into exile, where they died. And the fifth, Obregón, she has seen escape the certain fate of exile or death within the past year only because the United States Government came to his support at the crisis of his administration.

These facts are worthy of sober consideration. In them there is not much,

surely, to indicate that the present state of Mexican politics shows any great improvement over that which has gone before. What has happened, indeed, is really this: The thirty years of tranquillity and peace under Diaz misled public opinion in the United States and taught us to look upon the present revolutionary period in Mexico as an abnormal and unnatural state. In reality, however, the confusion and violent political upheavals Mexico has experienced since 1910 are the normal characteristics of her government. This is no new idea. Nearly a century ago, De Tocqueville, that keen student of American political institutions, wrote: 'To the present day Mexico is alternately the victim of anarchy and the slave of military despotism. . . . The incessant revolutions which have convulsed the South American provinces for the last quarter of a century have frequently been adverted to with astonishment, and expectations have been expressed that those states would soon return to their natural state. But can it be affirmed that the turmoil of revolution is not actually the natural state of the South American Spaniards at the present time? The inhabitants of that fair portion of the Western Hemisphere seem obstinately bent on pursuing the work of inward havoc. If they fall into a momentary repose from the effects of exhaustion, that repose prepares them for a fresh state of frenzy.'

In this similarity of political conditions in modern Mexico to the political conditions of De Tocqueville's day (or of any other day for that matter, except at the time of Diaz) lies the greatest discouragement for the believer in self-government across the border. Revolutions now are quite as numerous as they ever were. Elections are still important only as they register the will of the faction in control, or ratify

the results of a revolution just accomplished, or usher in an insurrection against the administration. The great purposes of government still wait to be accomplished; and the common people of the land, when they progress at all, go forward only on slow and halting feet.

To the impartial and candid student of Mexican history, it is thus obvious that the government of that country has failed lamentably during the past hundred years to do the things it ought to have done; that it has done many things it ought not to have done, and that the true spirit of democracy has not yet manifested itself in free institutions and the firm establishment of law and order.

Merely to point out these conditions, however, without seeking to discover and analyze the factors that lie behind them, would be of little use. The thoughtful man must ask himself at once why the problem of self-government in Mexico (as indeed in almost all Spanish-American countries) has been found so difficult and in some respects is seemingly so impossible.

The first answer to this question lies, of course, in the type of people with which the problem has to deal. 'No polity,' wrote Bagehot, 'can get out of a nation more than there is in the nation.' And, at the very outset, it is worth while pausing for a moment to see what sort of stuff has gone into the making of the Mexican nation. The office of the American Consul-General in Mexico City two years ago issued a general information bulletin on the consular district directly under its jurisdiction. This district includes the central part of Mexico and contains approximately 6,000,000 people, or nearly half the population of the entire country. The inhabitants are further advanced than any other large body of the Mexican people, and have

certainly had greater opportunities to profit from the operations of the federal government than any of their fellow countrymen. The following paragraph, however, from the consular bulletin thus describes these people:—

'Most of the inhabitants outside of the cities are full-blood Indians. Of the total population at least eighty per cent are illiterate and indigent, having the lowest standards of living, making use of the barest necessities of clothing, food, and shelter, and enjoying no luxuries. Corn and beans constitute the staple articles of food. Scant cotton covering for the body, with perhaps a native blanket for a winter coat and sandals for the feet, supply the usual clothing. Four walls and a roof, with dirt floor and no heating or sanitary accommodations, is the customary housing for a family of this numerous class. There is no middle class outside of the cities, where clerks, small tradesmen, and minor government officials form a limited class between the two extremities.'

In that brief description, if one reads it carefully, are surely to be found sufficient serious obstacles in the path of self-government in Mexico. Let us consider in the first place the question of race. Less than ten per cent of Mexico's 15,000,000 citizens are of pure white extraction. Of the remainder, about one half are of mixed white and Indian blood; but even in this mestizo or mixed class the Indian strain so greatly predominates that it is almost impossible to differentiate the great majority from the pure Indian element.

Lastly come the Indians themselves, who, without the slightest trace of Caucasian or other foreign blood, constitute nearly fifty per cent of the entire population of the country. This great substratum of the Mexican nation presents a problem in self-gov-

ernment so difficult and complex as to discourage any but the most exalted and ardent believers in democracy. They are people but little affected by the veneer of civilization under which they have lived for four hundred years. In large part they still follow the old customs of their fathers, live the old Indian life, speak in many cases the old Indian dialects, retain the Indian outlook upon life, cherish the old Indian conception of social and political relationships, know nothing of national patriotism or ties of unity outside their tribal or small community associations, and have neither any understanding of the alien form of government under which they live nor any desire to participate in its operations. Such is the great body of raw material out of which Mexico must build her popular institutions and fashion her democratic government!

Another of the great drawbacks to self-government in Mexico is the lack of education among the people. It is certainly a very conservative statement to say that eighty per cent of the entire population are illiterate, and probably not half of the twenty per cent who can read and write possess more than these bare rudiments of an education. How can a democracy be successfully erected on such a foundation? Is there some peculiar spirit abroad in Mexico which makes it possible for a free government to flourish there under such conditions of illiteracy and gross ignorance when elsewhere it demands intelligence and education to survive?

A third difficulty in the way of self-government in Mexico is the isolation and lack of adequate means of communication from which the country suffers. In the early years of national development, before the coming of the railroads, the people of the United States found it possible to travel and

to transport their commerce by means of river highways. Regions far removed from the older centres of population were made accessible, the national life was unified, and widely separated states were given a true community of interest and a mutual understanding by such great rivers as the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Hudson, and the Missouri.

Mexico, on the other hand, possessed none of these aids to national unity and political homogeneity. Instead of a network of navigable rivers to knit the land together, there were only great mountain ranges, and wide deserts, and impenetrable jungles to foster extreme provincialism and political disunity.

Even the construction of railroads, which did not begin until about 1880, failed to overcome these physical hindrances which so seriously retard the development of an effective democratic government; and even to-day only a handful of states in the republic enjoy anything like an adequate railway service, and many vast areas, such as Lower California and the Yucatan Peninsula, have no rail connection whatever with any other section of the country.

Nor has the coming of the automobile to any great degree broken down these barriers of isolation. For automobile roads, except in a few of the larger cities, are as yet almost nonexistent. To go from the border, or from a single Mexican seaport, to the capital by automobile is virtually impossible. And nowhere in the country is a journey of a hundred miles to be undertaken lightly or without careful preparation.

One of the most practical benefits any government could render Mexico, whether one considers the matter from the social, the economic, or the political standpoint, would be to construct serv-

iceable automobile highways throughout the country, and make easily accessible those vast areas which so long have remained geographically isolated, economically backward, culturally stagnant, and politically untrained and unfitted for self-government.

Another cause of the ill success of popular government in Mexico is the failure of Mexican society to develop a middle class. No nation has ever yet succeeded as a democracy, or ever will succeed, in which all wealth and education and culture and political power are lodged in the hands of a small minority and denied utterly to the great masses of the population. Time out of mind Mexico has suffered from this social malady, nor has she to-day by any means found a remedy for the evil, though there is now some ground for hope that the movement started by Madero, if it does not degenerate too far into an irresponsible and destructive radicalism, may gradually ameliorate the situation.

Still another handicap to self-government, and one that must stand at the very forefront in importance, is the lack of training and tradition of self-government from which the Mexican people suffer. There is no virtue, no supernatural power, in the word democracy that can immediately transform a people, ignorant, disunited, utterly unskilled in the difficult business of politics, and wholly unacquainted with the complex processes of self-government, into a society that knows at once how to make its own laws, administer its own affairs, fashion the political institutions necessary to meet its own peculiar needs, and keep the machinery of government in operation.

'I am still further from thinking, as so many people do,' wrote a very able student of government early in the last century, 'that men can be in-

stantaneously made citizens by teaching them to read and write. True information is mainly derived from experience; and if the Americans had not been gradually accustomed to govern themselves, their book learning would not assist them much at the present day.'

In any comparison between the development of democracy in Mexico and in the United States, it is essential to keep this point in mind. Long before the American people established themselves as an independent nation, they had served their apprenticeship in self-government as colonists. They were Englishmen, moreover, and the sons of Englishmen. As such they were accustomed to the theory and practices of government. They were well acquainted with 'the customs which obtain in the political world' and 'familiar with the mechanism of the laws.' They were 'already practised in the discipline of partial independence and had been tempered by more than a century's schooling in self-government.' Accordingly they knew not only how to make their own laws, but also how to abide by the results of a political contest without resort to revolution. They were, in substance, masters of the art of government long before they attempted to govern themselves.

'The citizen of the United States,' wrote De Tocqueville, 'does not acquire his practical science and his positive notions from books; the instruction he has acquired may have prepared him for receiving those ideas, but it did not furnish them. The American learns to know the laws by participating in the acts of legislation; and he takes a lesson in the forms of government from governing. The great work of society is ever going on beneath his eyes, and, as it were, under his hands.'

But this knowledge of the actual workings of free government was not all that the American colonist had when he freed himself from the restraints and guidance of the mother country. He had also behind him the splendid tradition of English freedom. He was determined that none should take from him those 'ancient and undoubted rights' from which that freedom sprung. But both his temperament and his experience convinced him that liberty was only valuable as men held it in restraint and that it would soon degenerate into the tyranny of despotism or of anarchy unless it was guarded from excess.

The Mexican, on the contrary, when he severed himself from Spain, had none of the advantages which the citizens of the Thirteen Colonies possessed. For three hundred years he had been under an absolutism which gave him no training whatsoever in self-government, and consequently he knew nothing of its principles or its practices. In his mind authority was always associated with tyranny, and he had no knowledge of how to fashion a government in which liberty and force should be combined in right proportions. He had no great tradition running back across the centuries by which he could interpret the meaning of freedom and define its limits, and he possessed no fixed ideas of liberty by which to order and direct his political experiments.

Knowing no free institutions of their own, and lacking the tradition of self-government, the Mexicans did the obvious and natural thing when they came to establish their own republic. They borrowed the ideas of government and even its very forms from their Anglo-Saxon neighbors. But in doing this, as De Tocqueville says, 'although they copied the letter of the law, they were unable to create or to

introduce the spirit and the sense which give it life.' Or, to borrow Lowell's more homely figure, they were 'seduced by the French fallacy that a new government could be ordered like a new suit of clothes.'

H. G. Ward, the earliest of the British historians of Mexico, also called attention to this same fundamental defect of the Mexican political programme. 'No change of government,' he wrote in 1827, 'can be productive of a simultaneous change in the habits and opinions of the people governed. It may — indeed it must — ultimately affect them. It may exalt or debase the national character, strengthen or enervate it, according as it affords more or less scope for the development of individual talent, and more or less encouragement for its application to the public service. But no constitution, even if it came down from Heaven with the stamp of perfection upon it, could eradicate at once the vices engendered by three centuries of bondage, or give the independent feelings of free men to a people to whom until lately the very name of freedom was unknown.'

In other words, when Mexico became independent the overwhelming majority of her people, as I have already said, were densely ignorant; they were held apart by almost impassable racial and social divisions; they were separated by great physical barriers; they had no tradition of self-government, no training in self-government, no instinct or aptitude for self-government; and they were called upon immediately to set up a democracy — the most complex of all governments, the most difficult to operate, and the most easily impaired — and to adopt as their own the political institutions and practices of another people, a people much further advanced in national consciousness, tenfold bet-

ter educated, gifted with a surprising genius and temperament for self-government, and deeply imbued with that Anglo-Saxon philosophy which has always insisted that liberty must somehow be reconciled with authority and that freedom, instead of serving the purposes of anarchy and confusion, must always serve the purposes of peace and order.

Another great weakness of self-government in Mexico is the country's woeful lack of capable and unselfish leaders. 'A democracy without great men is a dangerous democracy.' And in the last hundred years Mexico has produced only two or three political figures whose unselfish devotion to the public good and whose unquestioned capacity and statesmanship place them in the category of great men. Few indeed have been the Mexican leaders who could command the devotion of the Mexican masses, understand and sympathize with their vague and formless aspirations, formulate a programme at once just and practical for improving their condition, and carry that programme forward until it became an actual reality.

The weakness arising from this lack of commanding leadership is greatly intensified by the dishonesty, inefficiency, and corruption which characterize almost every branch of the public service. One can scarcely exaggerate the evils which spring from these conditions. Public office is rarely a public trust. The great ambition of the Mexican politician is to attain power in order to acquire wealth. And, by devices too numerous to mention, a government position is made to yield a revenue far beyond the meagre salary which the law attaches to it.

Sometimes these practices are only questionable from the standpoint of public ethics, but quite commonly they are flagrant and open violations of

every canon of decent and honest politics. 'The most fruitful source of the revolutions which have marked the independent existence of the Latin American States,' wrote John W. Foster, United States Minister to Mexico in 1872, 'has been the effort of the public men of these countries to continue themselves in power or to attain the Presidency by other than peaceful and constitutional methods.' And, when the motives which lie behind this eager desire for public office are carefully sifted out, it will be found that the revenue which the office can be made to yield is almost always the supreme objective. It is indeed no exaggeration to say that if a seal could be placed on the Mexican treasury, which could not be broken except to meet the nation's legitimate needs, the revolutionary spirit of that country would speedily wither away and disappear.

These statements are not made in any spirit of hostility. Almost every page of Mexican history bears witness to the truth of what I have just said. Those familiar with Mexican conditions know I have not exaggerated. The Mexican people themselves frankly acknowledge the evils here described. Nearly every administration coming into power truthfully accuses its predecessor of having played fast and loose with the public funds. And, finally, the low state of political morality which has characterized Mexican history for a hundred years (with here and there some notable exceptions) is the natural product of factors and conditions which lie deeply rooted in the nation's life.

Mexico, in the first place, inherited the Spanish conception of public office and for three hundred years lived under that conception as a colony. She saw the Crown officials openly buy and sell their offices. She saw the

country impoverished, its defenses neglected, the royal revenues squandered and diverted to private ends; and she grew so accustomed to these things that she came to regard them as the natural and normal characteristics of every government. A hundred years have not been sufficient to uproot this old Spanish tradition of public office, or to render its continued practice particularly obnoxious to the public mind.

Nor is it surprising that public affairs are conducted on a low and inefficient plane among a people so uneducated as the Mexican people. Except in matters of the most outstanding kind, public officials are not restrained by public opinion and feel almost no responsibility to public opinion, because public opinion in Mexico is normally too vague, too disorganized, and too impotent to hold them to account. 'All free governments,' said James Russell Lowell, 'whatever their name, are in reality governments by public opinion, and it is on the quality of this public opinion that their prosperity depends.' But if a country has no such thing as public opinion, how can it maintain a free government or how can it develop the leadership upon which a free government depends?

The constant recurrence of revolution is another powerful factor which discourages the development of true leadership and also makes it quite impossible for public office in Mexico to be administered in an honest and efficient manner. It requires true physical courage to be president of Mexico, or to hold any other high political position; and unless one is willing to face the certainty of revolution and the probability of exile from his native soil or death by violence, he will not aspire very eagerly to an important political office. For this reason, during the last

twelve or fourteen years particularly, many men of undoubted capacity for government have withdrawn themselves from public life. They may not be more timid, perhaps, than the officeholders produced by the revolutions, but they are at least more prudent. And thus it happens in Mexico that the danger which surrounds the office often keeps the man of intelligence and property from seeking it, while men of little education and less ability become the country's leaders — just as in the United States the fear of newspaper criticism and campaign slander often keeps our most capable citizens out of politics while less sensitive, less able, and less honest men become our rulers.

But this is not the only serious effect of the revolutionary evil upon the question of genuine leadership in Mexican politics. How can a government which is being overturned as frequently as the Mexican government is overturned carry out a single constructive programme or accomplish those things which the land so badly needs? With every successful revolution not only is the treasury drained of funds, but every office, from the highest to the lowest, is filled by a new and often untrained man. Policies and programmes undertaken by the former government are abandoned and new policies and new programmes are set on foot. Before these can possibly reach a successful end, the government which started them is in turn overthrown, and the same futile and costly process is begun all over again.

Under such conditions, it is not to be wondered at that men of honesty and ability are discouraged from seeking office, or that they find it almost impossible to do anything worth while if they obtain office. Nor is it to be wondered at that men of less sincerity of purpose, knowing how soon they will be forced out of their positions, and

realizing the futility of attempting to carry through the tasks before them in so short a time, neglect the public good and seek only to use the resources of the office for their own advantage while they have the opportunity.

Another serious handicap Mexico labors under in her government is an utter lack of definite political parties. One might write the history of the United States or the history of England (at least for the last two centuries and a half) around its great political parties. But the historian who should attempt to perform this service for Mexico would soon go mad. Politics in that country are personal or factional but they are never of a true party character. The so-called parties which spring into existence with every election are not much longer-lived than Jonah's gourd. Mexicans do not group themselves around great political principles, but only around individuals. They are not Democrats or Republicans, Liberals or Conservatives, but Juaristas or Porfiristas or Villistas or Carranzistas or Callistas or Floristas.

This lack of definite, organized, permanent political parties in Mexico is a weakness of the first importance. Presidents, Cabinet Members, and Congressmen are not accountable to anyone except to the small faction which places them in control. A president is not the spokesman of a great party, and he cannot bring party pressure to bear upon members of congress, or appeal to party loyalty to secure favorable legislation either on foreign or domestic issues. He can do nothing at all except as he appeals to the self-interest of his followers or uses force to break down opposition.

Political parties, moreover, at their best are powerful factors in moulding public opinion and in educating a nation in matters of politics and government. They furnish, also, the neces-

sary mechanism through which public opinion acts, and without some form of party government it is difficult for a practical man to see how a democracy can exist at all.

The Opposition in Mexico, like the Administration, is also greatly handicapped because it lacks the cohesion and effectiveness which come only from organized party action. It is commonly a mixture of heterogeneous and often rival factions, united only in their common hostility to the group which happens to be in power and knit together only by their determination to effect a change of government.

The attainment of this end is never sought by the normal methods employed in other countries and prescribed by the Mexican Constitution, but resort is always had to revolution. When this succeeds and the new government comes into power, the unnatural combination which comprised the Opposition dissolves into its component parts; and some of these, forming a new alliance, begin almost immediately to intrigue against the very government they have themselves so recently established.

Certainly as one views the long hundred years of Mexican independence he finds much to discourage him in the early prospect of true self-government coming to that country. Even the past year in Mexican politics, to judge at least by actual occurrences, has differed in no respect from most of its predecessors. It has witnessed one widespread and destructive revolution, which was subdued only by external aid. It has witnessed political assassinations, and the frequent use of the firing squad to free the country from rebellion. It has witnessed the stagnation of business, the demoralization of the national finances, and the development of serious international complications. Finally, it has wit-

nessed a presidential election in which the administration candidate's claim to an overwhelming victory is answered by the threat of revolution, and seriously embarrassed by violent dissensions among his own supporters.

To some degree offsetting these conditions, one gladly confesses that a new spirit is abroad in Mexico to-day which is profoundly affecting the great masses of the common people. It manifests itself in a great variety of ways, chiefly up to this time along social and economic lines. But no one can as yet define this spirit or say precisely what it is. It may be like the wind that comes before the dawn. It may be like the leaven that leaveneth the whole lump. It may be the forerunner of that ordered liberty and genuine self-government for which the distressed nation has waited these hundred years.

But one's hopes should not make him blindly optimistic. Men said that Diaz had ushered in the Golden Age nearly forty years ago. They said the same thing of Madero, and later of Carranza. Now they are saying the same thing of Obregón, and of Obregón's probable successor, Calles. And if the Obregón-Calles faction should be deposed to-morrow, and a new dictator come to power, they would say the same thing of him also.

'There is nothing more arduous than the apprenticeship of liberty,' wrote De Tocqueville nearly a hundred years ago. This is true, and every nation that has passed through that hard and bitter training should bear patiently with Mexico in her present struggle. But there are factors and circumstances of an international character

in this problem of self-government across the border that will not admit of indefinite delay.

Mexico's obligations to the outside world and her peculiar and complete economic dependence upon other nations vastly complicate the situation. Whether that country's 'fictitious and rickety independence' (to borrow a phrase from Professor Priestley's recent history of the Mexican Nation) can withstand another generation of chronic revolution, or even a single decade, is altogether doubtful.

In this whole matter one thing at least is inescapable: the United States is almost as vitally concerned in the success or failure of self-government in Mexico as Mexico herself. The success of self-government will give us a prosperous and contented neighbor, and free us from one of our gravest and most irritating international dilemmas. The continued failure of self-government will lay upon us a direct and very sobering responsibility, the ultimate outcome of which no man can foretell.

It is not for the writer to prophesy what the political future of Mexico will be, for he is mindful of Lowell's statement that the course of events 'is apt to show itself humorously careless of the reputation of prophets.' But at least to-day there is an imperative necessity for the people of this country to obtain a more perfect, a more intelligent, and a more sympathetic understanding of the exceedingly complicated and disheartening problem in democracy which Mexico still faces after more than a century of hard and unpromising experiment.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ARMISTICE DAY

LAST night I inquired for my uniform. It could n't be found on such short notice. Things seldom used have a way of disappearing in busy households. That was just as well for, when the sun rose crimson, this was obviously the day to prune the pear orchard.

Noon came before I could begin — a warm, windless, Indian-Summer noon; so much haze that you could look the sun in the eye without blinking. There is a coziness in the scene not often caught in our high clear country. No longer lured to far horizons, the eye examines contentedly things near at hand. This field, yielding hay as well as pears, runs too much to that ingratiating pest — wild carrot. Pleasantly the white houses of the village march up the hill toward the white church.

All quiet here. Quiet, too, the throng in Arlington through which the President will soon pass to lay a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In many a cemetery bugles are sounding Taps over the heads of hushed throngs. Before the sun sets hardly a township in America but shall have heard again those falling notes: 'Go to rest, go to rest, go to rest.' — Sleep well, friends! I know you would approve my staying at home and pruning pear trees, task conducive to reflections which, if roused often enough in enough of us, might go some way toward ending war, famine, and miseries too numerous to mention.

As luck would have it, I marched down — and also up — Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington that first Armistice

Day in 1918. What an outburst of primitive joy that was, formless, unorganized, exuberant. Since then we have evolved ceremonies, always dutifully attended by me until now. The proceedings seldom vary. A lawyer talks patriotism and sacrifice before a flower-decked shrine. Around him stand ranks of men in khaki and blue a trifle tight for their maturing figures, keen Boy Scouts, sad-faced Gold Star mothers, Red Cross nurses, officials, and civic leaders in their Sunday clothes. The public frames the picture, the great soft-hearted general public. With each volley from the firing squad a shiver runs through the public; but it pulls itself together in the first verse of the Star-Spangled Banner and lets down again in the second.

I sit awhile in a sunny fence-corner plying the whetstone. The dogs that kept me random company up and down the files of trees quit burrowing and bickering to court my favor. They interfere. The young Airedale insists upon being tousled, while the dignified collie believes one arm belongs of right around his neck. He wins; dignified senescence, in man or beast, ought to have its day. The whetstone is finally pocketed and the Airedale grows content with having his ears scratched.

We three gaze upon our worlds. My world may be larger than theirs; yet — is n't this pear orchard the world in little?

These hands — the left has little smears of blood drying on the skin, the right is blistered inside the thumb. Queer how one never notices slivers or blisters till he stops working. Blood

and pain! No matter. Neither justifies excitement. Both are with us always. No child arrives without them. Whoever sets out, as I am doing in this old, misused orchard, to repair the neglects of the past, will escape neither.

Two categories of opponents confront me. Suckers on bole and limb. Viciousness is not in them; they are merely in the way and wasting sap needed for fruitful purposes. In these respects they resemble many persons and institutions, with whom one must deal firmly but gently. I have a sportsman's axe — a tiny thing of goodly steel that takes almost a razor edge. A quick blow from beneath with this sends many a light stick to the ground. Where there is no room for that decisive stroke, or when the offending wood is too robust, the saw's the thing! And for the upper limbs there is the pruning hook — symbol of peace, into which Micah and Isaiah agree the spear shall be beaten at last.

Not so deftly does one deal with the suckers springing from the base. Light tools are useless against those tough stringy shoots. With patience the saw will serve; but that kills time. Besides, the stubbornness of the things rouses the fighting spirit. I fall to with a broad-blade hatchet, built more for weight than edge. The sweat drips from the forehead; this is real work, close to the ground. After a trial of it, few would disagree with Charles Dudley Warner that the crying need of agriculture is a cast-iron backbone with a hinge in it. Mere twists of the wrists no longer serve; put your back and shoulder in it or you might as well quit.

For this is no scientific surgery among the tame, but a battle royal against the wild. These thorny thickets are no lush degenerate shoots of domesticity but tough volunteers from the wild root through which, all these years, the tree has been drawing nutriment and with-

out whose virile contribution it would have perished. Valuable quality, wildness — in its place, below ground, fighting for life against clod and stone and worm. But a cruel, expensive quality out here in the open. It is as if some elder Adam should rise from the grave and run amuck in the sunlight, never again to be put decently out of sight save by slaughter. Hack, hack, hack — and mind you grasp warily the fallen foe; even in defeat the wild has power to punish.

Once upon a time a primitive progressive ate a small, bitter pear, and had visions of better, fatter, sweeter pears, of plucking noble pears from thornless trees. No doubt his neighbors laughed at him and his family thought him queer. Nevertheless he started the pear civilization. But his descendants overdid it, as they discovered when their thornless pear trees began to degenerate. Whereupon another unsung genius grafted the tame pear shoot on the wild root, thereby providing strength where needed and quality where wanted. Tend well this hybrid, and it bears good fruit easy to gather; but relax your guard against this virile, indispensable thing at its root, and presently you must march against chaos in your orchard.

Is n't that life? The dual nature of these trees has its counterpart in the dual nature of individuals and societies. At bottom there is the will to live, to possess, to dominate; at top the power to die, to give, to serve — tame, orderly, fruitful processes depending upon the victory of primitive forces below stairs. Eliminate the wild root; throttle too closely the instincts which drive men, families, and states to compete — civilization falls through decay. Neglect to keep the primitive in its place and a thorny tangle takes the place of orderly fruitfulness. A dilemma here: must intelligent beings, or-

chardists and statesmen alike, hang themselves on either horn? Not so; let the statesmen follow the husbandman's example.

The time came when men thought the blessings of civilization would be ever with us. Safe to let lusts for wealth and empire flourish; safe to give Old Adam, unseen for long, an opportunity to get loose if he could. Gazing at our wealth, conveniences, glories, few noted the wild growths springing above ground. At length the latter had to be attended to, gorily. This holy day is one result.

The struggle between life and civilization, instinct and order, individual appetites and social needs, proceeds without end. The day never comes when an orchardist can look upon his trees and truly say, 'There is nothing more to be done here.' And the time shall never come when those who heed the common weal can say the social adjustment is perfect.

Here and now it is the industrial orchard that bears the golden apples. Its roots are tremendously strong; that is well. But be on your guard, husbandmen, that this power shall minister only to improving fruitage aloft. Easy for such roots to send up their murderous thorns. There is an orchard worth the watching in all truth.

The sun has dipped beyond the Helderberg as I turn away toward the house. Time for chores. Nevertheless I pause a moment by the gate to watch the changing tints on cloud and hill, and to note the order brought this day to one tiny corner of this great country for which so many of my generation died.

A PIECE OF STRING

IT was an indifferent length of string, scarcely more than a yard. Rather

ordinary string. To my untutored vision it was not unlike some string that I had at that very moment in the pantry cabinet. But the string of my title was not in my pantry cabinet at the crucial minute. It had remained in a plumbing shop five blocks away.

Five blocks! In most cases not a formidable distance, but if it happens to stretch between your lavatory which needs repairing and the shop where the journeyman plumber has inevitably left something vital to the mending, it is at once an impressive space.

You have an uncanny presentiment of the unbelievable length of time it will take for the mender to get that particular piece of string which he declares is necessary, and you hasten to offer him every substitute in your ménage—from dental floss to the clothesline. Candlewick! How about that? You've heard somewhere that it was wont to figure in plumbing. At once, and in accents of slithering scorn, you are set right. Candlewick is used in fitting a slip joint, but what has that to do with setting a bowl? Nothing. See?

Um! There is the hard wiry string that came around the new dishpan. What? Not limber enough? Then what about this fuzzy hemp that secured the lately laundered curtains? Too linty! Well, maybe it is. But here is a limber one, without lint, which bound the last purchase of sheets. Not just hardly it! W-well! The clothesline is too thick, the grocery cord too thin. La la!

After all, what did he need with string? The journeyman plumber stiffens with hauteur. You would n't understand if he told you. This is a pertic'lar job, and to go on with it he must have a string, the nearest specimen of which reposes in the boss's shop. And now, with things tore up

and all, why, you 'd want the job finished, would n't you? Anyways, he 'd had to loosen that bowl a lot worse 'n it was so 's to make it tight later. See? Left like this, it 'd always be leaking, and mebbe run through to the ceiling of the apartment below and stir up a row with the folks down there. It 'd be too bad to have all that happen when all that was needed was a piece of string.

He talks fervently. On your time. Two dollars and a quarter an hour. Heavens! Fifteen minutes gone in talk! One quarter of two-twenty-five is — let 's see. But even as you calculate the minutes tick off at the rate of $3\frac{3}{4}$ cents apiece. (You compute that later when the plumber-meter is n't counting against you.)

'I know!' You beam with inspiration born of desperation. 'I'll send William on his bicycle for it so you won't have to stop work.'

The journeyman treats you to a startled glance, but at once regains his poise. 'Now, lady, I gotta go for that string myself. See? The boss might send the wrong kind and hold up the job longer 'n ever. Anyways, I can't do nothin' till I get it.'

He goes. You look at the clock and fatuously hope his car will not suffer any untoward accident at your expense. He ought to be back in ten minutes, but your psychic antennæ gather that he will not.

And he is not. But how 'd he know he was goin' to have a blow-out and the spare tire back at the shop? (What tenaciously home-staying creatures plumbers' possessions are!) It took him only twenty-five minutes to fix that tire O.K., while anybody but a plumber 'd had to spend three quarters of an hour.

One dollar and eight cents' worth of alleged puncture and seventy-five cents' worth of trip. You calculate it while you sort of hang around to find out

what on earth he is going to do with that string.

But you never know. The telephone rings and, during the two minutes you are silencing it, the string does its part, if ever. For on your return to the scene of damage, there it lies — just an ordinary piece of string; as like that piece that came around the laundered curtains as one pea is like his brother. There it lies in the litter of plaster of Paris where the master-mender flung it, feebly coiled, trying to look important and expensive.

I may be accounted bitter about that string. (For I have been using the more intimate 'you' to indicate the universality of the episode.) Perhaps I am. It hurt my pride and swept away my confidence. For, before that string happened to me, I thought I had acquired, by experience with the same slight mishap to the same lavatory, sufficient data anent the eccentricities of plumbing supplies in being 'left at the shop' to forestall any possible hitch by any such phenomena.

To begin with, the bowl was only slightly loose at one side, a screw having fallen out underneath, carrying with it a lump of hard white substance. A laboratory test, consisting of scraping the white substance over the kitchen sink with a knife, analyzed the lump as plaster of Paris. There! I 'd do one plumber the unheard-of good turn of apprising him of just exactly what he would need to bring, saving him that invariable trip back to the shop which I had heard my friends deplore. How expensive the poor plumbers must find these trips!

So, on generosity bent, I called one of the first names in the part of the telephone directory devoted to the plumber persuasion. Later I came to choose plumbers by their proximity to the job in question. This first one held sway thirty-seven blocks away. I told

him the nature and material of the bowl, and the extent of the accident; that I had the screw, but he would have to bring the plaster of Paris.

'I'll be right out, madam,' came promptly over the wire.

He came, but he brought no plaster of Paris.

'And you'll have to go all the way back for it? That will be expensive for you,' I sympathized with reservations.

'For me! We don't do nothin' on our own time onst we leave the shop. Our pay begins when we start to go on a job and it keeps right up till the work's finished.'

'At what rate?' I managed weakly.

'Two dollars and a quarter an hour,' grimly.

'I asked you to bring that plaster of Paris with you.'

'I had to come look at the job first.'

'Did n't you know exactly what had to be done?'

'Yes 'm, but I hadda come look first,' doggedly.

'Do you ever fasten marble bowls up without plaster of Paris?'

'No 'm, but I hadda come look at it,' more doggedly.

'Well, go on back to the shop and — stay!' I flipped cattishly. And he did.

The next plumber held court twelve blocks distant — the five-blocks one could not be roused. He would fly at once to my aid, but I held him dangling until I minutely described to him my needs. Sternly I declared that if he did not bring plaster of Paris we could not deal.

He brought it. But failed to bring a certain highly specialized tool. I offered him everything from the screw-driver to the meat-grinder, but he had to go back to the shop. Our adieus were final, and it was here that the five-blocks man and the string came into my life.

I sat up late that night. Taking the number of go-back-and-getters shown in the directory and dividing them into the town's population, I was able to estimate the plumber census of the whole country.

I computed that the number of highly remarkable tools left behind at the shop in a single year would equip every Ford turned out at the Detroit factory since 1921, including trucks. And that pieces of string fetched by special trip, if laid end to end, would reach from Bangor, Maine, to Bozeman, Montana.

I took these figures to a neighbor who declared the tool estimate conservative enough, but the string computation somewhat high. It was only in extreme cases that it factored. But take wire, he said. Why, the wire which had to be used to open stopped drains, and which was always left in the shop, in a single year would bale the nation's hay crop from Syracuse to Sacramento.

As for my case, it was just a piece of string. But it has tripped my optimism about democracy and disturbed my faith in liberty, equality, and fraternity. America harbors at least one highly favored class.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

Samuel Strauss, long editor of the *New York Globe*, now publishes and writes a little paper of personal philosophy very stimulating to those who follow it. Recalling Emerson's phrase, he observes how in America things have climbed into the saddle and with a flaunting standard of living are now riding mankind at breakneck speed.

¶ In the din of accusative campaigning, we accept with pleasure the opportunity of printing something really agreeable on the oil question. **John H. Thacher** is an oil producer in Oklahoma who won his Majority in the war. **Charles Magee Adams** lost his sight completely at the age of eleven. Continuing, however, at the public schools, he graduated and entered Ohio State University, where he prepared for his successful career in journalism. From his sensitive experience Mr. Adams writes to clarify and freshen our appreciation of the senses. ¶ Returning from the Mediterranean, **Lyman Bryson** makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a dramatic account of his meeting with Aphrodite on her beloved isle.

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Wilfrid Gibson's Northumbrian verse has all the tang and pucker of a local fruit. ¶ Writing from long experience as President of the Board of the Detroit House of Correction, **E. S. Hitchcock** discusses the folly of our penal theories and the inadequacy of the institutions which embody them. **Will C. Barnes** is in charge of all livestock — some 9,776,000 head — grazing in our national forests. A ranger for twenty-six years, Mr. Barnes served as an Indian fighter in Arizona and was awarded the Congressional medal for breaking through the Apache lines and bringing help to a besieged army-post. **Charles M. Sheldon** is editor of the *Christian Herald* and author of *In His Steps*, one of the few books to have sold over a hundred million copies. Years after publication, Mr. Sheldon had an opportu-

nity of realizing the theory of his famous story. ¶ For these days of marital difficulties, when one wife is often too few or too many, **E. Barrington** describes that happy solution which was enjoyed by a witty bachelor of another century.

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One hundred years ago **Samuel** and **Nancy Ruggles** were teaching missionaries in the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Ruggles, one of the scholars whose work was to form a written language of the Hawaiian tongue, so won the favor of the royal convert, Queen Kapiolani, that he was adopted as her son and was presented with her feather cape and wash towel. **Fullerton Waldo**, for sixteen years an editor of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, recounts the happiest hour of his life. ¶ With clear and incisive judgment, **Clifford H. Farr**, Professor of Botany at the University of Iowa, separates two different but exceedingly tangled lines of thought. ¶ Of remarkable influence in Anglo-Indian missions, **C. F. Andrews** is now in Bengal studying the opium and labor problems on the rubber estates. His friendship with Gandhi is old and intimate.

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In his dubious estimate of the politico-naval developments since the winter of 1921-22, **Hector C. Bywater** takes occasion to correct the Japanese criticism directed against his *Atlantic* paper of last February. Mr. Bywater is regarded by progressive opinion in England as the best of the naval critics. **Ambrose Paré Winston** is Associate-Professor of Economics at the University of Texas. ¶ We regard the anonymous author of the paper on the Lausanne Treaty as both impartial and informed. **Robert Glass Cleland**, Professor of Hispanic-American Relations in Occidental College, Los Angeles, is editor of the *Mexican Year Book*, and the author of a standard history of California.

A Russian recently arrived in America sent to two old school-friends and his father a surprise package of 'smokes.' We print here the translation of the reply, as affording a more illuminating glimpse of conditions in domestic Russia than many a consular report.

RUSSIA.

DEAR MANUEL, —

A few days ago I received your package. To be sure I am very thankful for your thoughtfulness of D—— and me (your Father will of course write to you himself); but do us a favor — never send any more such gifts until we ask you ourselves.

You cannot imagine, my little pigeon, what I suffered for a whole week for the sake of your package.

Only members of Professional Unions, Soldiers of the Red Army, those dependent on the State, and so forth, have the right to receive packages duty free. Fortunately I am a member of such a union, but I had not paid my dues for three months (no money). You see my finances up to now have been unworthy of mention. It might be possible to drag something to the pawnshop; but before the pawnshop is a terrific line; moreover, because of the small capitalization, they give loans only to members of a professional union in good standing. The loans are pitiful; for instance, a gold ten-ruble piece of Nicholas's vintage brings only a loan of two Soviet rubles; old money is valued as an ordinary object, not a coin.

Et voilà — to receive your package, I had to run among my acquaintances to extract fifteen rubles and get my pass book receipted. Besides they asked me for a 'written explanation of my unseasonable payments, with reasons for my delinquencies worthy of consideration.' This all took two of my days.

This finished, I set off to the Custom House to receive 'a package from America.' But there a shock awaited me. I must pay eight rubles and seventy-five kopecks for some expense or other, 'a donation to an unprotected child, help for the sufferers of contra-revolution intervention, contribution to the air forces, and so forth.'

What could I do? Borrow? Nobody to borrow from. Sell? Except a 'noble but poor exterior' I have nothing left.

I am standing and scratching my head in deep deliberation —

There happens along a good little man (as I learned later, you can meet one at this place any day). He sees I am in trouble, approaches and says, 'From America?' 'Yes.' 'How much does it weigh?' 'I don't know.' 'Ahem, let me redeem it; we will arbitrate somehow. If you don't, they

will send it back or sell it at public auction.'

I ached to know what you had packed there, so I considered for a moment and agreed. We take it out, open it. Behold! pipes, tobacco, cigarettes!! Fathers, here is treasure!

But he, turning the pipe in his fingers, wails: 'Listen, citizen: my family starves. What have you done to me? I look at you, you look like a real gentleman; I think to myself, to be sure his relations will send to him a couple of suits or shoes — we will divide. But you — you, it is a disgrace to say it — pipes!! What are they worth in this land of Makorka [execrable native tobacco]!'

I was filled with confusion. Particularly when I read 'for Father' on some of the packages, and realized I was near dividing what my friend had sent through me to his father. Such a situation! I led him away (but I was carrying the box). I showed him my office, which inspired him with a little faith. I swore that in two days I would return double. He was crushed; his outlook was especially bad as he does not smoke. But he said with a sigh, 'I trust you.'

And so, my pigeon, two days I crept among my friends again. I began about the weather and I finished asking to borrow fifteen rubles, came down to ten, five; and got one, or the promise from someone to get to-morrow from somebody else three rubles more.

I found a customer and sold one of the pipes with tears, because it was mine (it was somehow awkward to sell D——'s). I squeezed from this chap six rubles.

To make a long story short, I paid my 'good little man,' and he said, putting ten rubles in his pocket, 'Sometimes it is even worse.'

Another time, when I am rich, I will ask you to send us a package, but now, for Heaven's sake, abstain.

I kiss you heartily,

IVAN.

* * *

We have been witness to a vigorous epistolary debate on Latin America. Of the writers, Mr. Chapman is the most conciliatory.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

To paint a truthful picture of our Latin-American relations would require a palette set with many colors; the author of 'Imperialistic America' in your July issue uses but one — a very muddy black. May I suggest that his sketch would have been a more convincing and faithful representation of his subject if he had employed at least some of the brighter tones which exist in the original.

I wonder in how many of the countries he mentions, your contributor is familiar with the political, financial, and hygienic conditions which prevailed prior to the appearance of the North American influence he so deploras? The story is too long to tell here, but those who knew Cuba under Spanish rule, Haiti before the occupation, Panama before the Canal, Guayaquil when it was a pesthole, who have seen disease-breeding jungles, from Mexico to Colombia, become productive and habitable under wisely directed banana cultivation, realize that no just estimate can be made of the present without due consideration of the past.

Nor could any fair-minded person who knew, for example, how much of character building and the establishing of new moral standards goes into the work of naval missions doubt for a moment the desirability of this kind of international contact. They possess the educational value of exchange professorships, plus an influence born of community of interest and professional pride.

Critics of our international relations often do not realize the extent to which prejudiced, one-sided arraignments are used by our enemies abroad. The jingo is not confined to North America, and articles such as the one under consideration are accepted by the Anti-'Yanqui' Latin American as an admission of the sins with which he charges us, and used as the basis for still more unfair attacks on all things North American.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

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Posterity may have the job. Very respectfully we decline to award the palm. Better to judge babies at a fair or smell hams for their flavor.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The late Professor Barrett Wendell once referred to some unintended humor in an examination paper as appealing to 'that peculiar characteristic of mine which I sometimes mistake for a sense of humor.' Limericks have always appealed to a similar characteristic of my own; and I have whiled away many an idle hour in composing them.

I think it was in 1902 that I sent a few to the *Harvard Lampoon* with my compliments. Several years later I was presented with a copy of *Vest Pocket Limericks*, in which (much to my surprise) I discovered one of those which I had sent to the *Lampoon*. This was the first intimation I had received that my contributions (or one at least) had been accepted — but you know how proverbially irresponsible college men are!

And so I was no less surprised than delighted to see that the contributor of the readable and 'authentic' (I like that word) article on 'Limericks' in the July *Atlantic* referred in such complimentary terms to another of my contributions to the *Lampoon* — the one regarding the 'amorous M.A.'

De gustibus non est disputandum! The anonymous contributor of 'Limericks' in your July number expressed a preference for the limerick he quoted. The compiler of *Vest Pocket Limericks* evidently preferred another, which ran like this:—

If a lawyer 's a LL.D.,
Then a dentist 's a JJ.D.
But it 's simply absurd
If you say of a bird
That a crow is a CC.D.

Your correspondent, Mr. Lancaster, in the September *Atlantic*, 'with all modesty' (*sic*) quotes a limerick of his own composition, which he has the shocking taste to call a 'masterpiece.' And he so far forgets the ethics of good sportsmanship as to 'question the umpire's decision' in awarding the palm for its class to my little brainchild. I await with equanimity the verdict of posterity!

My own pet limerick, for reasons which every magazine editor will understand (it has an unhappy ending), has hitherto escaped publicity:—

A cobbler who also sold mdse.
Cut birch wood to make him some bdse.
But the first die he cast
Was the shoemaker's last —
He grips at his heart, gives a ldse.

Verily, in the matter of preferences, it is a case of *Chacun à son goût*.

JOSEPH T. STEARNS.

* * *

The discussion of limericks has inspired many readers to send us their 'household pets.' Chosen from the many, these two are recommended to posterity: —

There was a young curate of Kidderminster
Who gently but seriously chid a spinster,
Because on the ice
She said something not nice
When he *quite* inadvertently slid against her.

Perhaps you will call me pedantic —
But to see our patrician *Atlantic*
Printing tales full of slang
With a plebeian tang
Makes one of its friends almost frantic!

Homely is as homely does.

MARSHFIELD HILLS, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Being happily married but apparently surrounded by a world of discontented couples, my wife and I have studied our case with some curiosity to find why we are so eccentric.

The articles in the *Atlantic* have therefore been of special interest. But, why have none of the writers claimed that divorce is largely due to too beautiful wives?

Of five cases we know intimately, and of many we know indirectly, the wife is unusually attractive, young, beautiful. In no case of a 'homely wife with a kind heart' has there been divorce.

Does this not point to the fact that marriages are too often based on a pretty face and figure, or good dancing and tennis ability? Homely wives are chosen with care!

It is with regret that I find my wife convinced of this theory and, having been and still being very pretty, she is trying to avoid wrecking our happy home and so has had her hair bobbed and taken to bungalow aprons.

If I can only obtain enough examples of homely wives being divorced, I may save her yet from horn spectacles and cotton gloves.

Yours for beautiful wives and happy homes,
J. M. L.

* * *

Out of the abundant response to the *Atlantic's* discussion we select this brief for Petition in Prayer.

ALBANY CO., N. Y.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Perhaps I should preface this effort in support of petition in prayer by a frank confession of the intellectual inferiority of the writer and the consequent temerity in taking issue with so brilliant a scholar as Kirsopp Lake. Be it therefore understood that this refutation is based on personal experience and the urge of self-expression in justice to a firm belief that prayers are answered.

That petition in prayer is but mummery that cannot live side by side with science in the generations to come, is far from the belief of many of us. He who claims that science is and will be incompatible with this form of prayer must first prove the infallibility of science, it would seem to the humble and lay mind of the writer. The medical world is constantly shaken to its foundations by the almost daily discovery of contradictory and faulty theories which have been practised upon mankind. Mr. Einstein is responsible for a complete *bouleversement* of the cherished theories of many eminent scientists. Who can say that science is not fallible?

What drug is so potent as the spiritual refreshment that floods one's being but for the asking? Could there be statistics compiled from the prayers of petition for the sick, would not the answers to prayer seem commensurate with the medical prognoses which are so frequently utterly wrong? If prayers of petition are no longer said for the clemency of the weather, are we to believe that scientific prophecy relating to the weather has become so faultless as to render it useless to petition, were we so disposed?

Human nature is innately reticent about experience in prayer, perhaps because the most sacred and mysterious part of our being, which is so unexplainable, shrinks from the denuding process that leaves it open to the shafts of the skeptic. Let us hope petition for the needs of mankind in all its ramifications, 'mind, body, and estate,' will be retained in the churches by the sheer belief in the answer to prayer which comes to those of us whose lives would be utterly empty and useless without the infinite stimuli of something better, craved, asked for, and granted every day of our lives.

That we may have prayers of petition so long as the churches live is the earnest prayer of the writer.

G. N. W.

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An ancient applelogue.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

A fairly inclusive *applelogue* of Lucy Elliot Keeler's delightful 'Solace of Apples,' in your August number, may be compiled from a source more ancient than she has drawn upon.

'Comfort me with apples,' Solomon's Song ii. 5, paraphrases her title. The same, rendered literally, 'strew me with apples,' suggests the 'hail of sweet apples' shaken from the museum tree by 'Martin Pippin.'

'I raised thee up under the apple tree,' Song viii. 5, is plainly prophetic of that 'more than century-old tree planted by Johnny Appleseed.'

'The apple-tree . . . withered,' Joel i. 12, may, at a stretch, stand for the 'core-tree' after 'strong young teeth' had worked their will of it.

'Keep . . . my law as the apple of thine eye,' Proverbs vii. 2, is peculiarly fitted to hurl at the marauder who, at dawn, jiggled a pole 'among the finest apples in the very top of the tree.'

And now summing up. 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' Proverbs xxv. 11. Leaving out the supplied words, 'A word fitly spoken — apples of gold in pictures of silver.' There you have the whole — content and style — in a nutshell; or say an apple-shell, fitted, as of old, with mast and paper sail.

MARY E. GROFF.